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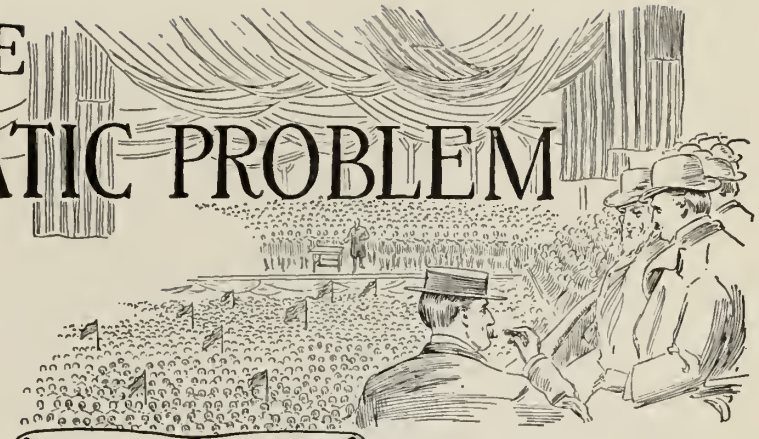
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GROVER CLEVELAND

Sketched from life by V. Floyd Campbell

THE DEMOCRATIC PROBLEM



By Willis J. Abbot

In all the history of American politics a political party has seldom been confronted with a situation so puzzling as that in which the Democratic party finds itself today. Dissensions, personal enmities, and honest differences of opinion separate its members into hostile camps almost as far apart as in the days that immediately preceded the Civil War. In each camp are men of force and ability. In each are leaders who believe that if their policies are approved by the national convention there will be a fair promise of victory in 1904. But to the candid observer, not blinded by ambition, and acquainted with the determination of the men on both sides of the political chasm, it would appear that the Democratic problem is rather to prepare for a creditable—though hopeless—contest than to seek an improbable victory by the abandonment of progressive and even radical convictions.

It must be remembered that the present inharmonious situation within the Democratic ranks is not wholly the result of the last two unsuccessful campaigns waged under the leadership of Mr. Bryan. Two years before the advent of Mr. Bryan as a commanding national figure the antagonism to President Cleveland within the party ranks was so pronounced that in the Congressional elections of 1894 the country rolled up against the Democratic nominees a majority vastly greater than that by which Mr. Bryan was beaten in his first presidential contest. It is customary for the opponents of Bryanism to forget this fact, very much as it is the practice of the adherents of the other faction to ignore conveniently certain current phenomena that show the wave of radicalism—which culminated at Chicago in 1896—to be most emphatically on the ebb. The politician is quite as apt at overlooking things that tell against him as in laying stress on those that he thinks work to his good.

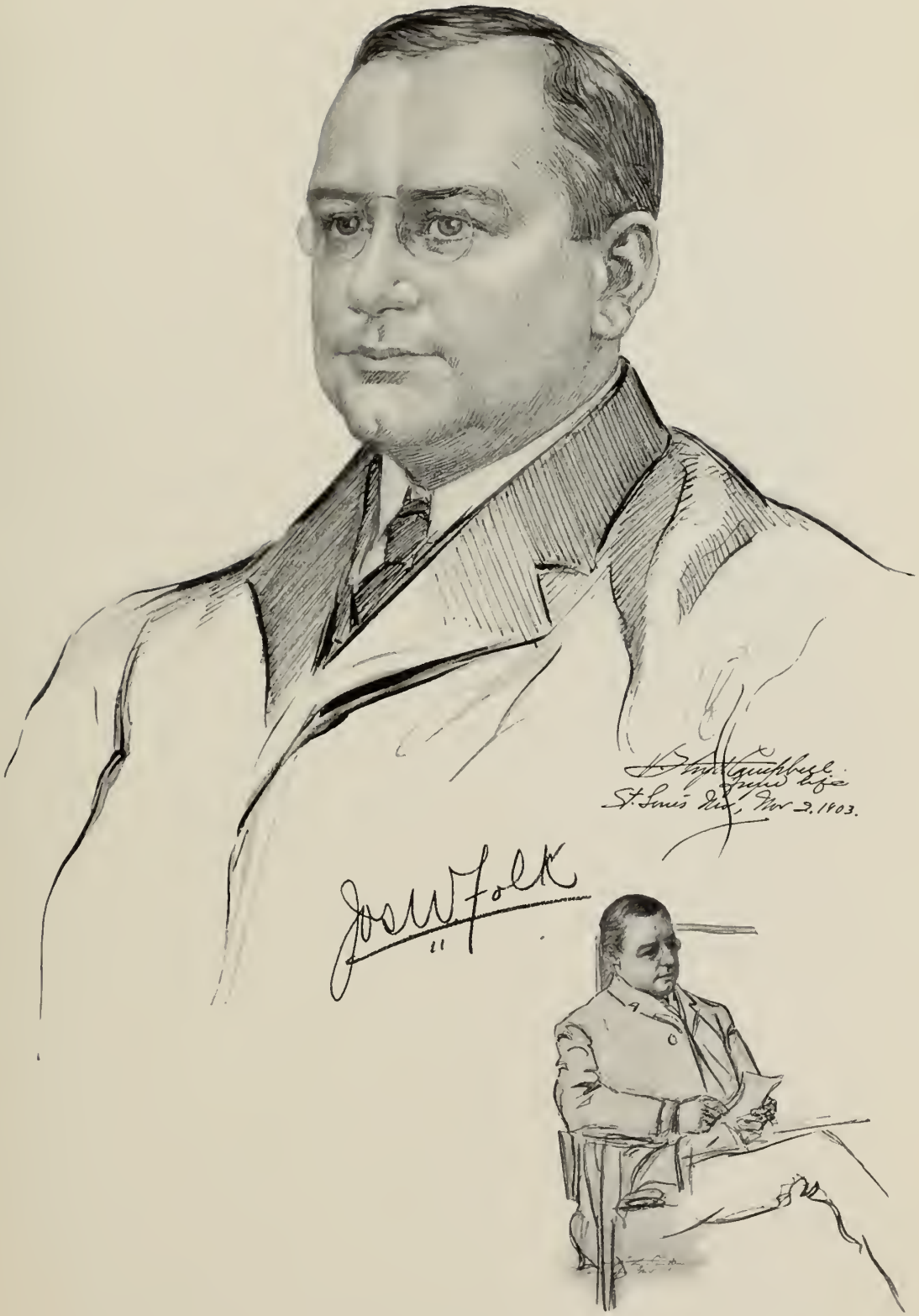
In 1896 the Democrats polled the biggest vote recorded in the history of the party. Though President Cleveland, and practically all of his prominent associates in the administration, worked against Mr. Bryan, that candidate polled nearly a million more votes than had sufficed to carry Mr. Cleveland into office in 1892. But this prodigious popular support was due to conditions which not even the most sanguine radical Democrat can look for again within the few months that elapse before the next presidential election. The long evasion of the silver question—the Republicans even more than the Democrats having for years leaned strongly toward the double standard—had resulted in interesting immense numbers of voters, allied with every party, in the money problem, and made it in fact the paramount issue of the campaign. Today, while the money question is vital—as it must always remain until there is some more intelligent device for securing a satisfactory currency system than merely

turning it over to the bankers who can find profit in keeping it unsatisfactory—there is not the slightest probability of its coming up again in the form of the demand for the free coinage of silver. This was indeed apparent in the campaign of 1900. The platform demand for free silver was then insisted upon rather as a test of the loyalty of delegates to the radical program than with any expectation that the issue itself would be prominent in the campaign. Those Western millionaires who in 1896 figured so largely in Republican newspapers as constituting the "Silver-mining Trust" were quick to discern this fact, and transferred their political allegiance with that agility always displayed by the man to whom politics is only a branch of his business. At least two millionaires, who four years earlier had been among the heaviest contributors to the Democratic campaign fund, sat as delegates at large in the last Republican national convention; while a distinguished Silver Republican senator from a mining State returned to his old-time party allegiance, and was rewarded by seeing himself no longer cartooned as an over-bearded and over-garrulous shouter for "repudiation and national dishonor," but rather referred to with proper respect as a true patriot and intelligent authority on questions relating to the national finances. Indeed the distinctively silver forces in the Democratic and allied parties had already begun to melt away in 1900, and are today practically a negligible quantity.

In 1900, also, the Populistic support, which four years earlier had been of such vital force, showed signs of ebbing in the face of better agricultural conditions. The Populist convention at Sioux Falls, at which Mr. Bryan and Mr. Charles A. Towne were nominated, was purely perfunctory, and in the succeeding election practically every State in which success depended upon Populist support—if I except Colorado—was carried by the Republicans. The Mid-Road Populists showed little more vitality, casting in the whole country fewer votes than one wing of the Socialist party. Vast numbers of the Populists have indeed entered the Democratic party, and have tinctured with their progressive doctrines its platforms in every State; but it is a matter of belief with many shrewd observers of Western conditions that President Roosevelt, with his radicalism of utterance if not of performance, can hold today a larger share of the original Populist vote than could any Democratic candidate, however radical.

So, in reading the history of the last eight years, we find Mr. Bryan supported at first by three allied parties—Democratic, Silver Republican, and Populist—then parties in fact as well as in name. In 1900 two of them were mere shells, parties in name only; in 1904 they will be virtually non-existent.

The Democratic problem, then, is what to do to fill the places of the missing allies. To this there are many answers, none of which seems to satisfy more than a very small faction of a party now divided into a great number of factions. A very powerful journalistic and financial interest in and about New York cries loudly: "Renominate Mr. Cleveland; oppose the populistic ideas of President Roosevelt; make the campaign on the good old Democratic issues of tariff reform, the gold standard, economy in government, anti-imperialism." Further to the South a distinguished Democratic senator, who has just carried his own State, would make the fact that the President invited Booker T. Washington to dinner a "paramount issue." Out in the West Mr. Bryan and his friends are standing stoutly for the Kansas City platform, though it is not believed that even they would insist on the literal enforcement of the silver plank. In New York again another element, reinforced by some Southern sentiment, is asking the nomination of a distinguished judge whose merit is that, being on the bench, he has said nothing that could give anybody an idea of his position on bitterly controverted questions of economics or politics. So the debate rages in the press, no nearer determination than it was a year ago. It is



JOSEPH WINGATE FOLK

Sketched from life by V. Floyd Campbell



TOM LOFTIN JOHNSON

Sketched from life by V. Floyd Campbell

to be expected that during the present Congress something will be done toward the crystallization of a party policy, though it is to be remembered that representatives in Congress are always more timid than the mass of the party voters, preferring, like all professional politicians, non-committal to frank expression of political beliefs.

For many years the question of candidates was vastly more interesting than that of a party creed. Platforms were "made to get in on," and each party tried to get its own as much like that of the other as possible. A study of money planks of the two great parties, prior to the revolution of 1896, will convince one of the truth of that assertion. Bryanism changed all this for a time, and its influence will not have vanished wholly this year. But should there be a recurrence to the old custom of non-committal platforms, filled with "weasel words," the identity of the Democratic nominee will still be a matter of great interest; since, despite the not promising outlook for the Democracy, there are men of high national standing ready to lead its forces. It is no purpose of mine to attempt the rôle of either a prophet or a champion, but merely to set down some considerations of each of the possible leaders, based in some cases upon personal acquaintance, and in all instances upon certain special facilities for gathering political sentiment.

Most in the public eye, perhaps, is Mr. Bryan, whose activities have given a certain section of the press, which his followers delight to term "plutocratic," uninterrupted opportunities to ridicule and denounce him. Perhaps no American politician has been more widely misunderstood. Essentially conservative on all questions save that of silver, he is nevertheless constantly described as a firebrand. It is probable today that he is in danger of losing more friends and active supporters by his refusal to lead, or even keep step with, the growing "socialist" sentiment in the party than he is by his most heinous crime of "sticking to silver." In no case a candidate for renomination, Mr. Bryan will be in a position to influence greatly the action of the convention. Perhaps no Democrat could be elected in any event, but certainly none could be elected should Mr. Bryan and his friends oppose him at the polls as frankly as Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Carlisle, and the other administration leaders opposed the ticket of 1896. Is it prudent to expect that the heartburnings of that year, suffered by followers as well as defeated leaders, are entirely assuaged? It is this consideration, even more than the general sentiment against the third term, which justifies doubt of the wisdom of Mr. Cleveland's nomination. Mr. Bryan's public utterances leave no doubt of his determined hostility. Mr. Cleveland's spokesmen are putting him forward for reasons that would unite the old forces of Bryanism and make even Populism a power again. They say in effect: "Who could get such support from the financial community as he? Who does so much to correct the errors of that rash young man in the White House who brought the merger suit, forced the coal strike arbitration, unsettled Wall Street, and encouraged organized labor?" Unlike his State in an earlier campaign, Mr. Cleveland is unfortunate in his friends, and his nomination would cause Mr. Roosevelt to be loved for the enemies he has made.

The politicians will say that New York must be carried to win; and that is true for the Democratic party. The Republicans might lose it and win; and indeed, with the hostility of Wall Street and the new power of Tammany, Mr. Roosevelt might be beaten there where his political strength was never great. But to be beaten in New York by one believed to be the beneficiary of the practitioners of the *haute finance* would assure him enough States of the Middle West to accomplish his election.

Are there, then, other candidates in New York possibly more available? There is a political superstition that to carry a doubtful State in a presidential election you should nominate one of its citizens. New York politicians, therefore, are watching

with interest the progress of the political ambitions of three men very much in the public eye—Hon. David B. Hill, Hon. Alton B. Parker, and Hon. William R. Hearst. Mr. Hill is the veteran, a past master in politics and a man of national popularity—and national hatreds. Judge Parker is, perhaps, the more dignified figure. Mr. Hearst, a newcomer in politics, excites interest rather than confidence, but has a record for pertinacity and success that would make it folly to ignore him. Judge Parker holds a highly honorable and not unprofitable position as Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals. He is yet young, as public men go, and has still in this position some six years to serve, a term that will carry him past the election of 1908. His strength in the State was shown by the fact that though Roosevelt, fresh from the victories of Santiago, carried New York by only 17,000 votes, Parker within a year swept it by over 60,000. For himself he has spoken no word to indicate his willingness to enter the national contest this year, his championship having originated in the South. He is urged, as I have before said, because of his "availability"—a word which in the mouth of the practical politician means the lack of any record of any kind. Even in the last two presidential contests he has been "regular," having voted for Bryan and announced the fact publicly. But where he stands on any issue of those campaigns, or on direct legislation, the income tax, government by injunction, or even imperialism, no one can tell. To a certain class of politicians this would seem to be a source of strength. It is in fact a fatal weakness; for the politics of the last decade has educated the Democratic voters to a belief in platforms that say things and in men who stand for them. Though Mr. Bryan has refrained from antagonizing Judge Parker in any way, it is hardly likely he could hold his full following in line for him. Meantime, close friends of Judge Parker say that he would not think of giving up his present place on the bench without a united party behind him.

The case of former Senator Hill is more problematical. He is a man with a multitude of friends, and with quite enough enemies to satisfy anybody. He has attained the period of life when even an unsuccessful nomination for the presidency would be a desirable honor. That he would still further alienate the Populist allies of the Democracy goes without saying, for he has bitterly denounced them and all their favorite dogmas. Yet among the reorganizing element in the Democratic party he has powerful friends, and there has long been an effort to remodel the national committee in his behalf. Could he secure the nomination he would prove a formidable candidate, as the South would stand by its old party allegiance; while his reputation for political astuteness would help him in the States of Illinois and Indiana, where politics is perhaps more of a continual game than anywhere outside of New York. But he has always been singularly unfortunate in getting the delegation from his own State. The one occasion on which he controlled it was also the one occasion on which the man who did not have it — Grover Cleveland — was nominated and elected. Today the vastly enhanced power of Tammany makes Mr. Hill's chances of securing his home delegation slight. Moreover, no one, unless it might be Mr. Cleveland himself, would be so fiercely fought in the convention by those delegations from Western States which, though unlikely to contribute any electoral votes, go far toward controlling nominations.

There remains in New York, at the present moment, only one avowed candidate, Hon. William R. Hearst, the owner of widely circulated newspapers in that metropolis, Chicago, and San Francisco, who has recently been elected to a seat in the House of Representatives. Mr. Hearst is young, rich, and audacious. His newspapers in New York and Chicago have a practically unbroken record of Democratic regularity. In 1896 and 1900 he was of inestimable service to the Democratic cause, both by giving it journalistic sup-



CARTER HENRY HARRISON

Sketched from life by V. Floyd Campbell



Photograph by Clinedinst

ARTHUR PUE GORMAN



Photograph by Townsend

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

Sketched from life by V. Floyd Campbell

port and by aiding in the collection of funds. His newspapers, if we allow for a certain tendency to a drum-and-trumpet imperialism, preach the most advanced type of democracy, and are today doing more than any other agency to keep alive that radicalism which in a score of years will be recognized as the truest conservatism, because it seeks to conserve for all the people those rights and privileges which now are seized by the few. Today I am convinced that among the masses of the people Mr. Hearst is a prime favorite for the nomination.

But that fact alone does not make plain and smooth his pathway to the nomination. Long before it ever occurred to Mr. Hearst that he might like to be a great politician—or statesman, if you will—he was a great journalist. He has supported Democratic candidates well and loyally, but he has found journalistic satisfaction in denouncing them bitterly and cruelly, even before the returns that announced their defeats had ceased coming over the wire. He has supported others that succeeded, but many of them have found that the price of that support was the extending to his agents of journalistic favors which they could not grant, and that their refusal turned friendship into enmity. This is perhaps good policy for a journalist, but it builds up antagonisms among the men who choose delegations and select nominees. Indeed, a study of political history shows that no newspaper editor was ever chosen to the Presidency, and few to any high office. Mr. Hearst has the special advantage of a practical residence in two states—California and New York. The delegation from either would give him standing in the convention. In California, however, he has been embarrassed by the action of his newspaper in refusing to support the last Democratic nominee for governor, Hon. Frank Lane, a man of wide popularity not only in that State but among radical Democrats in many sections.

Within a few days of the writing of this article yet another New Yorker has come forward — Hon. George B. McClellan, the Mayor of Greater New York. Mr. McClellan is young, ambitious, and abundantly supplied with powerful friends. He is not without public experience, having served long and creditably in Congress. He will, however, have but a few months in the mayor's office to prove, before the convention, whether he is a man of independence or a second Van Wyck. There has been discussion of the eligibility of Colonel McClellan, based on the fact that he was born in Dresden while his parents were on a foreign trip. No constitutional lawyer would for a moment entertain any doubt of this sort. The parents being both Americans, and their absence from this country merely temporary, it is unquestionable that the son possesses all their rights as an American citizen.

So much for New York. Massachusetts has one commanding figure in Hon. Richard Olney, who, though in the Cleveland cabinet in 1896, managed to escape the bitter hostility that attached to the other members of that administration. Weakest perhaps on the trust issue—having declared the federal anti-trust law unconstitutional at one time—he won wide popularity as Secretary of State at the time of the Venezuela imbroglio. He has already behind him his State organization, and he is not believed to be especially inimical to Mr. Bryan. Yet it is seldom that a candidate is chosen from a State hopelessly in control of the opposition party. Should he be nominated, the party would have to abandon certain of its planks on the use of federal troops and government by injunction, as it was Mr. Olney who applied these drastic remedies at the time of the National Railway Union strike in Chicago in 1903.

Within a comparatively few days one of the most widely known Southern journalists told me that beyond any doubt the nominee of the next Democratic convention would be Senator Arthur P. Gorman of Maryland. "Gorman has a regular organization," said he, "and his agents are working in all the Southern States. He is

a consummate politician, was regular in the last two elections, is the leader of the Senate, and enjoys the confidence of the financial interests of the country." This list of qualifications seems an imposing one; and yet it appears that Mr. Gorman's nomination would involve almost as great a revolution in Democratic sentiment as took place in 1896. Regular though he may have been, he has made no secret of his disapproval of the issues of the last two campaigns. But more: to the Cleveland and Olney wing of the party he must be as obnoxious because of his protectionist views as he is to the other wing because of his contempt for radical and anti-monopoly principles. The South may perhaps be held in the convention, and afterwards, on the race question alone, but it seems probable that the Senator from Maryland, astute though he admittedly is, will need to devote his time in the present session of the Senate to perfecting a record upon which he can appeal more strongly to the North and Middle West.

Looking to the West it is evident that the elections of last November played havoc with the political prospects of the distinctively radical wing of the Democratic party. Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, was never a believer in silver, but he did stand by the anti-monopoly program of the party. He was close to Mr. Bryan, and was regarded by many as his residuary legatee, though himself denying any present ambitions beyond serving the city of Cleveland. His victory in Ohio was never hoped for by the most sanguine of his followers, but it was thought that success in reducing the last Republican majority there would indicate the continuing and increasing strength of radical Democracy among the voters. Whatever the cause, whether by treachery in his own party or the lavish use of money by the opposition, Mr. Johnson was beaten by so decisive a majority as to discourage his most ardent supporters. A man of large means, of great pertinacity of purpose and mental resiliency, he will no doubt continue his struggle and figure largely in the national convention. Between now and the time for selecting delegates in Ohio there will be no opportunity to dislodge him from his control of the State organization, but as an actual candidate his chance is probably gone.

Associated with Mayor Johnson in his campaign was one of the most picturesque and lovable figures in American politics today — Mayor Samuel M. Jones of Toledo. Mayor Jones is, not merely by his own insistence but in fact, "a man without a party." He declares—I think wrongly—that party organizations invariably and necessarily lead to corruption, extortion, and political chicanery. No man who has known him questions his absolute sincerity in this belief. No man who has observed the history of Toledo in the last eight years—since it has been under his control as mayor—will doubt that if Jones, with his ability, honesty, and courage, had been a party man and had been supported by a party organization, he could have done much good for the city. As it is, fighting his good fight single-handed and alone, he has been beaten on essential points though victorious in some purely sentimental ones. When he encountered merely the derelicts of society in the police court as presiding judge, he showed a sense of justice tempered strongly with mercy, and helped to remedy some of the cruel wrongs of the law as now administered. But when he had to antagonize "vested rights," the powers of the privileged classes proved too much for him and he was almost helpless. Nobody who knows the two men would deny to Mayor Jones a higher ethical ideal than that, for example, of Mayor Harrison of Chicago. Yet I doubt whether the former, being an idealist and "a man without a party," has done so much to protect his city against corporate aggressions as the latter, who is frankly a partisan and a Democratic boss. Mayor Jones is hardly a factor in the Democratic problem today. He has usually of late years cooperated with radical Democrats, and will probably follow them should they leave the party



Photograph by Albany Art Union

DAVID BENNETT HILL



RICHARD OLNEY



ALTON BROOKS PARKER

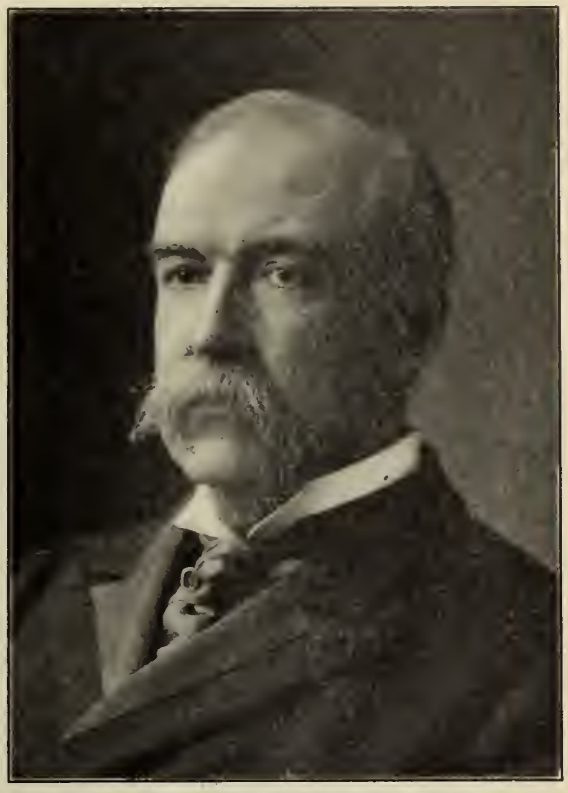
which they now control. Perhaps for this reason his name merits mention in this connection.

The Democrats of Chicago have made the issue of municipal ownership their own, and on this issue Mayor Carter H. Harrison has been repeatedly elected. Today the people of the city, irrespective of party, are engaged in an effort to rescue their streets from the control of perhaps the most offensive and incompetent traction monopoly in the country. While a municipal rather than a national issue, this question of public ownership is one that accords thoroughly with the dominant sentiment in the Democratic party; and should the mayor of Chicago press it to a successful conclusion he would become a national figure to be reckoned with. Unfortunately his political influence thus far has always been strictly confined to the limits of his city, the State organization having always been controlled by his political enemies, so that the possibility of his getting a delegation must be regarded as slight. He and his faction in Illinois represent the radical wing of the party, the opposition to him being led by the principal movers in the Palmer and Buckner campaign of 1896.

Such are, then, the men most prominently mentioned for the Democratic nomination. Others occasionally come under discussion, as for example Judge George Gray, a member of the recent anthracite coal arbitration board and of the Paris peace commission; Hon. Charles A. Towne, of Michigan and New York, the famous orator in the cause of silver; Hon. Joseph W. Folk, the fighting district attorney who made such successful war on "graft" in St. Louis; Gen. Nelson A. Miles, and a few of less general note. That some utterly obscure man should win the prize is not impossible, in the present disordered state of the party. Of those chiefly under discussion by the public at the present moment it may be doubted whether there is one who could hold both wings of the party together.



GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN



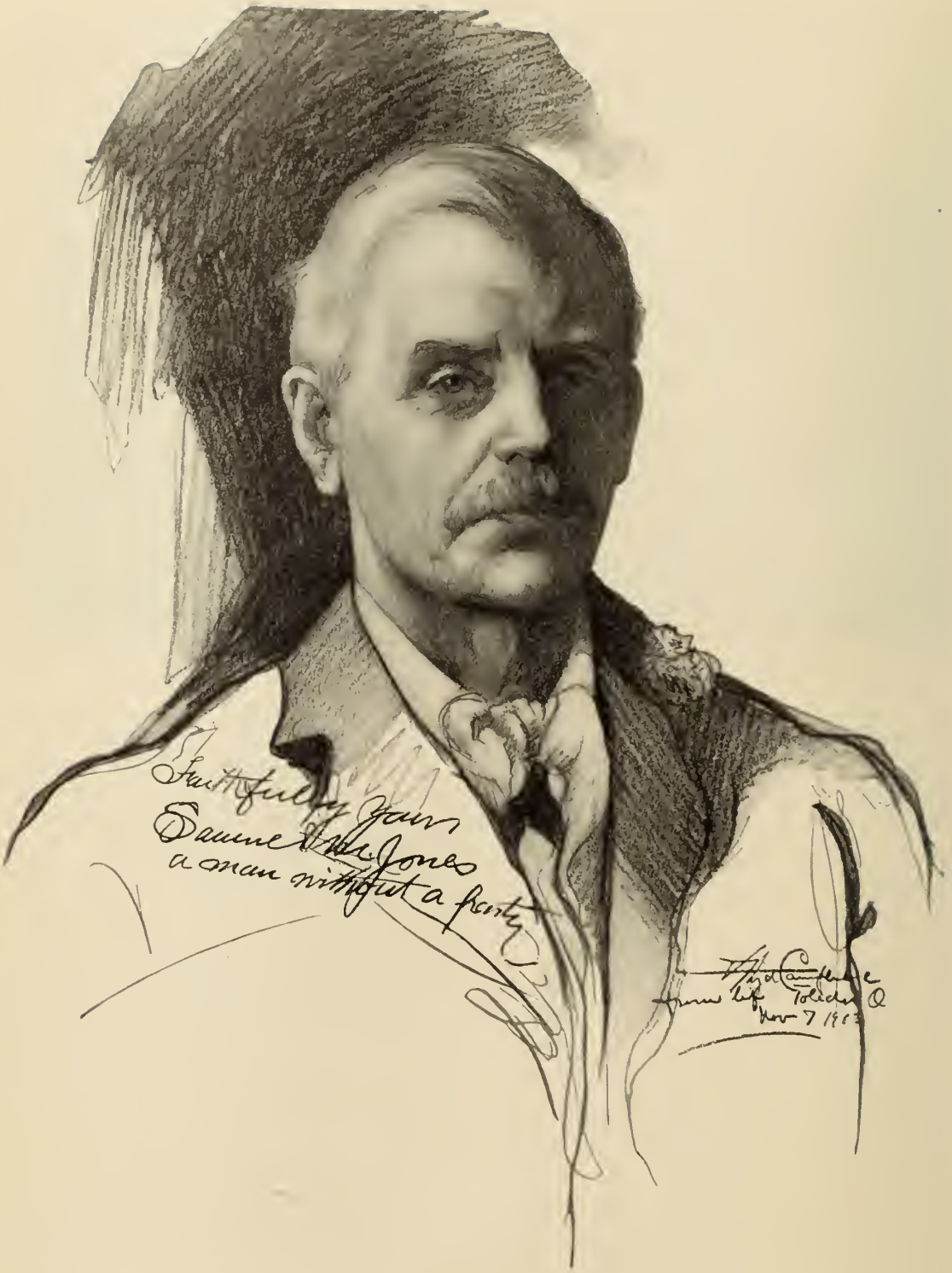
GEORGE GRAY

The Democratic problem then, as it presents itself to me, is whether the party shall present itself to the people with a platform of platitudes and with candidates chosen from among those who in the recent elections clearly had the advantage; or with a platform in the spirit of those of the last two national campaigns, but greatly modified as to the letter—"16 to 1" being wholly eliminated—and with candidates selected from the leaders who have acquired the habit of speaking freely to the people and expressing their opinions and purposes. Undoubtedly the advocates of the former plan are at present the more influential even if they are not the more numerous.

The "practical" politician desires victory at any price that he may enjoy its fruits. He is the man who makes up delegations to nominating conventions. He is encouraged today by the reflection that Tammany in New York and Gorman in Maryland—types of his class—have been successful; while Johnson in Ohio, who fought for a principle and attacked corruptionists in his own party quite as savagely as he did those in the other, has been badly defeated. The inarticulate mass of Democratic voters may still feel that there is need in the land for a party that shall truly and frankly represent the principle of equal rights to all and special privileges to none, but they have no means of organization, no general leadership, and practically no press to serve them, as against those to whom victory is the one thing to be sought at whatever cost of means and men.

To the triumphant progress of the "reorganizers" but three obstacles are now apparent:

1. The strength of the radical element in the Democratic national committee.
2. The two-thirds rule that obtains in the Democratic national convention.
3. The danger of such concerted action in the election, on the part of those defeated in the convention, as was taken in 1896 by the minority faction.



SAMUEL MILTON JONES

Sketched from life by V. Floyd Campbell

The first obstacle is of comparatively little importance. No one would claim today that the national committee is dominated by the radical Democracy, though the efforts being made by the other faction to dislodge Senator Jones from his position of vantage as chairman show clearly that they appreciate the value of control of the committee. But in 1896 the committee was absolutely in the hands of the Gold Democrats. Nevertheless, the convention overturned its every arrangement, rejected its every recommendation, and managed affairs to suit the delegates alone. It is evident that only in the event of a closely divided convention this year will the national committee have any considerable influence in the controversy.

In Democratic conventions it has long been the rule that a vote of two-thirds of the delegates is necessary to a choice of a candidate. There will be in the next convention 942 delegates, unless for sentimental reasons delegates are admitted from some of our new possessions. The support of 314 of these delegates will enable the opponents of the dominant faction to block its action on candidates, though not on the platform. Part of the Democratic problem is whether this control can be secured by the radicals, but it is only logical to assert that, if the avowed purpose of the reorganizers should be to nominate a man peculiarly offensive to the West and Southwest, this control can very readily be gained.

The third obstacle I have noted should be the most serious one, and is no doubt continually in the minds of the men who are planning the change in Democratic policy. But it must be borne in mind that political tactics are not for the moment only. Mr. Gorman, for example, with his commanding position today, has been a receptive and at times an active candidate for the presidency for nearly twenty years. Mr. Hill has occupied a like position almost as long. Patient planning for the future is a fundamental of political success. So it may be that a triumphant majority in the convention may say to the minority: "Do your worst! We will control the organization for the next four years. The chances are that we will be beaten this year even with your aid. Bolt, if you want to! But, if you bolt, you will be out of the party and we will be in complete control."

So stands the situation in which the Democratic party finds itself. Can it be clarified? The question is rather one of principles than candidates. Mr. Bryan has said that there is no common ground on which the so-called Gold Democrats and Silver Democrats can meet, and to a limited degree that is true; for with many of the former hostility was bred less by the money plank in the platform than by the general tone of anti-monopoly that strongly pervaded it.

We surely cannot expect railroad senators, or sugar-trust senators, or politicians who draw their campaign funds from trusts, to act cheerfully with a party that declares all monopoly in private hands to be wrong. Yet it does seem possible that, with the money issue abandoned or newly stated, substantial harmony might be obtained on a platform attacking monopoly; demanding direct legislation; approving the principle of public ownership, both municipal and State; opposing militarism; and demanding the reform of the tariff with particular reference to the protection now given to the numerous articles which are controlled by the trusts.

If State delegations might be sent to the national convention instructed to work for the incorporation of these principles in the platform, and for the nomination of any man known beyond doubt to favor their enforcement, there might be a peaceful way out of a political quarrel, which now only promises four years more of the war which has lasted during the past eight years.

Can it be done? *That* is the Democratic problem.

William J. Gaynor



Photograph by Draycott

THE RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

THE MAN AND THE STATESMAN

"Are the Lords to dictate to us, the people of England? Your ancestors resisted kings and abated the pride of monarchs, and it is inconceivable that you should be so careless of your heritage as to submit your liberties to this miserable minority of individuals, who rest their claims upon privilege and upon accident. I have no spite against the House of Lords. I have no desire to see dull uniformity in social life, and I am rather thankful than otherwise to gentlemen who will take the trouble of wearing robes and coronets, and who will keep up a certain state of splendor which is very pleasant to look upon. They are ancient monuments, and I, for one, should be very sorry to deface them; but, gentlemen, I do not admit that we can build upon these interesting ruins the foundations of our government; I cannot allow that these antiquities should control the destinies of a free empire.

"I hold, and very few intelligent men do not now hold, that the best form of government for a free and enlightened people is that of a republic, and that is a form of government to which the nations of Europe are surely, and not very slowly, tending. The idea to my mind that underlies republicanism is that in all cases merit should have a fair chance—that it should not be handicapped in the race by any accident of birth, and that all men should have equal rights before the law—equal chances of serving their country.

"I am inclined to think that Jack Cade was an ill-used and much misunderstood gentleman, who happened to have sympathized with the poor and the oppressed, and who therefore was made the mark for the malignant hatred of the aristocratic and land-owning classes, who combined to burlesque his opinions and put him out of the way."

It is difficult to identify the famous English imperialist of today in the utterances above quoted. Yet it is barely twenty years since Mr. Chamberlain poured the vials of his wrath upon the House of Lords, frankly preached a theoretical republicanism, and warmly eulogized Jack Cade, the English peasant rebel of the fourteenth century.

But it would seem as though no English statesman of the first rank can round off his career without eating the words of his youth. Gladstone's maiden speech in the House of Commons was a defense of slavery, and for sixty years thereafter his mind broadened and his sympathies widened until even the Liberal party refused to follow him in his reckless enthusiasm. Disraeli, on the other hand, reversed the radicalism of his early days, whatever it may have been worth, to reign with true oriental despotism over the Tory squires and bishops of England. Peel was quicker in his transformation, and reversed almost in a night the traditions of his party. And so we might follow the trail back and back. It is only men below the first rank who will remain consistent at all costs.

Mr. Chamberlain's inconsistency does not appear to trouble him, nor does it seem to impair his influence or popularity. For his own part, he is said by some of his more malicious critics to wear blinkers, so that like a properly harnessed horse he is able only to look forward and not backward. Mr. Chamberlain would probably retort that he not only looks forward but moves forward; and it is worth noting that few, even of his most strenuous opponents, would urge that he has ever ceased to be progressive, though he has now consorted with the Tory party of England for nearly twenty years. It may indeed be argued that a democratic faith, or even a thorough-going republicanism, is not inconsistent with the spirit that welcomes extending empire; and the examples of France and the United States might be quoted to give effect to the argument. But there is no escape for Mr. Chamberlain in this direction. It must be freely confessed that twenty years ago he was an out-and-

out "Little Englander." He said at that time: "I look with greater satisfaction to our annexation of gas and water to our scientific frontier, in the improvement area, than I do to the result of that imperial policy which has given us Cyprus and the Transvaal."

Looking at the early lives respectively of the two statesmen, it is Gladstone, not Chamberlain, who should logically have become a great imperialist. Gladstone was not indeed of aristocratic birth, but his father was a man of vast wealth, and at Eton and Oxford young Gladstone fell immediately into an atmosphere which fitted him to enter public life, by becoming the Tory representative of the pocket borough of an English duke. The medievalism and militarism of the baser sort of imperialism could hardly have found more likely soil than the mind of the young Oxford Tory, who proudly avowed himself "the Duke's man," and eloquently defended the practice of slavery in the West Indies.

As to young Chamberlain, there was no Eton or Oxford for him. A couple of years between the ages of fourteen and sixteen at one of the most democratic among the secondary schools of London—University College school—completed his education so far as it was to be obtained at schools. His father was a wholesale maker of boots and shoes in London, and at sixteen young Chamberlain went into the business. For the next two years he was doing counting-house work in London, and picking up what additional education he could during the evenings by attending lectures at the Polytechnic Institute and other places. It was not a youthful experience from which one would have predicted the blossoming of that full-blown flower of imperialism whose splendors have captivated the imagination of the people of Britain in the twentieth century. Nor did Chamberlain's surroundings become more inspiring when, at eighteen, he exchanged boot-making for screw-making, and removed to Birmingham as the business representative of his father, who had become extensively interested in the Nettlefold firm there. In his new scene of labor Chamberlain applied himself with eagerness to his work, and he speedily became an important factor in the firm. His personal interests must have been considerable, for he was in a position to marry at the age of twenty-five; and at thirty-one we find him able to give a donation of one thousand pounds sterling for the furtherance of some political object. Nor is it to be inferred that his devotion to business was so engrossing as to hinder the further development and cultivation of his mind. Not on the lines of academic culture, indeed, did the development proceed, but it was none the less thorough and effective. He read widely in French and English, though chiefly along lines of material value. He threw himself with ardor into the various debating and mutual improvement societies of the town; gave lectures to working men at a club established in connection with his own firm, and became a Sunday-school teacher at the Unitarian Church.

It may be well to pause for a moment to state that the members of the Chamberlain family have been Unitarians for generations; and while Unitarianism in England is certainly a portion of what may be comprehensively termed "Nonconformity," yet there is little in common between the adherents of that faith and the average Baptist and Wesleyan. Many of the most advanced thinkers and most cultivated minds in England during the first half of the nineteenth century were to be found in the ranks of Unitarianism. Nevertheless, a common opposition to the established church had brought all shades of nonconformity together, especially in the large manufacturing centres; and all through Mr. Chamberlain's early manhood he was identified with the bitter controversy continually prevailing between churchmen and dissenters. It is impossible for those living in a country that has not a state church to realize the bitterness which sectarian bigotry can attain under such conditions. "Between church and chapel,"



Photograph by Duffus Bros., Cape Town

MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN



MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S RESIDENCE AT BIRMINGHAM

says a recent writer, referring to the condition of affairs in Birmingham at that time, "a sharp line was drawn, social as well as political. The two factions maintained in almost every town a standing controversy, practically unmitigated by personal friendships, or even by business relations. The church people patronized the orthodox butcher and grocer; nor would the dissenters buy their butter and sugar except from the nonconformist brother."

Local politics soon began to attract young Chamberlain, and he threw himself into them with his usual vigor. His affiliations were wholly with the radicals and nonconformists; and the Liberal leaders of those days — days when Gladstone was supreme—were all too slow for the young Birmingham radical. Parliamentary life was undoubtedly the goal of the successful young manufacturer some years before he reached it, and he probably realized that the speediest way of attaining his object was to proceed by the municipal route. He was already prominent in the affairs of Birmingham, and a successful municipal career would almost guarantee his election for the city. Birmingham in those days was the Mecca of all good radicals, and John Bright, the famous Quaker orator and statesman, was high priest of the party. Into municipal life therefore Mr. Chamberlain plunged, while still in the early thirties, and with such signal success that he was three times mayor of Birmingham before he had reached forty. His energy was as amazing then as it has been ever since. He was described as "the mayor and council rolled into one." He was an ardent advocate of municipal ownership, and during his first term in the mayor's office induced the Corporation to buy out the gas and water franchises for the city, at a cost of two million pounds sterling, though an attempt at municipal ownership on so large a scale had never before been made. The experiment proved an unqualified success, and was copied extensively among the municipalities of England and Scotland. In many other ways Mr. Chamberlain made his term as mayor a red-letter period in the history of Birmingham, and when he left the chair the city had become one of the best governed municipalities in the world. From the mayor's chair he went in 1876 straight to Parliament. He was forty years old at the time, and had prospered so well that he was able to free himself from further business cares, and to devote his time exclusively to public affairs.

The Conservatives under Disraeli had triumphed at the polls, and Gladstone—who was then sixty-seven years old, the very age of Chamberlain at the present time—was "sulking in his tent," leaving the leadership of the Liberal party to Lord Hartington, the present Duke of Devonshire. To the young radical mayor a terrible reputation had been given, and there seemed to be a general expectation that he would signalize his appearance in the House by some striking demonstration of hostility to the conventions of society, if not by some breach of decorum. There was general surprise, however, and probably some disappointment, when the new arrival proved to be no more than a tall, slim, dapper gentleman, with the regulation silk hat and frock coat, a glass in his eye, and an orchid in his buttonhole—for Mr. Chamberlain had already begun the cultivation of the beautiful bulb that has been so long associated with his name. "He wears his eye-glass like a gentleman," was Disraeli's only comment on Mr. Chamberlain when the latter soon afterward delivered his maiden speech in the House.

The time was opportune for displaying the aggressive qualities, strength of character, and forcefulness in debate which belonged to Mr. Chamberlain. Disraeli had embarked on an ostentatious foreign policy, crowning the Queen with oriental splendor as Empress of India, fostering expansion in South Africa and Afghanistan, and attempting at the Congress of Berlin to assume the dictatorship of Eastern Europe. With this devotion to foreign matters went neglect of home interests and piling up of bills for the unlucky taxpayer.



Photograph by Draycott

WHERE MR. CHAMBERLAIN GROWS HIS ORCHIDS

To prick the bubble of Dizzy's showy imperialism, to score his neglect of the Empire's heart, was a task of joyful ease to the Chamberlain of those days. He spoke with such effect that, when the Liberal party returned to power in 1880, his admission to the Government as representative of the advanced liberals was no more than had been expected. There is no need, here, to dwell at length upon Mr. Chamberlain's parliamentary career. From Mr. Morley's recent publication, *The Life of Gladstone*, we learn what an uncomfortable time that statesman had in endeavoring to make the burning radicalism of the Birmingham representative amalgamate with the sluggish whiggism of Lord Hartington. The pace of liberalism was all too slow for Mr. Chamberlain. His intense radicalism, however, startled, if it did not offend, the country; and upon the appeal to the nation in 1885 it was Mr. Chamberlain's extreme views—according to Mr. Gladstone and the *Times* newspaper—that turned many of the great radical centres for the first time into Tory hives, threatening to again seat the Conservatives in power. But the rural constituencies came to the rescue of Mr. Gladstone and gave him a slight majority.

Now came the great Irish Home Rule crisis, at which we can only glance in passing. All but the youngest English-speaking world will remember that when Mr. Gladstone announced his conversion to the Irish cause, Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, with about seventy followers who took the name of Liberal Unionists, broke abruptly from their leader. A great upheaval followed, which ended in Gladstone's being driven from power—the Liberal party being reduced to a state of chaos from which it is only now beginning to emerge. With a brief intermission of shadowy Gladstonism from 1892 to 1895, the Conservatives and their allies—the anti-Gladstone Liberals—have ruled Great Britain from 1886 until the present time. Mr. Chamberlain became the *bête noire* of the Liberal party, and was called "Judas" by Irish members in the House. Yet the Conservative governments, that have been so long kept in power mainly by the strength of Mr. Chamberlain's followers, were sensibly affected by the democracy of their new allies, and the coalition governments showed their progressiveness by establishing a system of free schools throughout England and Wales, and by elaborating and setting into operation a fairly successful scheme of county councils, which has notably relieved the congestion of business in the House of Commons.

It was not until 1895 that Mr. Chamberlain himself, on the formation of Lord Salisbury's second government, took office with the Conservatives, and under his old opponent. His career as the exponent of the imperial idea may be said to date from that year, though his decisive action on Irish Home Rule had undoubtedly started him in this direction. From 1895 until last September he occupied the position of Secretary of State for the Colonies. It was a post which seldom, or never, had been given previously to a statesman of the first rank. Sometimes it had been filled by men who had to hunt up the colonies on the map after taking office. Within a year Mr. Chamberlain had made it the leading position in the cabinet, and his influence steadily grew. "Wherever the Macgregor sits, there is the head of the table," was the emphatic dictum of the Scottish laird as he scorned the formal seat of honor, and so it may almost be said of Mr. Chamberlain. Whatever position in the cabinet he had occupied would still have evoked the same dominant personality, and have made him easily *primus inter pares* with his colleagues. Just as during his mayoralty he was described as "mayor and council rolled in one," so at the colonial office and in the councils of the government he dwarfed those around him; and whether Salisbury or Balfour was titular leader, the eyes of the country, and frequently of the world, were turned on Chamberlain. Gradually he became the spokesman of the new-found imperial sentiment that grew up within the Empire. His opponents laid upon his shoulders the



Photograph by Draycott

RECEPTION HALL AT "HIGHBURY"

responsibility of the Boer war; and it is at least true that his diplomacy could not avert it. The fierce radicals shouted almost joyfully, when news came of Britain's bitter and humiliating defeats in South Africa, that Chamberlain was ruined at last. But when the war closed Chamberlain was more than ever the man of the hour. Rightly or wrongly he was regarded as the one man holding office who was not rendered inefficient by weakness of character or by red-tapeism. He made a triumphal tour of the country so lately devastated by war, yet showed in doing so such genuine gifts of statesmanship that his stoutest political opponents were constrained, for perhaps the first time, to do homage to his large patriotism and wise counsels. When he returned last spring from what the newspapers termed the "illimitable veldt," it was to find his colleagues in the government weighed down by the contempt of the nation because of their hideous mismanagement of the war, which was now beginning to be realized, and by their blunders in connection with the education bill, which had goaded into fury the whole noncomformist population of England. But the public wrath seemed always to glance off from the coat of mail which Chamberlain wore. He was clad, in the popular mind at least, in the armor of efficiency, and efficiency was the one thing above all others that the nation needed.

Then, suddenly, as though realizing into what a parlous condition his colleagues had fallen, and that it devolved upon him to turn attention from them, he propounded a new doctrine—a doctrine new, at least, from the lips of statesmen in a country which for fifty years had devoutly followed another faith. It was in truth nothing newer than the doctrine of protection; but there was linked with it the rough outline of a plan of extraordinary daring and magnitude, whereby the various great sections of the Empire were, said Mr. Chamberlain, to be bound together by a system of preferential trade. In an instant the political discussions of the day had been transformed. The mismanagement of the war, and the miniature revolution caused by the education act, faded, at least temporarily, into the background. A new line of cleavage appeared between the parties, not greatly to the advantage of the Conservative party, since for the first time in nearly twenty years the Liberals began to show signs of united action inspired by a common battle-cry.

But Chamberlain, with his usual masterly tactics, had converted the Liberal party into the party of inactivity, a party wedded to what he denounced as the old-fogyism of Cobdenism; whilst the Conservatives, or those of them who followed him, became the advocates of a new policy which was to cement the Empire, and to win back for England the industrial supremacy which, in the opinion of many, was passing from her. Almost the bitterest opposition that Chamberlain encountered was within the cabinet itself; but within three months he had driven every Cobdenite from the government, and had converted the prime minister to the more difficult half of the new policy. The government was protectionized, and Peel's work of 1846 was undone. Then, with a final bold stroke, the ex-manufacturer from Birmingham cuts clear from the government he had transformed, frees himself from all official responsibility, and, like a modern Peter the Hermit, starts out on a crusade for the salvation of the Empire by a scheme of preferential trade.

Protection is well, he tells us, but not enough; it may be used to break down tariff walls, but the Empire itself can be preserved from ultimate dissolution only by preferential tariffs. It is a policy full of intricate problems, of hidden danger, and possible advantage. The whole commercial world is interested in the struggle, and will be appreciably affected by the outcome. It is idle to attempt to forecast the result, as so many are doing, and will doubtless continue to do, in flat contradiction of each other. Opinion on the subject is still unformed and wavering. Mr. Chamberlain is now nearly sixty-eight years of age, and is greatly troubled with gout.

This is not precisely the proper kind of disease, perhaps, for a democratic statesman; but, according to Lord Rosebery, Mr. Chamberlain models himself on the elder Pitt, the great imperialist of the eighteenth century, and that alleged prototype was a martyr to the same troublesome affection. A further interesting coincidence between the elder Pitt and Chamberlain is seen, by the way, in the elevation of the son of each statesman to the chancellorship of the exchequer at a remarkably early age. If Chamberlain modeled himself on Chatham, he must be credited with considerable success in his effort.

Mr. Chamberlain has undertaken a task that, for a man of sixty-eight, is more than herculean, being nothing less than the education of his countrymen up to protection —or down to protection, as the free-trader will prefer to say. Yet his years sit lightly on his shoulders, and he could easily pass for his middle-aged son, between whom and himself there is a strong facial resemblance. He is full of a marvelous energy, and is brimming over with the optimism that comes from a successful career. He is not a cultured orator, but always a most lucid and incisive speaker, with a power of repartee that lashes and wounds the most thick-skinned of would-be hecklers. Strenuous and exciting as his life has been, Mr. Chamberlain has yet allowed himself one charming though costly recreation — the cultivation of orchids; and in his beautiful home at Birmingham he has the most wonderful collection to be found in England. His famous Birmingham house, named "Highbury" after the division of London in which he was born, is surrounded by handsome gardens, newly laid out last summer under Mr. Chamberlain's personal direction, during the scanty leisure he allowed himself from political turmoil. Fortunate in so many things, Mr. Chamberlain is happiest of all in the possession of a charming American wife, the daughter of the late Mr. W. C. Endicott, war secretary in Mr. Cleveland's first administration. Mrs. Chamberlain follows her husband's career with the closest interest, and has herself become no mean authority on English politics.

Apart from his occasional attention to gardening, Mr. Chamberlain is probably as busy when at Highbury as during his heaviest official work. His correspondence and public duties have rather increased than otherwise with his relinquishment of official life. Two hundred letters, on an average, are received by him each day; all are read and answered personally, with the aid of a private secretary and competent shorthand writers. This correspondence has to be dealt with most carefully; for artful opponents are forever laying cunning traps for the Birmingham statesman, and too faithful friends are but little less troublesome with their suggestions and conundrums. The house is beset with newspaper correspondents, with whom Mr. Chamberlain is always popular. He talks freely with them and fully appreciates the power and influence of the press; yet no correspondent has ever extracted a secret from him. He works far into the night, parliamentary life having accustomed him to late hours. Three in the morning often finds him still at his desk. His speeches—all the important ones, at least—are carefully prepared, and are privately declaimed to his private secretary the day before delivery, the statesman meanwhile smoking a brier pipe or a fat black cigar.

Austen Chamberlain, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, has in the past greatly aided his father in his onerous work of private correspondence; but it may be assumed that his own official cares will now occupy the whole time of Chamberlain *fils*. It may be added that the younger Chamberlain is unmarried, aged forty, wears an eyeglass, like his father, and is said to inherit his father's aptitude for politics, and his judgment. It is significant that, although the father has withdrawn from office, his influence persists through the son, to whom has been given one of the most important offices in the cabinet—touching in its ramifications the minutest details of national



London Stereoscopic Co.

J. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

government. He is in all things in fullest sympathy with his father's policy.

"And the turn of a screw was the beginning of the whole thing," said an old mechanic who had talked of Chamberlain with me, and who was still tinctured with Cobdenism.

"How so?" I asked.

"Well, when Chamberlain went to Birmingham from London to represent his father in the Nettlefold screw business, a new screw was put on the market by that firm, which made the fortunes of all concerned, except the inventor. The new screw tapered towards its point instead of remaining an even width from top to bottom, and the tapering point allowed you to start driving it home with a few blows of the hammer, thus saving the time of the workmen."

"A wonderful invention, was it not," he added sarcastically, "to make two cabinet ministers and disturb the whole Empire? And it was an American invention at that!"

J. A. Acland

PICTURES *and* ART TALK



Meissonier's subjects always play their parts beyond mistaking. His *Connoisseur* knows, his *Reveller* is really hilarious, his *Musketeer* is a musketeer every inch. This truth to life he owed in great part to his keen insight, but even more it was due to his genius for taking pains, to his untiring efforts to surround himself with the appropriate atmosphere. The stories told of his unquenchable enthusiasm in this direction are legion: of how he bought a field of rye and prevailed on a colonel of cuirassiers to charge through it with his regiment to produce a desired battle effect; of how, when at work on the Napoleon series, he borrowed Napoleon's coat from the Museum, had it copied crease for crease, donned it, and, mounting a wooden horse, posed for hours before his mirror studying every effect; of how he bought horses of the same color and breed as those Napoleon rode, and picketed them in rain and snow for weeks for local color's sake. Yet this attention to detail, fantastic as it seemed, did not absorb him to the neglect of the picture's unity or proportion. The picture is not a copy; it is a creation which, if cold and arid in sentiment, is yet full of the poetry of the artistic. For imagination and depth and verve we have in compensation measured harmony, dash, and brilliancy, and matchless delicacy of finish.

The two portraits by Andrea da Solario in the National Gallery stand out from the other works of the Lombard School in largeness of conception and breadth of treatment. There is more of Flanders than of Italy in his *Venetian Senator*. Tradition confirms the connection. Andrea himself never came in contact with Flemish art. Born near Milan in 1458, of a family of artists, he passed his life in Venice studying under Leonardo da Vinci, in France on commissions, and in Naples along with Andrea del Sarto. But in Venice, in 1490, when this portrait was probably painted, there lived Antonello da Messina, who had brought back from the Low Countries the secrets of oil painting newly discovered by the Van Eyck brothers. Through Antonello the influence of the North was conveyed to the painters of Italy, and to none more than Andrea.

The result of these converging influences is interestingly shown in the *Venetian Senator*. Both in style of presentment and in technique, in pose and broad emphasis, Flemish origins are apparent. The landscape accessories are of Lombardy, while the rich, clear coloring are common to Venice and the Netherlands alike; chiefly in the subtle bodying forth of the man's inmost soul Andrea shows his kinship to the creator of *Mona Lisa*. It is a striking portrait of one of the strong, proud spirits that made Venice for a few brief years queen of the seas.

A Van Dyck in your ancestral gallery is a virtual patent of nobility. Nearly all the great families of England are represented in the work of the prolific "painter to the court" when Charles I was king. All Van Dyck's sitters seem members of one large family, gifted with the same stately charm and cultured grace, the same calm assurance of place and power held by right divine. It may be due to their sense of solidarity and the influence of life and interests and costumes in common, but even more it is due to the fusing and shaping power of the artist's tempera-



THE MUSKETEER

FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONIER



A VENETIAN SENATOR

FROM THE PAINTING BY ANDREA DA SOLARIO

ment. Van Dyck shows us all his patrons through the medium of his own distinction and courtly charm. Even national traits are submerged in the process. There is nothing essentially of the Low Countries in the portrait, here reproduced, of Richardot, a high official of the Netherlands government of the day, and his son. There is much essentially of Van Dyck—the stately pose and glowing color, and chiefly the refinement of outline and superb modeling of the head.

A precocious and favored pupil in the studio of Rubens, Van Dyck found his master's robust strength and versatility beyond him, but in compensation developed a refinement and brilliancy all his own. Both his powers and his limitations pointed to portraiture. In England he found a fresh field, with sitters and costumes made to his hand. Though he painted quickly and, as he frankly averred, "for the kitchen, not the future," he never slighted his work. In the long list of Van Dyck's brilliant canvases there is scarcely one but confirms his title to the highest rank among the world's portrait painters.

Good Americans when they die go to Paris, but American artists prefer to go before. Few in the large colony of new world painters who have found inspiration and a home in France have been so successfully acclimated as Walter Gay. Born in Boston about forty-five years ago, he went to Paris at twenty, and studied under Bonnat. The years since have brought him many honors at the Salon, his *Mass in Brittany* winning special attention.

Mr. Gay has found his favorite subjects in the peasants of western France, studying their primitive manners with an insight that makes the common picturesque. His *Bénédicité*, which hangs on the walls of the Luxembourg, is one of the best of these peasant idylls, in which naturalistic faithfulness is tempered with sympathy. The awkward but heartfelt devotion of that toil-bent old woman, giving thanks for her scanty meal, is admirably interpreted. The note of pathos which marks all Mr. Gay's work is in harmony with the cold gray tone of the coloring.

Pierre de la Boulaye's *The Sermon*, which has been acquired by the Luxembourg, is a notable piece of characterization, aside from its merits of dexterous brush work and its correct, vivacious drawing. So frank and purposeful is its analysis of the varying attitudes of the worshipers that it might almost be itself considered a sermon on indifference. The grouping is dramatic, and is painted with a breadth and vigor, as well as with a touch of the theatrical, that recall the work of Herkomer.

Reynolds' versatility nowhere stands out more saliently than in the contrast between his portraits of women and his portraits of men. The whole style and character of his work seems to vary with the sex, now delicate and languorous, now broad and virile. Of the masculine portraits none is more masculine than that of *Lord Heathfield*, better known as the General Elliot who for three long years held Gibraltar against the fierce assaults of the French and Spanish force of forty thousand men and fifty ships of the line. The careless tourist, bent on doing the National Gallery in a morning, who dismissed the portrait as that of a "red-faced beefeater in a red coat," might on even longer study have proved impervious to the attractions of art, but his steps might have been stayed by curiosity had he known that the gallant general was a lifelong vegetarian.

The painting is not a portrait merely; it is history. In the obscure clouds of smoke in the background, in the cannon pointed down to the sea below, and chiefly in the key which the artist introduced by a stroke of genius, the whole history of the siege is dramatically presented. Yet the background, duly subordinated, only makes the man stand out more clearly in all his sturdy, foursquare resolution. The execution matches the broad conception. The color is vigorous, and the drawing correct beyond Reynolds' wont.



A DUTCH NOBLEMAN AND SON

FROM THE PAINTING BY VAN DYCK



BÉNÉDICITÉ

FROM THE PAINTING BY WALTER GAY



LORD HEATHFIELD

FROM THE PAINTING BY REYNOLDS



THE SERMON

FROM THE PAINTING BY BOULAYE



AFTER THE VICTORY

By ALLOUARD

French Sculpture of Today

By C. YARNALL ABBOTT

Like the Greek, the Frenchman instinctively turns to sculpture as a favorite mode of expression. Like the Greek, also, his keen appreciation of the sensuously beautiful leads him too often to ignore both moral and artistic evolution in asserting the supremacy of the sensual. Again, it may be said that like the Greek he uses art as the minister of national pride. This is done in other countries beside his own, but nowhere is it so inexorably demanded that the public monument shall exist for art's sake as well as for pride's sake.

And the art of sculpture is primarily a monumental art. Since the days when Ictinus and Callicrates, as builders, joined with Phidias in the design of the Parthenon, it has found its largest and most noble expression, hand in hand with architecture, in the creation of religious or national memorials. In no other way can be so well expressed, and to so large an audience, the great sentiments of religion, of patriotism and national pride, or of honor to the illustrious dead.

Along this line French sculpture of the past fifty years has achieved some of its most magnificent successes, and it is to the examples of this class of work that we must look for the first indications of some of the tendencies that are developed in the French sculpture of the twentieth century.

For French sculpture of today is a thing of "tendencies." Obviously it is transitional; more so than is French painting. We are accustomed to differentiate between "schools" in the latter, and yet these distinctions become less marked from day to day. For the tendency of the schools is to converge. This is not the case with the contemporary sculpture of France. Between Aizelin and Bartholomé, or Barrias and Rodin, the gap is tremendous, and at present there is no indication of the gap becoming narrower. The visitor to the Salons finds that, in painting, the violent contrasts of a few years ago have almost disappeared. French painting is approaching more and more nearly to a type in which naturalistic treatment is aided by the knowledge of color and the theory of vibration gained through the pioneer work of the extremists in so-called "impressionism." But what shall we say of the "type" in the department of sculpture? Will it develop itself along the lines of symbolism or materialism? of dignity and force or of grace and beauty? of academic conventionalism or of *l' art nouveau*? Who can tell? We may only trace for a little the development of these widely differing phases, most of which are represented by the illustrations to this article.

It has not been many years since the time when the dominating note of French sculpture, as indeed of the sculpture of the world, was a cold and dreary classicism. The subjects were the hackneyed ones of mythology or romance; the treatment academic and conventional. Only occasionally an artist arose who was strong enough to work along lines somewhat removed from the usual. Houdon, Clodion, David d'Angers, Rude, and Baryé are examples of this revolt, for revolt it was, against the commonplace.

It was the gospel of naturalism that these men preached, and if there is a dominant note in the French sculpture of today it is the note of naturalism.

Houdon struck it, vaguely and tentatively, in his seated figure of *Voltaire* in the Théatre Francais, Rude with greater certainty in the *Chant du Départ* on the Arc du Triomphe. This remarkable group in high relief is of the French marching forth for the defense of the Republic. The energetic figures are furiously singing the Marseillaise, led on by the Goddess of War, who towers above them. This group is an unmistakable forerunner of modern naturalism. Nothing could be in stronger contrast with it than the colossal relief on the pediment of the *Madeleine*, by Lemaire, of Christ the Judge of the World and Mary Magdalen interceding—a work of even later period than the *Chant du Départ*, and one of the last examples of such vast religious compositions transferred from medieval to modern days.

Contrasts became frequent as the nineteenth century approached its close. On the one hand, Pradier, Guillaume, and Jouffroy, whose *Young Girl telling her Secret to Venus* is in the Louvre, taught and practiced a classic and refined art without inspiration and without strength; on the other, the work of Carpeaux, Dubois, and Falguiere was full of a strenuousness and fervor which was far indeed from the traditions of the Institute. A middle course was that taken by Chapu and Aimé Millet, whose work, always restrained and simple, was yet strong and massive in treatment. An interesting comparison is possible between the Joan of Arc of Chapu and that of Dubois. Chapu shows the "Maid" on her knees in simple peasant costume. Dubois chooses a moment of intense action. Which of the two is the more fitting and proper presentment of the character is a large question.

Both of these men and indeed all of those that I have mentioned, be their differences never so marked, show to a greater or less extent the growth of the naturalistic idea. Weakness, and ignorance of anatomy and construction, became less and less common at the close of the century. A certain truth to the facts of nature was insisted upon. It was Rodin who said of Michel Angelo that he did a little anatomy in the evenings and used his chisel next day without a model—a rather scathing criticism of the great Italian, and probably unwarranted. Be that as it may, it is evident that the French sculptor of today is not content with doing a little anatomy over night. The cry is for realism at all hazards. Occasionally this is carried to extremes, as when we see farm laborers in marble, and nymphs and Olympian divinities in bronze, all treated with the same painstaking adherence to the physical peculiarities of the model rather than to the requirements of the subject.

Another phase of the realistic movement of the last few years, and a dangerous phase, is the debauched realism which aims at deception. The use of color in sculpture—either applied directly to the stone, or introduced by combining in a statue marbles and enamels of different tints—while its supporters can claim for it the precedent of the later Greek work, is nevertheless to be deplored as destructive of the purity of the medium and leading to a debased and imitative art. True art is not imitative, though imitation may be one of its initiatory processes, and though the ability on the part of the artist to imitate gives him that mastery over his medium that is essential. At the same time, while one may deplore the tendencies of this polychromatic sculpture, one is obliged in many cases to grant admiration to the technical mastery which has been displayed, and to the real beauty of some individual examples considered apart from the abstract canons of the artistic. One of the finest of these examples is *The Unveiling of Nature* of Louis Ernest Barrias. This really beautiful work is typical of the sensuous side of French art. No one can fail to be impressed with its beauty nor with the infinite cleverness which has made skilful use of veined marbles in the draperies.

Allouard's *The Grey Nun* and Denys Puech's *Reverie* belong to precisely the same category of *fin du siècle* art—an art that would cause the early academicians



IN THE FIELDS

By BOUCHER



JUDITH

By AIZELIN

to turn in their graves, and yet an art that is far from being without charm. Its revilers may allude to statues of this class as glorified mantel ornaments or as *Articles de Paris*—and in both similes there is a certain patness—but they cannot but admit their prodigious virtuosity.

The greatest difficulty in the application of color to sculpture is in the exercise of sufficient restraint. There is a feeling that the canons of art are not outraged if some detail is left uncolored, or tinted in a strictly decorative manner. Thus Gérôme, in his astonishing *Joueuse de Boules* in the Salon of 1902—a life-size tinted figure of a woman, startling in its realism—*gilded* the hair, the one concession to conventionalism, and the one thing, in the opinion of many critics, which prevented the work from being altogether bad art. Similarly, it will be noted that in the just mentioned works of Barrias, Allouard, and Puech, the faces have been left in their natural marble, making a curious contrast with the feeling of reality conveyed by the colored drapery. Perhaps this is better art, but beyond question the ends of art would have been still better served if color had not been introduced at all.

La Comédienne, by F. Berthoud, illustrates a phase slightly different from that just described. It is *l'art nouveau*—I use the phrase in its limited sense—as applied to sculpture.

Aizelin's *Judith* is a good example of the present status of the academic school. Here is no *art nouveau*, and perhaps no inspiration. It is simply a strong though somewhat conventional treatment of a well known subject. To the same general class, though a little more modern in conception, belong the two Gérômes, *Christ Entering Jerusalem* and *The Flight to Egypt*. Strong and scholarly work it is, and typical of the better grade of French religious art of today. But the future of French art does not lie in this direction. Great religious art requires great devotional feeling at the inception, and that quality is conspicuous by its absence in this work of Gérôme, as in all recent French attempts in this direction.

Better promise is shown in the work of Alfred Boucher, whose *In the Fields* is here shown. Here is a realist who has no need of color for the expression of his talent, who has brought to the sculpture of humble life something of the sympathy which speaks from the canvasses of Millet.

But there are two great contemporary figures to whom, more than to any of these, we look for the future of French sculpture. By his recent work Bartholomé has demonstrated his right to a place in the front rank of living sculptors. He is the one living Frenchman who has earned the right to stand beside Rodin—and greater praise it would be hard to give. For, far above the fads and the prettinesses of the art shops, Auguste Rodin stands as the greatest sculptor of his time. His is work that shows no evidence of catering to the taste of the moment, no resort to prettiness as a means of concealing artistic weakness. From the *Bourgeois de Calais* and the *St. John* to the lovely *Danaide*, here reproduced; from the much discussed *Balzac* to the unfinished *Gate of Hades*, the range of subject and treatment is tremendous; but in all the examples of his work we may find the three essentials of the greatest art: strength, truth, and mystery. The last named, *The Gate of Hades*, was designed for the decoration of the front of the proposed Musée des Arts Decoratifs, a project now unfortunately abandoned. This colossal work, which may never be finished, represents the descent into the abyss of myriads of souls. It is this that Dalou, Rodin's fellow artist and himself a sculptor of no mean ability, terms "one of the most, if not the most original and astonishing pieces of sculpture of the nineteenth century."

It is such work as this, the work of a great artistic personality struggling for expression, that makes us believe in the future. For, while Rodin and Bartholomé live, French sculpture will not be without inspiration.

Charles Caffin



LOUIS ERNEST BARRIAS



THE UNVEILING OF NATURE

By BARRIAS



THE FLIGHT TO EGYPT

By GÉRÔME



CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM

By GÉRÔME



LA COMÉDIENNE

By BERTHOUD



DANAIDE

By RODIN



THE GREY NUN

By ALLOUARD



REVERIE

By PUECH



DENYS PUECH



STATUE OF LECONTE DE LISLE

By PUECH



MORTIMER MENPES

Mortimer Menpes, Colorist

By Dorothy Menpes

Mr. Menpes' career as a painter started at a very early age, in fact from the time when he was a baby in the nursery. He was born in Australia, where the chances of gaining any real artistic education were few and far between. But his marked individuality, and determination not to be discouraged by any difficulties that might arise, carried him through successfully. He was an impressionist in the cradle and could be kept quiet for hours with a pencil and paper instead of the conventional "soother." One day he produced with such fatal fidelity a lightning caricature of an old family friend who was visiting his parents that a lifelong friendship was shattered at a blow. The other babies around him were incapable of understanding his scheme of life, and he was driven to live his life alone in his own atmosphere. At school he did deadly execution among the drawing prizes, although he had no capacity for grasping ordinary lessons. He thought of nothing but form and color. He was a martyr to his sense of color, and consequently was continually being hit over the head by his master on account of some sketch he had done on the edges of his copy-book or slate. Thus he grew up to be an artist. But an artist's life in Australia was an impossibility, and therefore he drifted, naturally enough, to Europe—to London.

In London, with no friends in the world, he found himself at last in the South Kensington Schools. After capturing the Poynter prize for the best study from the antique, he suddenly asked himself a conundrum. Why should plaster casts be reproduced with black chalk on white paper? He pondered it well, gave it up, and took to studying color from nature. During the brief period that he worked at the South Kensington Art School he conformed as little as possible to regulations that seemed to him of no practical value, and paid a very small degree of attention to the science and art department. A certain amount of drawing from the antique, a little study of anatomy, and some drawing and painting from life occupied his school course.

Mr. Menpes' real training began later in life when he emigrated to Brittany and took up his abode in Pont Aven. There he found himself among a group of the newer lights of the French and American schools and in just the atmosphere to stimulate a timid young artist. Here he had unlimited chances of widening, by daily argument, his knowledge of technical problems. There were men who painted in dots, men who painted in spots, some who always carried a Maori stick to give them inspiration, others who never painted saints until they were quite drunk and had bathed their faces in ether—men whose theory it was that you must ruin your digestion before you could paint a masterpiece. For two or three years, with only brief intervals of absence, he remained on this battlefield of creeds, working steadily and indefatigably and gaining daily more fixity of purpose and sureness of hand. During this period he fell under what was perhaps the only influence that has ever strongly affected his individuality. For the first time in his life he met a man who called himself the Master. And so he was—a living Old Master: James McNeil



A SPEAR BEARER FROM JIND

FROM THE PAINTING BY MORTIMER MENPES

Whistler. He found in him an artist whom he could respect, a magnificent innovator with courage to assert, and rare skill in technical statement. Here was a man experimenting, inventing, breaking away from rules and traditions, but always keeping in view the purest ideal of art. And it was hardly surprising that Mr. Menpes should have learned much from his association with Whistler, and that his skill in the use of materials, his knowledge of oil and water color, and the technique of etching should have grown rapidly under such supervision. He was already beginning to exhibit at the Royal Academy and at the Grosvenor Gallery, and his pictures were well treated and favorably noticed. He was recognized as one of the coming men with claims upon the public. Menpes sat at Whistler's feet with an artistic reverence that has never grown less, though their harmonies at a later period ceased to blend.

About this time he heard everyone raving about Japan. He left them raving and went there and began to make his own name instead of dwelling in the shadow of another's. He spent some months in that artistic paradise, and recorded with felicitous fidelity the characteristics of the country, its charm and variety and the picturesque detail with which it abounds. He was the first English artist to visit Japan, and he was resolved to get at the very heart of Japanese life in so far as it appeals to the artist. He was privileged to come in contact with some of the best painters in Japan, with one master in particular, Kyosai, one of the greatest Japanese painters of the day. And, curiously enough, Kyosai's methods closely resembled those of Whistler. Both were striving for artistic perfection, and unconsciously both were traveling the same way. Mr. Menpes returned to England after his Japanese visit with a series of pictures which were the chief attractions of the art season. This daring departure on his own account led to a series of world tours. He did his own work and got a great deal of enjoyment out of it.

The next sketching grounds Mr. Menpes selected were those of India, Burma, and Cashmere. His ambition was to give a true impression of the brilliancy of the Indian sunlight and of the dazzling atmospheric effects. To accomplish this effect he found that the only method of painting in oil color was to apply the pigment to the canvas in such a way as to resemble pastel. He found India to be a country which demanded the full range of his palette, and even then, he said, a sheet of Whatman's paper seemed more brilliant by comparison. Nevertheless, Mr. Menpes succeeded in suggesting the curious shimmer of heat and the blaze of light which, in the tropics, bleaches even the most vivid colors and reduces them almost to a harmony of warm grays, and his exhibition of Indian pictures was very successful. From that time onwards his exhibitions have been practically annual events. Each one has been inspired by an ambition to solve some special problem of execution.

He went to Venice after this visit to India and lived there for six months. He painted the superb city of the Doges under every possible aspect, bringing back with him pictures of Venice in early dawn, at mid-day, in the evening, at night, in rain, and in sun. It was difficult to decide at which time of the day she appeared the most beautiful. To Mr. Menpes Venice appeared as a revelation, a scintillating opal. He worked at this period with stiff dry color, driving it forcibly on to a white ground, so as to allow the glittering under surface to shine through the thin overlaying pigments.

Menpes' next painting trip was through France, Spain, and Morocco. Paris had its charms for him, but the country proved still more attractive, and he brought back with him many studies of the Seine, of river barge life, and the marvellous color effects produced at all times on the river, as well as gray landscapes with slim avenues of carefully trimmed trees and well wooded forests with their magnificent autumn carpets of salmon leaves mounted on silver stems. Here his pictures showed



A SWIVEL-GUN BEARER FROM RAJPUTANA

FROM THE PAINTING BY MORTIMER MENPES



THE STATE ENTRY : A DISTINGUISHED MAHARAJA

FROM THE PAINTING BY MORTIMER MENPES



MR. MENPES' STUDIO

the same intention to make the color appear to swim in a luminous atmosphere, but instead of using dry pigment he mixed it with petroleum so that it might flow easily and smoothly over the tempera ground and present something of the delicacy of water color without losing the richness and permanency of oils. In Spain, unlike India, Italy, or the Holy Land—where the sun was a colored sun and the trees golden—he found that the sun was white and the trees keen, sharp, and silvery. To reproduce this brilliancy with pigment was no easy task. In Morocco he found it difficult to work under a sky which looked a deep and purple blue, but which was in reality so light that the whitest paper in shadow was dark beside it.

A very marked departure resulted from his visit to Mexico in the following year, for here his chief inspiration was not derived from aerial delicacies and subtleties of gradation but from chromatic combinations extraordinary in their strength and brilliancy. To carry out the idea that impressed him most vividly he confined himself almost entirely to twilight and night effects, ignoring the daytime with its glare and whiteness, and arranged his pictures on a scheme of jewel-like glitter. The white tempera ground again played its important part, but the pigments imposed upon it were chosen especially with regard to their vehement assertiveness, and were kept absolutely transparent. Petroleum was the medium used, but each canvas as it was finished was given a skin of amber varnish so that no diminution of its intense color might be caused by any drying in or dulling of the surface. The collection, as a whole, was one of the most remarkable of the artist's achievements—an experiment of which the success was beyond question and a memorable display of acute observation and original endeavor.

Mr. Menpes' next exhibition, held last spring, was a second group of Japanese subjects. It consisted of water color drawings of ceremonial processions and studies of Japanese life in oil, water color, and black and white. A curious manner of using opaque pigments was illustrated by an application of water color that would give at once the brilliancy of pastel and the depth and solidity of oil. The handling and brushwork of the chief compositions showed great vigor and a mastery of execution. Then came several successful exhibitions, "Beautiful Women," "War Impressions," "World's Children," and, lastly, "The Durbar." "War Impressions" started the idea for writing a book, a record in color of the war in South Africa. The sales of this volume were so large that Mr. Menpes was encouraged to produce three more books, all in color—one on Japan, one entitled *World's Pictures*, and, lastly, *World's Children*, with a hundred illustrations in color that are fascinating glimpses of the little ones of different nationalities all over the world.

Last winter Mr. Menpes took another trip to India and was there during the famous Delhi Durbar. Since his return to England an elaborate book on the subject has been compiled, which contains one hundred illustrations in color. These colored books have all been most successful.

Mr. Menpes has now started making the blocks for his pictures and printing them himself. He feels that there are great possibilities for reproductions in color if the medium is adapted to the process. He has now formed his own staff of five—etchers, operators, and printers—and has clearly demonstrated that work done by such methods is a thousand times better than those adopted by the ordinary professional engravers. Mr. Menpes' energy and enterprise are untiring. He has surmounted serious technical difficulties by unexpected devices, and disentangled himself from artistic perplexities that might well have caused a less determined innovator to admit defeat.

Mr. Menpes' forthcoming book is to be on Whistler, the master whom he has always looked up to with such reverence and admiration. This work will be most interesting to him, for it will be in every sense a labor of love.



FÉNELON

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHAMPAIGNE

Fénelon—A Benevolent Strategist

By Albert Elmer Hancock

In the latter half of the seventeenth century, when Louis XIV was wantonly consuming the resources of France and regarding the blaze of magnificence as the glow of his personal glory; when Madame de Montespan was departing from Versailles with her baggage and Madame de Maintenon was replacing her unsanctified charms with a certain amount of spiritual sobriety; when those courtiers who sympathetically coughed if the king had a cold were preparing to follow their benign model into his senile and belated mania for piety—Fénelon, that master of finesse who wrought out his purposes amid sweetness and light, came insinuatingly into prominence.

Fénelon's character was full of paradoxes, of the contradictions of opposite qualities. At once pliant and obstinate, spontaneous and cautious, revolutionary and conservative, his nature in the main breathed out a delicious perfume of affection to all the world. He belongs to that class of men whom optimists instinctively adore and cynics habitually suspect. The record of his life reveals the exquisite culture of the worldly gentleman united with the exalted devotion of the saint; and yet, while one reads his plea of love for the universal brother, and even observes his unfaltering practice of the principle, one cannot rid oneself of the haunting suggestion that the gentleman is bidding for popularity and the saint is playing a discreet game of self-seeking. He never does anything to be censured severely, but he fails to convince one of his undivided sincerity. Fortune favored him inwardly; the itinerary of his personal ambition ran directly along the road to honor and heaven. He was forced into no battles, no compromises, with conscience; his motives, therefore, were intrenched behind deeds of righteousness, and one cannot impugn them without a sense of uncertainty and possible injustice.

Saint-Simon, that judicial Boswell of Louis' court, though forced to admit the charm of Fénelon's graciousness, writes him down as a place-hunter. His piety, intimates the author of the famous *Memoirs*, was adaptable to all men and circumstances, and he went from door to door, during his early years, begging for preferment. Educated for the church, he applied first to the Jesuits, then to the Jansenists, at last to the Sulpicians, through whose influence finally he obtained the chance of a lifetime, the chance of becoming the preceptor of the young Duke of Burgundy, grandson of the king and heir-presumptive to the throne. It was a great opportunity and Fénelon was undoubtedly the man to meet it; and he did so, using it for the benefit of the duke, of France, of humanity, and possibly, beneath all else, for the benefit of Fénelon.

Once brought into the royal household, he ingratiated himself into the spiritual counsels of Madame de Maintenon—who had now become the king's oracle—and his subtle audacity, under the impulse of his craving for domination, even ventured to harbor designs on the king's own conscience. If we accept with Saint-Simon the darker interpretation of his character, we must conceive him to be a self-seeker of amazing guile; for, while amiably grappling the soul of the future young mon-

arch in his octopus affections, and instructing his ward in the obligations of a noble sovereign, he cherished at the same time the stupendous project of reducing the prince to mental servitude and of becoming the masterful Richelieu of his reign.

Whatever his motives, he indisputably did obtain full command of the royal youth, and he did transform his character. The story is a psychological romance of education. The Duke of Burgundy, when Fénelon took hold of him, was a passionate boy, subject to wild fits of rage, the easy slave of the vices, and by temperament savage and arrogant. His preceptor harnessed him in the light reins of sweet reasonableness, made the road to knowledge as attractive as a rose lane, and won his heart with an enchanter's power. With that once in his possession, Fénelon instilled into the boy's mind his own advanced ideas about the duties of monarchs, the rights of the people, and the welfare of nations. In time, yielding to the indirect persuasiveness of his teacher's affectionate personality, the duke became as docile as a broken colt—some say as weak as a broken-spirited colt.

This darker estimate of Fénelon's purpose is certainly gratuitous. Sainte-Beuve raises a protest against Saint-Simon's contemporary near-sightedness. And, in truth, the complete relations of Fénelon and the duke, while they demonstrate the astuteness of the former's mind and reveal the subtlety of his methods of mental domination, exonerate him from the suspicion of being a sycophant or a time-server. Fénelon may have been a self-seeker; but, if so, his ambition boded well for the good of France. If he sought for the power of a Richelieu, it was to govern with a more humane and benevolent zeal. Louis, all-inclusive despot, stood for the divine right and absolute authority of kings; he subordinated the whole nation to his imperious caprices, and indulged himself in one of the most extravagant and purblind reigns that have decorated and disgraced the history of monarchical government. Fénelon saw that this debauch of magnificence was bringing sure ruin upon France, and he quietly educated the heir-presumptive into those larger, humaner, more enlightened ideals of government which were to be established a century later by a revolution. "I am the State," asserted Louis in autocratic vanity. But his grandson, trained in Fénelon's school of politics, astounded the court one day with the strange declaration that "the king was made for his subjects, and not the subjects for the king." The man who thus taught, and who thus threw down the gauntlet in the royal house, was certainly no time-server.

The Adventures of Telemachus, Fénelon's chief contribution to literature, was one of the effective instruments of his instruction. An account of the wanderings of Ulysses' son in search of his father, it purports, like *Gulliver's Travels*, to be only a fanciful tale; but, in its deeper signification, it is an allegorical study of the ideal prince for modern times. In this fascinating book, which, like *Gulliver's Travels* again, a child reads for the adventurous story and an adult for its political wisdom, we see that Fénelon was a precursor of Rousseau and the revolution. He did not indeed go so far as to advocate democracy and the inalienable authority of the people; but, in direct antagonism to Louis' autocracy, he argued for such a decentralization of power as should enable the nation at large to share in public affairs; and he taught that the ruler was under obligation to measure up to the standard of righteousness.

Such an attitude as this, in an age which took the contrary, is sufficient proof that Fénelon was no crier of a popular cause. He was an original thinker. A brilliant, progressive, independent intellect, he was not, on the other hand, of that fibrous tenacity which hangs on for the sake of convictions. If he had deep-rooted convictions, he stood for them only until his prudence, the chief characteristic of his valor, bade him retreat. And here we see the unique, triumphant quality of his finesse. In the midst of a defeat he could turn a seeming humiliation into a source of personal glory.

His battle with the court preacher, Bossuet, concerning the doctrine of Quietism—the most dramatic incident in his biography—is the best illustration of this Protean phase of his character. Toward the close of the century, Louis, irritated by Fénelon's intellectual hostility but fully aware of his wide popularity, appointed him Archbishop of Cambrai. The apparent honor was tantamount to dismissal from Versailles in disgrace. Fénelon, obeying the royal mandate, however, went into his episcopal exile. Several years before he had become interested in Madame Guyon, an apostle of a new doctrine of Quietism, which taught that the highest life of the soul is found in prayer, and that prayer is passive receptivity to the divine effluence; a cult, as one can readily see, which subordinates the value of good works and leads to mystical inactivity. Through Fénelon's influence the patronage of the religiously-minded de Maintenon was extended to Madame Guyon; but when she began to drift toward patent heresy she was deserted by her patroness, and ultimately was called to trial. Fénelon, after the examination that followed, published in her defense his *Maxims of the Saints*, a book which, as Petit de Julleville remarks, is a defense of mysticism in theory. Bossuet, once his friend, representing the other trend of religious practice and regarding the *Maxims* as dangerous, issued his condemnation. A war of pamphlets followed—one of the most important theological controversies of modern times. Bossuet, man of directness and force, was the heavyweight in the contest; while Fénelon, light and quick on his feet, skilful in tactics, shifted his positions so warily as to elude direct attack. When finally Bossuet delivered his blow, after the battleground had been transferred to the Holy See at Rome, Fénelon made it appear that his opponent was a bully striking a defenceless man. Bossuet won the decision, but Fénelon was the virtual victor. He had played on the emotions of the audience with such tact, he had maintained such graceful dignity in a fight, and he went back to his diocese submitting to the decision of his superior with such benignant humility and imperturbable sweetness of temper, that his defeat gave him a halo. He was more popular than ever.

The last years of his life were spent at Cambrai, where, though possessing a magnificent palace and a princely income, he gave all his time and attention to the alleviation of misery in his parish. Fénelon was one of the first of our modern humanitarians. "I love my family better than myself," he proclaimed; "my country better than my family, and humanity better than my country." His cry was, "Enlarge your heart!" and in argument his persuasive power appealed to the sentiments rather than to the reason. By an instinct, which emanated partly from vanity and partly from philanthropy, he courted the good will of all the world, even of lackeys. While at Versailles he was under temptation to indulge in his natural genius for intrigue; but, once detached from his dreams of power, once reconciled to the exile at Cambrai and busied among his parishioners, his figure looms up bright and large in lovable dignity. He was instant in service to high and low, and through his deeds of charity he became the idol of the people and the object of deference to enemies. When Marlborough and Prince Eugene passed through his territory, on their way to Blenheim, they gave strict orders that the estates of Fénelon should be left undisturbed. He died in 1715, six months before Louis, leaving a reputation which, like the luster of highly polished metal, changes with the point of view. To some he is a saint; to others he is the enlightened priest of a feudal age; to still others he is the forerunner of democracy, with its liberty and open-hearted sympathies; while to certain latter-day critics he seems only a wily nondescript, feminine and sentimental in temperament, who, being the friend of all the world, is really the friend of nobody.

Albert E. Hancock



HOISTING A COMPLETE LOCOMOTIVE

ELECTRICALLY DRIVEN CRANES PICK UP THE LARGEST ENGINES WITH EASE, AND DROP THEM AT ANY DESIRED SPOT

The Greatest Locomotive Works in the World



By Joseph M. Rogers

But yesterday some tons of iron ore lay embedded in the drifts of Wisconsin, some pounds of copper in the hills of Montana, some seams of coal in Pennsylvania. Today these substances, more or less transformed, are being hurried to the Baldwin Locomotive Works. Tomorrow they will be converted, regenerated, correlated, and crystalized. At eventide the breath of motion will be blown into the nostrils of seven leviathan locomotives which will go forth to the uttermost parts of the earth. One will go to the prairies of the Southwest, where it will haul a mile of cars laden with corn; another will climb the Andes to penetrate the former haunts of the Incas; another will haul almond-eyed Japanese past the century-crusted temples of Buddha; one will pull a train de luxe across the frozen steppes of Siberia; another will transport Soudanese to the tomb of El Mahdi; one will take American cotton goods to the shores of Victoria-Nyanza; and one will haul a train-load of pilgrims under the very walls of Jerusalem, waking the echoes in the Garden of Gethsemane.

If the time limit mentioned were strictly accurate, if it were a mere magician's wand that converted raw material into iron horses, we should say it was a miracle. But is it less miraculous that this metamorphosis requires a few weeks, or months, instead of days? For the locomotive is more than a thing of iron shreds and patches. It is a living, almost a sentient organism, the crux of transportation which is so great a factor in civilization, a maker and breaker of fortunes, a conservator of social forces, a gladiator in war, and an emblematized cornucopia in peace. A wonderful transformation has been wrought by the mind of man, of many men who have hammered and punched, heated and pressed, moulded and bent, polished and painted into the raw materials those new and essential intellectual and moral qualities that give the whole enduring life and power. The process seems more than physical, for, though a locomotive cannot speak nor think, it can be made to respond to the slightest control of man, and becomes itself only less than a sentient being. It is not the material in it that is of value. The locomotive is, in effect, a psychological development, an abstraction embedded in metal.

The American Indian spent untold centuries on this continent, and made absolutely no impression upon it because he had no beast of burden save his squaw, and her limitations were too great for progress. The Caucasian invader, inside of a half-century, transformed America into a garden because he made for himself servants to do his bidding. If "the horse is the best friend of man," the superlative position belongs to the iron species. The locomotive is the chief agency of democracy. It



WELDING A GUSSET

THIS IS THE "BIAS PIECE" WHICH CONNECTS THE LARGER AND SMALLER DIAMETERS OF THE BOILER. ITS CONSTRUCTION INVOLVES INTRICATE AND INGENIOUS PROCESSES

is the leveler of ranks, the annihilator of space, the enemy of sectionalism, and the goddess of plenty. A century ago the man who had to take a trip of two hundred miles made his will, wept in the bosom of his family, primed his pistol, and resigned himself to the mercies of an inscrutable Providence. Today he takes a trip of a thousand miles in ease and comfort with less concern than is involved in the selection of proper material for a waistcoat. A century ago a ton of freight was moved thirty miles a day with difficulty, and at a cost of ten cents a mile. Today railroad managers think regretfully of the time when their returns averaged a cent a ton a mile—days never to return. Last year the average cost was less than eight-tenths of a cent per ton per mile. If it had been one tenth more per ton per mile the added gain would have amounted to $150,000,000, or almost one-fourth of the actual net earnings from all sources.

Or to make the point more impressive, take from your pocket a copper cent. Consider how small would be its addition to the cost of transporting a ton of freight one hundred miles. Yet if the railroads last year had received this added revenue, it would have increased their net earnings by the sum of $15,000,000. The locomotive which, by hauling more cars, can earn this added ten-thousandth part of a dollar net per ton for each mile, is a financial winner, beloved of railway managers.

The largest institution in the world for the manufacture of locomotives is the Baldwin Works of Philadelphia. Here almost one-half of the product of the country is manufactured. It is singular in many respects; in none more so, in these days of concentration, than in the fact that it is not a corporation. The firm name is Burnham, Williams & Co., and includes seven partners having interests of various amounts. Every one of these men began at the bottom and worked his way up to leadership, and not one of them ever put a cent into the firm. They put in immense amounts of intelligently directed energy, and have taken out millions of dollars in profits. The plant has grown like a snowball, and has furnished its own capital—a complete justification from a commercial and financial standpoint. It employs over eighteen thousand men in all, and has a pay-roll of over a million dollars a month, paid invariably in gold and silver coin. The firm has never had any labor difficulty; on the contrary, every employee is imbued with the spirit of the works—honesty, industry, and a fair field for all. The coming owners of the property are now lads in overalls and jumpers, delving in grease; or young men poring over drafting boards and office desks. The superintendents and foremen are Baldwin men, and their successors are now working under their eyes.

The number of men employed exceeds that of any private organization in the world devoted to a single industry. The Krupp works at Essen employ more, but that institution is a microcosm performing all sorts of functions and producing anything that will destroy life and property. At the Baldwin's only locomotives are born, and these are for the healing of the nations. The American Locomotive Company has combined eight great factories, and these together about equal the output of the Baldwin plant alone. There are immense corporations, like the Steel Trust, with more employees, but no private partnership with a roll comparable to this.

The works were founded in 1832 by Matthias W. Baldwin, a jeweler of Philadelphia, who had been forced by dulness in his trade to take up that of steam-engine building. In 1831 he made a toy locomotive for exhibition purposes, and the next year built "Old Ironsides," a serviceable engine, for the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railway. At the first test it failed to come up to what the company claimed as specifications, and after a long squabble a settlement was made at $3,500, or $500 less than contract price. In constructing this Mr. Baldwin had little precedent to guide him. He had only seen crude descriptions of the mode of construction abroad, and had examined

some parts of an English engine imported but not put together. It was in many respects an original conception. Eventually this engine became the fastest and strongest locomotive in the country, attaining a speed of sixty miles an hour, though at first it was looked upon as a curiosity, and was only used to haul passengers in fair weather; in rainy weather horses hauled the cars as formerly. Discouraged by the problems he had to solve, by some defects which soon appeared, and by difficulty in getting his money, Mr. Baldwin at one time announced that this was his last locomotive. He lived until 1866, having constructed his thousandth locomotive in 1862. That output of thirty years was doubled in the twelve months of 1903. There have been great extensions of the plant, until now it covers eighteen acres in Philadelphia, and many more at Burnham, near Lewistown, Pa., where the heavy forging is done. Of the employees who were associated with Mr. Baldwin in his early years, Mr. Burnham, the present senior partner, alone survives. Additions have been made to the firm from the young men who have developed ability, and whose brains have been the capital of the concern. There are no titles whatever, and each partner devotes his energy to that special division of the work for which he is best suited.

Everyone is familiar with the appearance of a locomotive, but it is doubtful if many have any real idea of how it is constructed or how it runs. This is no place for any technical descriptions, but a few words here may illuminate what is to follow. Like the human body the locomotive contains what may be called legs, lungs, a stomach, and a backbone. Brains it has none, except as supplied by the engineer; but so much brain power has been hammered into it during construction that it answers to its governing power with all the swiftness and accuracy of the human system. In the accompanying designs the actual part described is drawn in heavy black lines; the rest of the locomotive is shown in mere outline.

The legs (*Fig. 1*) are the wheels which carry the whole weight. An ordinary express engine has two pairs of driving wheels; the largest freight locomotives have five pairs. In addition there are pilot wheels in front and trailers behind.

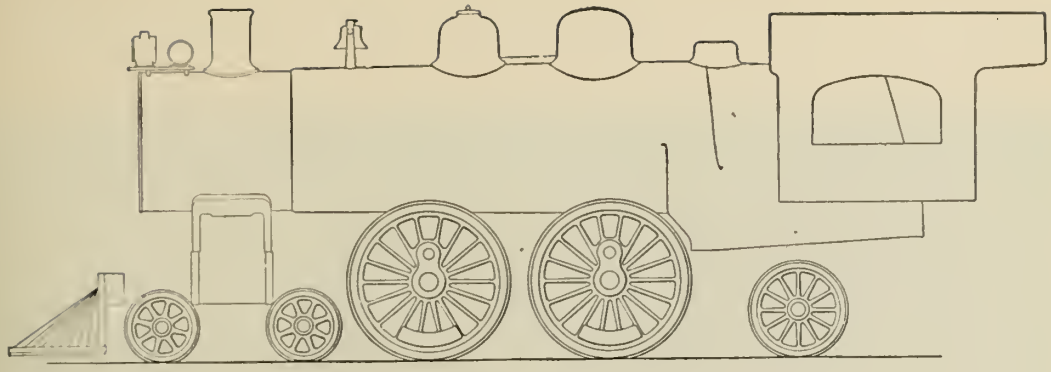
Upon these wheels is superimposed the backbone (*Fig. 2*), an iron or steel frame running the whole length of the locomotive, on which is placed almost the entire weight, which it in turn distributes on the wheels, the drivers taking the greatest share to get the necessary friction, without which the wheels would simply revolve and not move forward. The frame consists of two sections like the accompanying illustration, some four feet apart and bolted together at various places. In the longest locomotives these frames are of three sections bolted together. The wheels are set in these so as to have some play to permit going around sharp curves.

The cylinder castings are composed of two enormous sections firmly bolted together, containing the cylinders and valves, and rest on the pilot wheels (*Fig. 3*). In the cylinders the actual power is developed; and, with their appurtenances, they may be called the lungs.

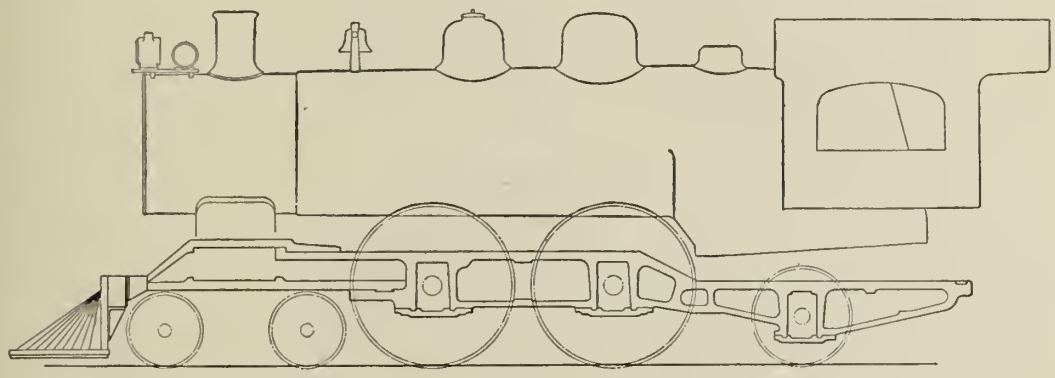
The stomach (*Fig. 4*) is the largest part, and gives the general appearance to the whole. It is nothing but an immense boiler with a firebox under it.

This, in brief, is the machine which the Baldwin's build at the rate of about seven a day, or two thousand a year. They vary in size from the little "dinkey," used on a narrow gauge track for switching in a factory yard, to the leviathan weighing 450,000 pounds, including the loaded tender. The types are various and constantly changing. Compared with the standard locomotive of ten years ago for any particular purpose, that of today shows many changes, principally, to the ordinary beholder, in increased size. The modern standard freight locomotive of the Santa Fé type compared with the best of thirty years ago, when already we claimed world superiority, is as a mastiff to a fox terrier.

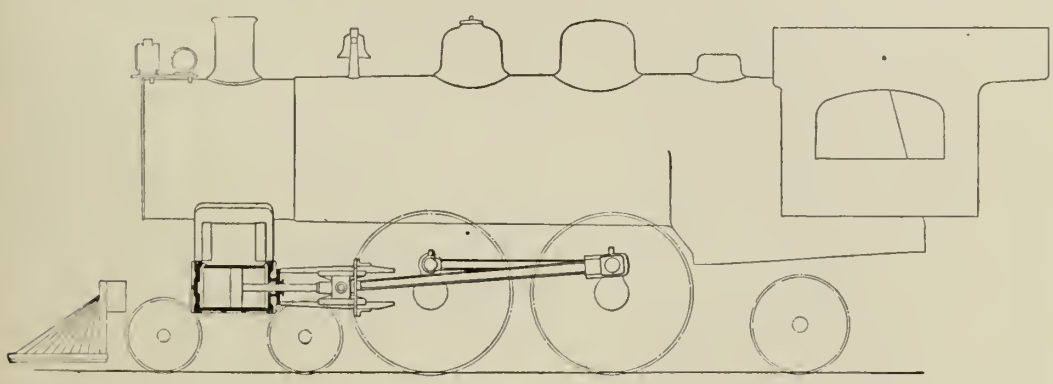
The visitor to this mighty forge of



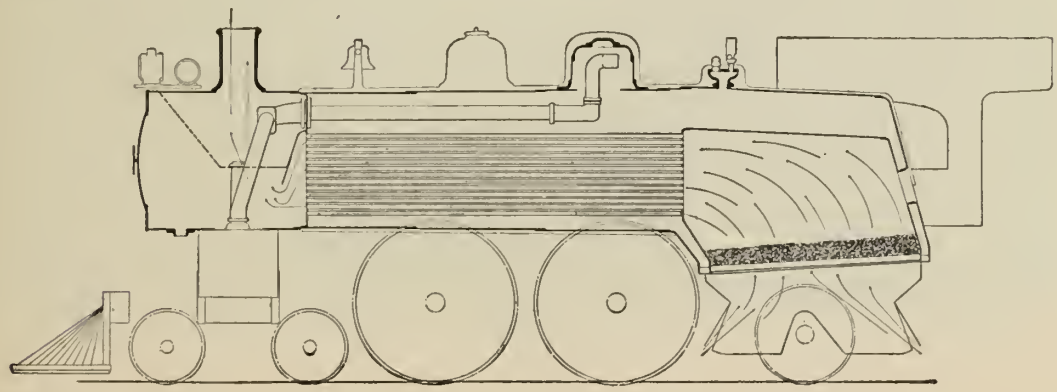
THE LEGS



THE BACKBONE

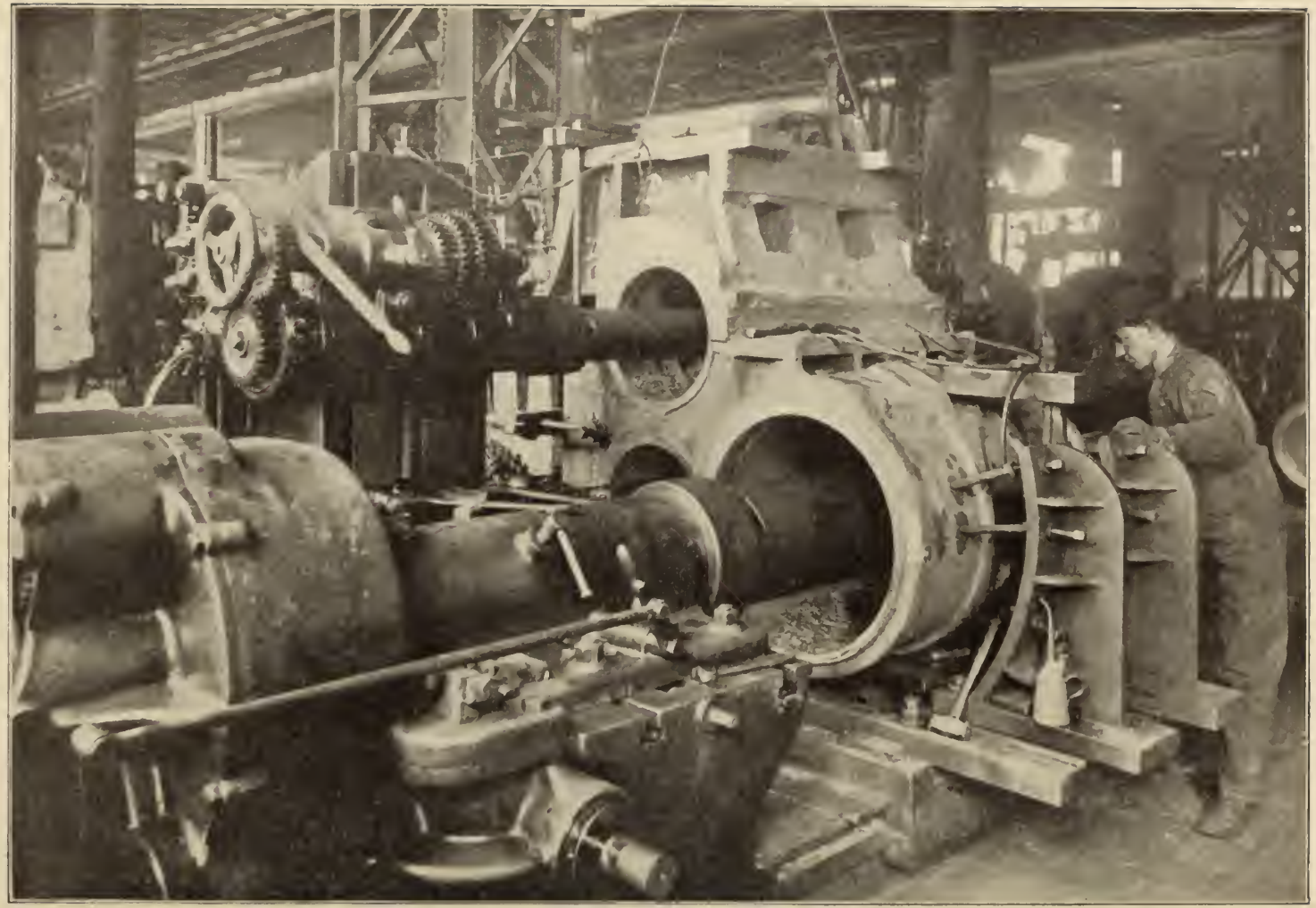


THE LUNGS



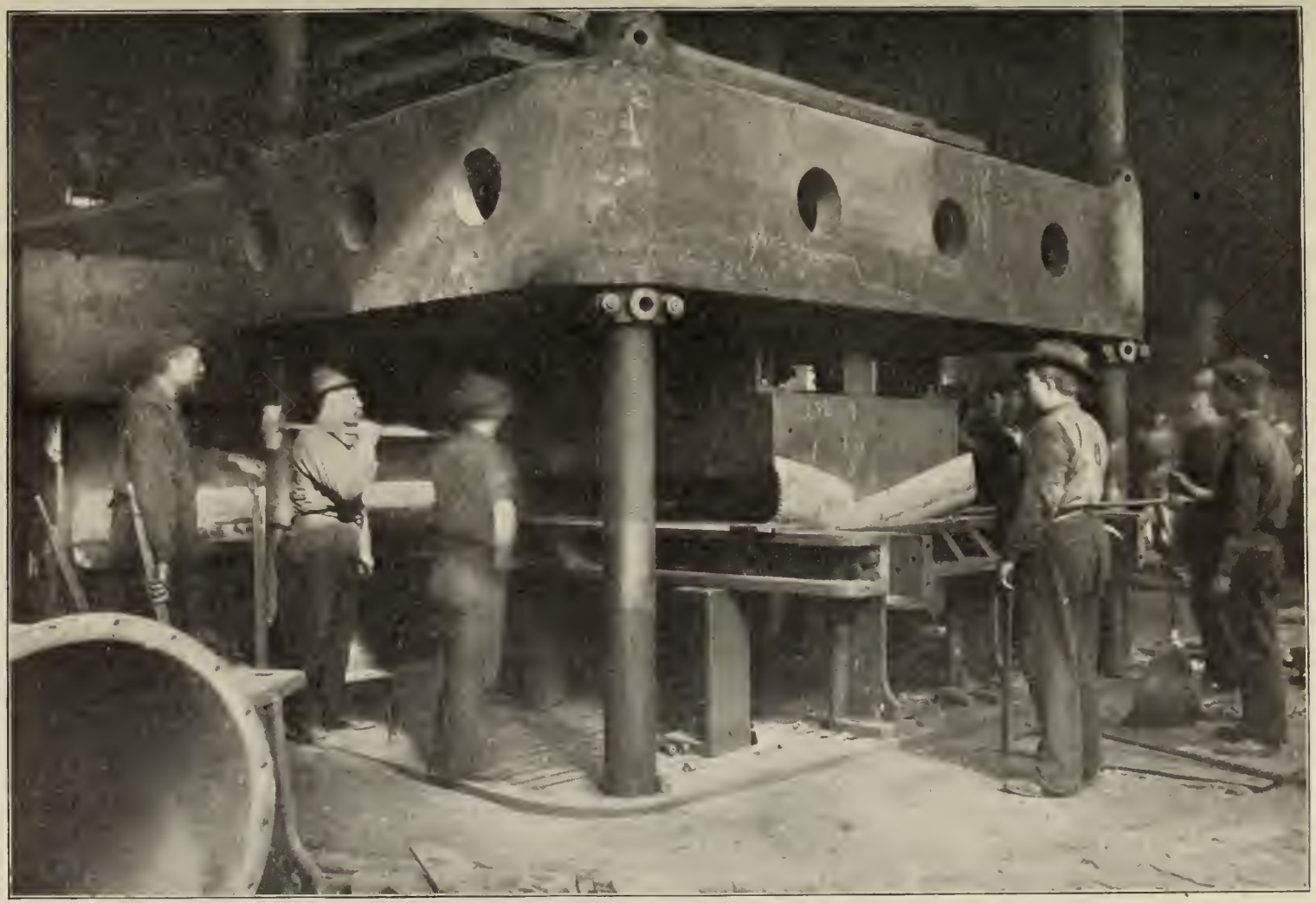
THE STOMACH

ANATOMY OF THE LOCOMOTIVE



BORING THE CYLINDERS

THIS UNIQUE MACHINE ACCURATELY FINISHES THE INTERIOR OF TWO CYLINDERS AND THE STEAM-CHEST AT ONE TIME. THIS IS A DELICATE PIECE OF WORK



THE FLANGING PRESS

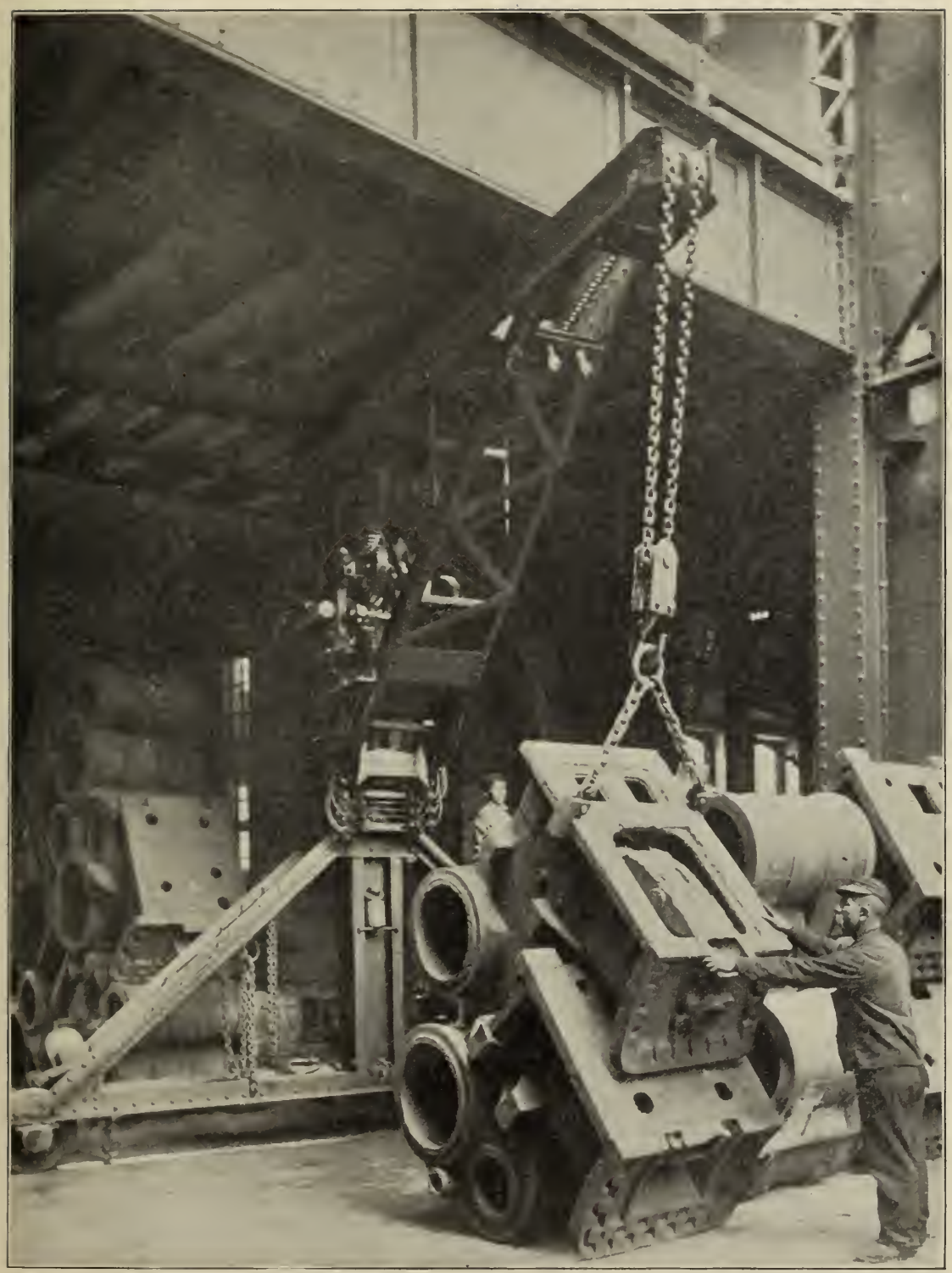
GREAT STEEL PLATES ARE HEATED AND PRESSED INTO VARIOUS SHAPES TO MEET DIFFERING REQUIREMENTS. THE HYDRAULIC PRESSURE REACHES 365 TONS

Vulcan, the Baldwin Works, unless he be a trained mechanic, comes away with confused ideas and a throbbing headache. He is conscious of a saturnalia of sounds, a debauchery of the eardrums, and an army of workmen in a wilderness of machinery engaged in every sort of function —pounding, welding, forging, planing, reaming, boring, and riveting, and in some mysterious manner producing a locomotive. He remembers blast furnaces pouring out rivers of molten metal into immense casting boxes; boilers three stories high being put together by magical methods; complete locomotives whisking through the air, apparently flying on invisible pinions; sons of Anak swinging hammers with rhythmic grace—all this and more. But he is little informed as to how this mighty army performs its varied tasks with such precision that at the end of the day the tale of seven completed locomotives is made up. No attempt will be made here to describe construction in details. That would be interesting to the expert, but "caviare to the general." Yet there are glimpses of this establishment that are of dramatic interest, and which must appeal to the dullest imagination.

If the visitor wishes to follow the development of the locomotive from its inception, he will begin at the drafting room. Here are seen one hundred and fifty draftsmen busily at work. It can be fairly said that the creative work is done here, and that when the plans pass to the construction department the most difficult part of the task is accomplished. The man in the street has an idea that machinery is built according to some general plan by a lot of mechanics, who cut and fit to suit, who make changes as they think proper, and especially work out improvements with hammer and anvil. This is a fiction. Every locomotive—even down to the smallest part—is drawn on the boards by draftsmen before the first blow is struck. If a mechanic has an idea by which he can improve any part, he works it out with pen and ink down to the minutest detail. When his plans are completed, the work is practically ended. This is why, as was stated previously, a locomotive is simply an idea clothed in metal. All the serious labor is done in the workshop of the brain, and this is why the firm takes to itself partners from among the men who have developed capacity to think out things and to create them in the mind before they assume physical shape. For, paradoxical as it may seem, the only great mechanic is the man of imagination, the seer who divines the non-existent and brings it into being.

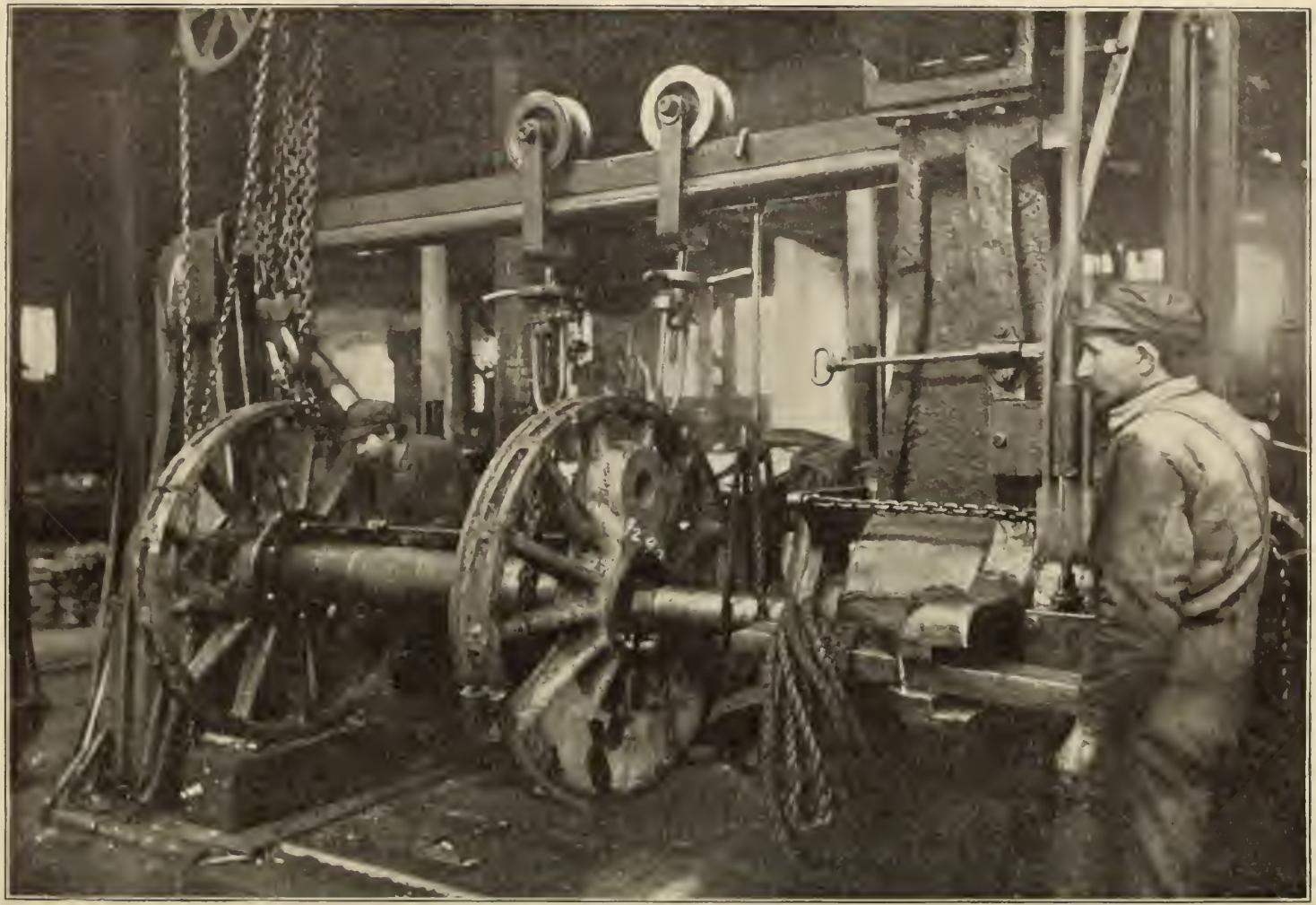
Every locomotive has its number, and each set of plans sent to the shop carries that number, which is affixed to every part. Each part also has its individual number. There are hundreds of these plans for a single locomotive, all drawn to a scale; and so perfect are they, and so expert the construction, that the thousands of parts move with equal steps—through what seems a labyrinth—to the erecting shop, where all unite at a given time and fit perfectly. These plans are carefully filed away, and if at any time a part breaks or wears out, be it in Manchuria or Central Africa, a cabled order giving only certain cabalistic numbers will insure the swift delivery of a substitute that will fit exactly. The writer was once in an accident, in the forests of Wisconsin, where two Baldwin locomotives of the same type, built from the same plans, had a head-on collision. Out of the wreck of the two one complete locomotive was made, and one train proceeded. All the parts in locomotives of the same type are made according to the same templets, and are interchangeable. Every workman, who does anything to any numbered piece of work, has a sheet upon which he writes the number of hours he has labored and the rate. When a locomotive is completed it is known to the cent what it has cost for materials and labor. Much of the work is done on the piece system, the mechanics earning according to their rapidity and skill.

Following somewhat the order of the



ELECTRIC WALKING CRANE

ON A SINGLE RAIL IT TRANSPORTS CYLINDER CASTINGS TO THE VARIOUS MACHINES WHICH "FINISH" THEM



FORCING WHEELS ON AN AXLE

BY MEANS OF 160 TONS HYDRAULIC PRESSURE THE DRIVING WHEELS ARE PERMANENTLY UNITED WITH THE AXLE

various parts enumerated, let us take a rapid glance at important features in construction. The visitor first enters the foundry, an immense gloomy cavern redolent with the tang of Mother Earth. It is lined on one side with blast furnaces, and the floor is covered with casting boxes in which are the matrices, formed in molding sand. The workmen move about like Nibelungs guarding the treasures in the caverns of the Rhine. Just outside is the raw material, where all sorts of scrap and pig-iron are used to fill the cupolas of the furnaces. It is an interesting sight to see an immense crane pick up a heavy ball, weighing tons, drop it on the scrap, and then hoist a great barrow of broken material to the top of the furnace, where it is plunged into the seething vortex below. When this mixture is properly melted, and the chemical constituents found correct, valves are opened and the hundreds of casting boxes are filled rapidly.

The drive wheels are taken to a shop where the holes for the axle are bored, and these are made slightly smaller than the axle itself. A powerful hydraulic press forces the axle into the wheels until they are on just as tight as if the whole were cast or forged in a single piece. Then wheels and axle are put in an immense lathe, and the rims are trimmed down smooth, ready for the tires, which are slightly less in diameter than the wheel itself. The forged steel tires, made elsewhere, are then heated until they expand so as to fit easily on the wheel; then a stream of cold water is turned on, the tire shrinks, and is as firmly fixed on the wheel as if welded. It can never come off until the tire is heated again. The drivers and other wheels are now taken to the erecting shop, placed in position on a track, and the legs are completed.

It is interesting to note the progressive development of the castings for the cylinders, which pass through many processes before they are ready. In the largest compound locomotives the two great castings bolted together, which form the front, weigh nine tons, or as much as many an entire locomotive of two generations ago. The cylinders are reamed and bored out by many intricate machines, one of which bores three holes at once. When these castings have passed through all the stages, are bolted together, are carried by an ingenious "go-devil"—called a walking crane—to the erecting shop, and placed on the pilot-wheel truck—the lungs and legs are finished.

The frames are cast or forged at Burnham, where most of the heavy work of this sort is performed. The two parallel steel pieces—after being trimmed and punched and perforated for all sorts of parts—are bolted to the cylinders, firmly braced in various places along their length and at the rear end, and eventually placed directly on the drive and trailer wheels. When the boiler has been placed on this frame, and the wheels inserted, the general outline of the locomotive is complete.

The making of the boiler affords the most dramatic scenes in the shops, and furnishes a test for the nerves of the onlooker. These boilers are made of plates of steel which are rolled up and riveted together in sections. In one corner of the shop a man is seen, with a diagram before him, drawing with chalk on an immense rectangular steel plate a lot of lines seemingly in all directions, until it looks as if he were designing Brobdignagian cobwebs. After him comes a brisk workman with hammer and steel punch. At every intersection of two lines he makes a slight dent with his tool. In a few moments he has skipped over the immense plate, and with unerring aim has marked where every rivet hole is to be. The plate is suddenly whisked up into the air and carried by a traveling electric crane to another corner where are the punching machines. The machines punch rivet holes through the plate with as much ease as if it were made of cheese. All the men have to do is to see the plate centered properly, and in an instant there is a hole. Down from somewhere in the mists above comes another giant hand and the plate is gone again. Its destination depends upon



IN THE ERECTING SHOP

PUTTING THE WHEELS UNDER COMBINED FRAME, CYLINDERS, AND BOILER. TWO DAYS WILL COMPLETE THIS SANTA FÉ ENGINE, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD

the particular part of the boiler it is to form. If an ordinary section, it is passed between triple rollers and curved as easily as if it were a sheet of paper. If it is the rear end of the boiler, it has to go through a most interesting process, one that excites the imagination of the visitor. It is now perfectly flat; but it must form the end and part of the sides of the boiler, and to fill such a function it must be pressed into a new shape. This is done by heating it white hot in a furnace in front of an immense hydraulic press. Tremendous heat is necessary to raise the plate to the proper temperature, and around the witches' brew men stand noting the exact progress of the plate in its fiery bed. In the press are placed reciprocating steel dies, one above and one below, molded so as to give the exact shape required for the plate. When all is ready the furnace door opens, an iron hand reaching in seizes the plate, draws it on to the press, the foreman moves a lever, and in a few seconds the seething, shimmering, almost molten plate is noiselessly forced into shape, with all the ease that my lady crumples a rose leaf in her hand. It is a short and simple operation, but seemingly impossible things are done without effort in such a way as to startle the beholder.

Or, perhaps it is the section of the boiler which connects the larger portion at the back with the one of smaller diameter in front. This is the gusset or "bias piece," which is punched and rolled and finally welded; for this is the place where the boiler will show weakness, if anywhere, and it must be made especially strong.

When an ordinary plate has been rolled into a hoop, the ends are riveted, not by hand, but by an ingenious machine which takes seconds where otherwise minutes would be required. Likewise the sections are riveted together—the rear one, containing the fire-box, being large enough for half a dozen men to play a game of cards in with ease. One of the most interesting sights in the shop is to see these sections bolted together. At the last the boiler section is about forty feet long, and standing on end looks much like an immense chimney. The riveting is done by what looks more like a gigantic pair of alligator's jaws than anything else. It seems as if in the bowels of the earth there was an immense saurian standing on his tail, with only his elongated jaws projecting. Between these jaws the boiler is swung, and into every pair of holes connecting the sections a red-hot rivet is placed. Then the jaws close and bite the end of the rivet with many tons power, and the work is instantaneously finished. Open the jaws go, another rivet slips in, the alligator winks, and there you are again! In spite of the terrible noise going on in the vicinity, it is a fascinating sight which the visitor hates to leave.

When the boiler is complete it is placed on the frame, the tubes are inserted, and a hundred men rush at it with varied intentions. Some interlace it with wires; some put on steam domes, stacks, air pumps, indicators; while others cover the boiler with asbestos, and finally put on the sheet-steel jacket with which the public is familiar. At this stage of the game the machine is covered with men, and the sight resembles nothing so much as that of a Pliocene sow surrounded by a hundred sucking pigs. Finally comes the steam test, when the boilers are given a pressure never possible in ordinary operations. If there is the slightest defect now is the time it will be disclosed. As a matter of fact it seldom is. Long before this time tests have been made of every piece, and at the first sign of weakness the part, no matter how much it has cost, is sent to the scrap-heap, where any day may be seen the crushed bones of what might have been locomotives. The loss is great, but inevitable in dealing with metals.

In the erecting shops the visitor comes upon perhaps fifty locomotives, of various sizes, in all stages of forwardness. Most of them seem mere wrecks to the ordinary beholder. In one corner there are seven apparently but little more advanced than the rest, and it appears impossible that in a few hours they will "walk off on their

feet," complete in every detail except for the last touches, which are put on at the round-house a mile away.

It is in the erecting shop that one can watch the assembling process with some intelligent comprehension of what is going on. The materials fly like song birds to their meeting place, borne through the air by overhead electric cranes which are almost unnoticed, so silently do they move. The sight of a full-fledged locomotive soaring away makes the senses swim, and reminds one of nothing so much as Sindbad and the roc that carried him from the loadstone island.

These are some hints of the general plan of operation, but they can give no adequate idea of the tremendous energies that are manifested, of the cumulative intelligence which is directing men and marvelous tools in all parts of the works, and of the dramatic scenes constantly enacted in every stage of the operation; for, although tools do most of the work, there are times when only the skilfully directed power of the human arm can meet requirements. In one shop a half-dozen men stand on top of a boiler swinging enormous sledges, with the grace of an Apollo and the rhythm of an orchestra. The *leitmotiv* of this grand opera, in which nearly eighteen thousand men produce the harmony of discord, might well be that of Siegfried's Sword. Could Kraus or Burgstaller add to their vocal gifts the dignity, grace, and dynamic intensity of one of the Baldwin mechanics in action, the sword-forging scene would be the most dramatic ever presented on the stage. Next after a lovely woman the most beautiful sight in the world is that of a well-built man exerting every muscle. At Baldwin's there are figures which Michael Angelo would have loved more than the classic Torso. Cumulatively they are an epic of the human physique set to a mighty pean of industrial harmony. For, "whilst this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close it in," we still can see and hear and feel some echo of that "harmony in immortal souls" when set to the music of physical effort.

Or, take the sight in one of the alleys when a locomotive has been hauled a few hundred feet away for finishing touches! Following after come two hundred sturdy men—begrimed indeed, clad to be sure in greasy jumpers—but there is a poetry in their motion, the unconscious grace and perceptible power which make a processional more pleasing than a parade of gallant knights in gayest armor. As one sees that mass of humanity swing down the aisles, as he thinks of all the mighty elements of intelligently directed energy he has seen, of the countless tons of material resistlessly moving to this last scene of activity, it begins to dawn upon him that these men are imprisoning in the locomotive the mighty potential forces which in its long career it will release at command. The sunlight of countless ages ago was congealed in the coal which, under new chemical combinations in the locomotive fire-box, will release the heat and convert the imprisoned raindrops in the boiler into steam. Touched by man these potential forces are recalled to life by a force equal to their own.

One will, however, miss the lesson of this industrial community if he fails to grasp the wonderful system which pervades the whole. Eighteen thousand men, which includes the force at Burnham, do not start daily with a mass of raw material and in twenty-four hours convert it into seven locomotives—in spite of the fanciful statement which begins this narrative. Although seven locomotives are born daily, as a rule three months or more elapse between taking an order and completion, so that ordinarily at Baldwin's there are five hundred locomotives in various stages, from the moment of conception in the drafting room to the final departure from the round-house.

Of the millions of pieces of material that are in the works at all times, each has its definitely assigned place in a locomotive. There is no confusion, no disorder, however apparent such may seem to the uninitiated visitor. Every man is working with a definite purpose, along a prearranged schedule.



NEARING THE END

IN FIVE HOURS THIS LOCOMOTIVE WILL BE TAKEN OUT TO THE ROUND HOUSE



AT THE ROUND HOUSE

TWENTY-FIVE LOCOMOTIVES ARE RECEIVING THEIR LAST TOUCHES BEFORE DELIVERY. FOREIGN ENGINES ARE HERE TAKEN TO PIECES FOR SHIPMENT

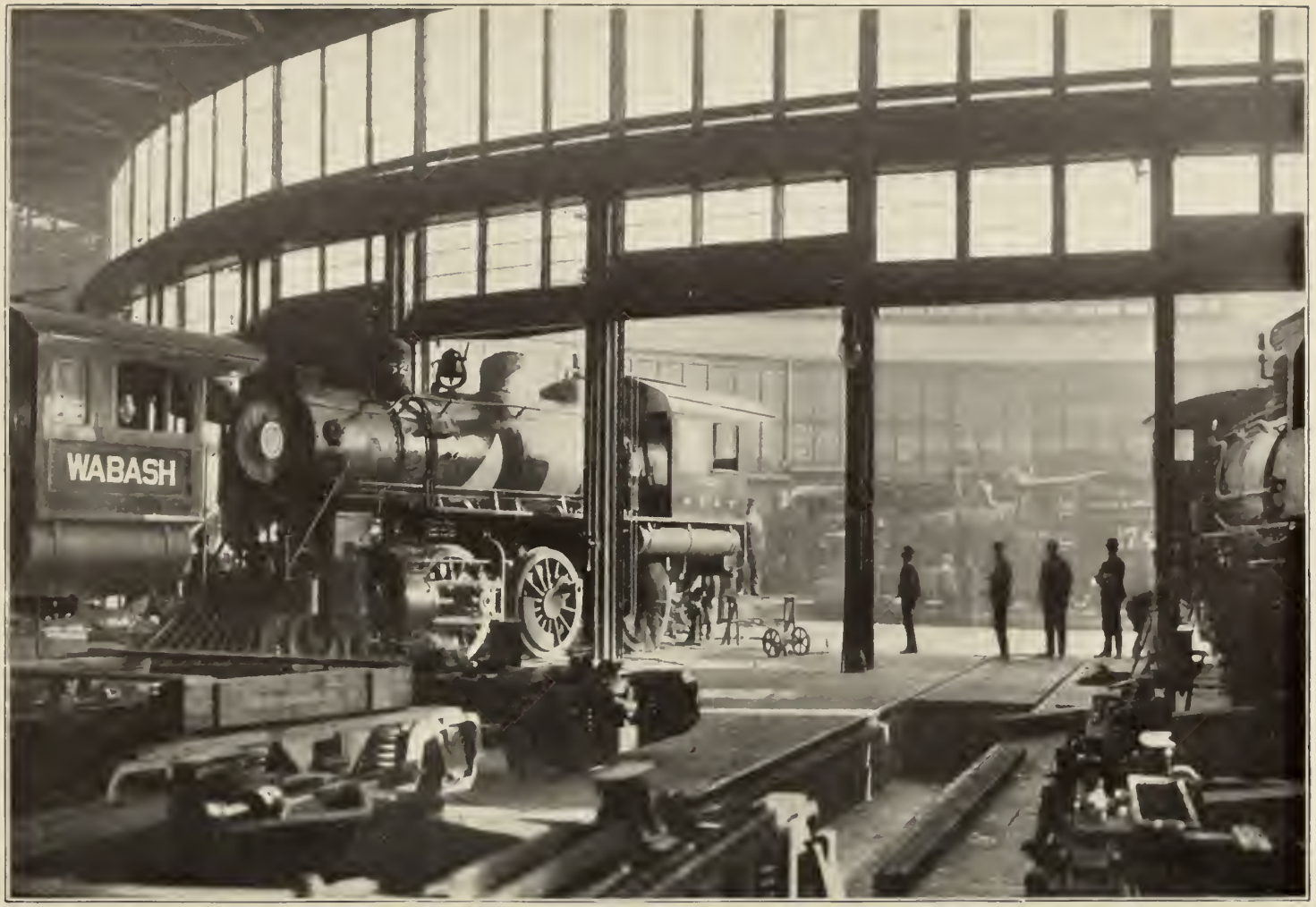
Each man's share is proportioned to the total energy required to produce a single locomotive, and timed accordingly. The various parts must be ready for the assembling room at the precise moment required —not before nor afterward. The exact proportion of all parts required is grinding its way through to meet a definite fixed date when the locomotive is to be delivered. If all the parts that are to go into a single locomotive were painted red it would be an interesting process to watch their progress through the shops. Over eighteen acres of ground, and many more of floor space, there would be seen red spots of flotsam and jetsam, apparently drifting aimlessly in a maelstrom of machinery, gradually working their way by devious paths to a common centre. This would give an idea of how small a thing the largest locomotive is in such a gigantic institution.

Under pressure some remarkable records of rapid construction have been made at various times. On one occasion a locomotive was made complete in every respect in eight days, though it is but fair to say it was a small one. On other occasions, given the completed parts, a locomotive has been "assembled" in twenty-four hours; but it is more economical to take more time in the operation.

There is a very good story told of a British master-mechanic who was sent over to buy some American locomotives because the home shop could not get them out in time. He was courteously received at Baldwin's, where locomotives had been built for nearly every railway in the world except those in England. The Briton was in haste. Time was to be an element of any contract; the quicker the better and a big premium for haste. The partners reflected that there were some locomotives under way, which the visitor had already seen and wished duplicated, and that the Americans who had ordered them would be willing to waive claims, seeing that others could be completed for them on time. The Briton became impatient for a definite statement as to the time when delivery aboard ship would commence. Finally one of the partners remarked: "We are very anxious to oblige you in every way possible, and will hasten the work, but we cannot perform miracles. The best we can do is to begin deliveries one week from to-morrow." The Briton fell in a dead faint.

The following equally good story the firm vouches for: When General Kitchener was fighting his way southward, inch by inch, into the Soudan, his chief problem was that of transportation. To solve this he constructed the famous strategic railway. All the material was promptly available in Great Britain except the locomotives and bridges. To construct these English builders wanted so much time that it would have disturbed his whole plan of campaign. Philadelphians built the Atbara bridge as if by magic, and to Philadelphia he sent for locomotives. The Baldwin's undertook to do the work in twelve weeks, a considerably less number than the months required by British bidders, and were offered a handsome bonus for any gain in time. The War Department cabled from London one fine morning that an inspector had sailed that day to watch the construction. The reply was sent that they were already completed, thirty-seven days ahead of time. Ten days later the astonished inspector walked in to find his trip had caused an unnecessary delay in delivery. The firm used the bonus for anticipated delivery in sending one of its bright young men with the locomotives to superintend their erection, and to watch carefully their initial operation.

Ten years after the Baldwin plant was established its foreign trade began with the construction of a locomotive for use in Austria, and it grew rapidly until more than forty-six hundred have been sent abroad, which run on nearly every railway that has been constructed. In the last five years the domestic trade has engaged most of the energies of the works, in spite of increased capacity. Nevertheless, seventy were not long ago completed for British railways. The foreign business is still an important fea-



READY FOR THE ROAD

A SCORE OF ENGINES OF VARIOUS TYPES, COMPLETELY FINISHED TO THE LAST DETAIL

ture, and is expected to become more so when material declines in price. Its development has been of the first importance to the firm. When the domestic demand is slight, and wages and material are lower, it is easier to compete with foreign builders, though efficiency as well as first cost is a leading factor in getting outside orders.

The rapidity of growth of the business is shown by a few statistics. The one-thousandth locomotive was built in 1861, the five-thousandth in 1880, the ten-thousandth in 1889, the twenty-thousandth in 1902, and the total up to December 1, 1903, was in the neighborhood of twenty-four thousand, two hundred having been built in October alone. In 1897 only five hundred were built. The total for 1903 is expected to reach two thousand, or as many as were built in the first thirty-eight years of the business.

The shops are operated twenty-three hours a day by two shifts of men. The night gang works twelve hours for five nights only, the works closing down from 6 P.M. Saturday to 7 A.M. Monday. As stated, there have been no labor troubles worth mentioning—none at all in nearly fifty years.

A notable feature of the system is the indenturing of apprentices according to the ancient custom now so generally abandoned. These apprentices are divided into three classes, according to education and general intelligence. The first class includes boys of seventeen years with a good common school education, who agree to work four years, attend night school and study algebra, geometry, and mechanical drawing. They earn five cents an hour the first year, increasing to eleven cents for the fourth, and receive a bonus of $125 when their indentures are canceled and they are employed as journeymen mechanics.

Apprentices of the second class are chosen from those who have had an advanced grammar or a high-school training. They serve three years, study at night-schools, and receive seven cents an hour the first year, rising to eleven cents the third, and get a bonus of $100.

Apprentices of the third class are those over twenty-one who are graduates of colleges, technical schools, or scientific institutions. These are young men who expect to be superintendents, managers, or owners of great enterprises. They have received a thorough technical training, and want the practical knowledge to be gained only in doing things with their own hands. The firm agrees to teach these young men the business thoroughly, and only two years are required—frequently not so long. They receive higher wages than the other classes. It is largely from these apprentices that the foremen, superintendents, and possibly the owners will ultimately come.

The apprentice system has been in operation only a few years, but the results so far are highly gratifying. Many of the young men make such rapid progress that their indentures are canceled and they are given good positions. From the ranks of the third class many go forth to undertake great enterprises, and frequently the firm is called upon to recommend some man of ability for a vacant position.

Of the seven members of the firm four got their training in the business office, two were promoted from the drafting room, and one from the shops. These seven men are lineal and legitimate descendants of Tubal-Cain, James Watt, and George Stephenson.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works is a rare example in this age of a great business conducted on the simple lines of the ancient copartnership. No trust-promoter ever approached the Baldwin works. These men have no bonds to float, no watered stock to sell. They build only locomotives, and, if into them they have succeeded in injecting certain moral qualities, it is not surprising that the demands upon them are constantly in excess of their ability to produce, and that they are proud of the splendor of their achievements.

They are just completing a lot of the largest locomotives ever built in the world

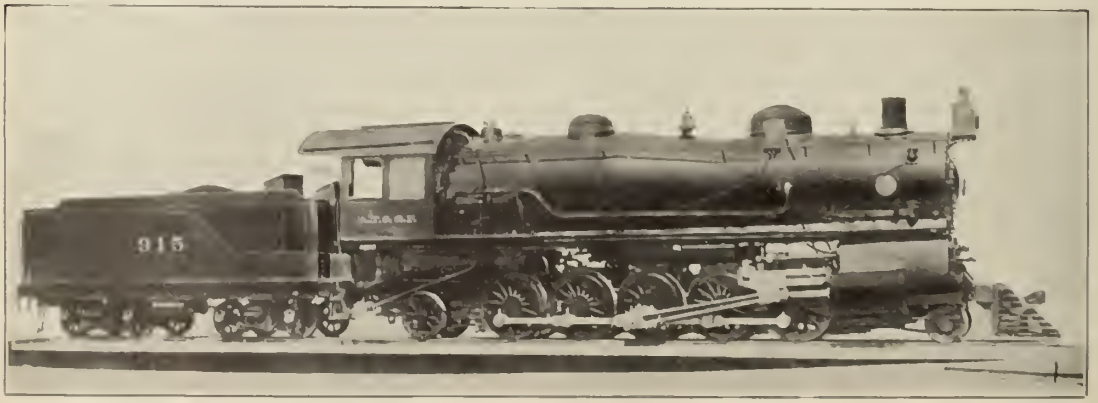
—for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad—some to use oil and some coal for fuel. The illustration on this page shows one of the freight type, which is capable of hauling on a level a load of six thousand tons. This would mean a train of loaded cars more than a mile long.

The locomotives built in a year, placed end to end, would alone make a train of almost twenty miles, while on a level track they could pull nearly fifteen hundred miles of cars. These figures not only give some idea of the magnitude of the works, but of the total commerce of the country. Every time that a stronger type of locomotive is placed in operation along the shining pathway of steel which leads to commercial supremacy, it means a saving in expense to every man, woman, and child in the country. The price of nearly everything is now fixed by its transportation cost. If the time ever comes in the distant future when there is a state of reasonable socialism among rational beings, it will be possible because the iron horse will be able to do the necessary work of distributing over a wide area at a nominal cost.

The traveler, dreaming peacefully in his sleeper-berth, is waked for an instant. He hears the rhythmic pulsation of the engine pulling his train, filled with contented people, as with the speed of an arrow it flies through mountain and over dale; he hears the deep guttural belching of the freight locomotive on another track, bearing its rich burden of freight to its destination a thousand miles away. Another moment and he is peacefully asleep, unconscious of the fact that the conditions surrounding him are more miraculous than those of the wildest tale of oriental fancy. Aladdin and his lamp are choice figments of the imagination, but essentially crude in conception compared with the actual results of modern science. Daily and hourly there are rehearsed before us the miracles performed by scientific prestidigitators, until there is no longer left to us the element of surprise.

The epic of the locomotive is one grand song of achievement. Its conquests are invariably constructive. The products of some of the greatest factories in the world are designed solely to ravage and destroy. The function of the locomotive is to scatter plenty over a smiling land. Fundamentally it is the most useful invention of man. It has reduced this country, relatively, to the size of Delaware in the days of the Constitutional Fathers; it has turned the vast deserts of Canada into a granary; it is making the map of Africa "all red," in the language of Cecil Rhodes; in three decades it has awakened Japan from her millennial sloth; and it is even now dragging the chariot of progress into the heart of reluctant China.

Josephus Rogers



LARGEST LOCOMOTIVE IN THE WORLD

SANTA FÉ TYPE, WEIGHING 450,000 POUNDS, INCLUDING LOADED TENDER

Reflections of the Strenuous Life

On Sea and Plain

Winter has set in at last, and with a vengeance. Past my study windows screams the northeaster heavy with its freight of mingled snow and hail. All day the voice and fury of the storm has been growing wilder and more irresistible. My Saturday afternoon cross-country walk, with its quiet musings in solitary lanes and its rare gleamings of crimson oak leaves and scarlet berries, soon became a desperate and losing battle with the elements. Nipping night and the northern wind fell upon me and drove me flying before them like a homing ship to the snug harbor of my fireside. Within my four walls I throw off a dripping coat, set the back-log roaring with a few well-placed sticks, and slip into my moccasins and oldest jacket. An easy chair before the blaze, plenty of tobacco within reach, and a table full of new books to explore—what more can the heart of man desire?

The volume that lies nearest to my hand bears a sea-green cover decorated with a picture of a sheering gull, and I open it to an illustration of a ship under storm sails battling against an angry sea. The very book for such a night as this. A passage of Lucretius that I learnt by heart in my senior year, and had forgotten long ago, floats upward to the surface of my memory: *Suave, mari magno*—how does it go?

'Tis sweet from land, when seas are raging wild,
To see another struggling on the deep.
Not that 'tis sweet his torment to behold,
But sweet to look on ills, ourselves secure.

So Lucretius, or rather his English translator. Quite otherwise Mr. Basil Lubbock, ordinary seaman on the grain ship *Royal-shire*. "As for myself," he records, while running before a fierce westerly gale, pursued by Cape Horn greybeards a mile and half long, "as for myself I am in raptures with the magnificent sight and delight in the tremendous experience. I feel fit and braced up, ready to go anywhere and do anything; there is a kind of glorious exhilaration about it all which fills me until I can hardly keep it down; I smile and chuckle to myself, and watch the huge seas like a scientist over a new invention."

There has been a run of sea-books in the last few years, one of the fashions that comes and goes in the world of print as in other worlds. It began, I fancy, with the startling success of Mr. Bullen's *Cruise of the Cachalot* in 1898. In Mr. Kipling's phrase, this book opened the door to a new world, and readers plunged eagerly through it to catch a glimpse of the "deep sea wonder and mystery" that lay beyond. In their train came the writers like hounds following up a new scent. The *Cruise of the Cachalot* proved the parent of a small library of voyages, sailor's logs, and sea-tales founded on fact.

Few of these books, I think, have made any permanent impression; even Mr. Bullen has never repeated his first success. After all, something more pertains to authorship than the mere ability to record in black and white experiences, however startling. Mr. Bullen, for example, had a very unusual set of experiences. He signed in true sailor fashion—I do not mean drunk, for he is, I believe, a total abstainer—articles agreeing to go he knew not where, in a ship whose very name he had never heard, for a time and at a rate of wages of

which he was wholly ignorant. As a result he found himself on an old-fashioned whaler bound on a three-year's voyage around the world, commanded by an incarnate devil of a driving captain, ably assisted by four hard-hitting mates of whom the last, a gigantic negro, boasted that no whaleman afloat could give him points on man-handling.

In the course of his voyage he visited such out of the way places as Tristan da Cunha, the Cocos, the Kuriles, and the Solander Rock. He was in at the death of countless whales—cachalots, bowheads, and humpbacks; and even rode out the flurry of one expiring monster to whose back he had lashed himself by the rope of the harpoon. He saw a mortal battle between a sperm whale and a cuttle-fish of almost equal size; passed safely through the centre of a cyclone in the Indian Ocean, and crossed the track of a deserted Malay "prahu," drifting along the sea with a deck-load of rotting corpses. He was in the negro mate's boat when that giant fought and thrashed a dozen drunken mutineers with his bare hands, and from his lofty perch in the rigging saw the mate and the captain plunge overboard to their deaths locked in the inseparable embrace of mortal foes.

We have Mr. Bullen's word for it that the matter of his book is entirely trustworthy, "being compiled from actual observation and experience, and in no case from second-hand." But the author was so little master of his art that he squandered in this first book, as Kipling told him, material enough to make five volumes. The book is interesting, very interesting even, but it is so by virtue of its matter alone. Mr. Bullen's later work has been hopelessly below the standard of his first book, because of the distinct falling off in the interest of the material, unattended by any perceptible increase in the charm of style or skill of narration.

Mr. Sonnichsen's *Deep Sea Vagabonds* reminds one distinctly of the *Cruise of the Cachalot*. But it is by no means so interesting a book. Mr. Sonnichsen's adventures were confined apparently to a couple of storms at sea, a collision on the Tyne, and several free fights afloat and ashore. The general tone of the book is by no means so pleasing as that of its predecessor. There is a total lack of Mr. Bullen's naïve simplicity and unaffected piety. In their place we find too often a note of self-assertion, and an affected cynicism which would be offensive if it were not rather ridiculous. It is not too much to say, however, that Mr. Sonnichsen gives us in this book a striking picture of the shady side of seafaring and of the strange characters that abound among the men that follow the sea. On his first ship, for example, Mr. Sonnichsen's foc'sle mates included a Liverpool wharf-rat whose sea-chest was crammed with the works of Darwin, Ruskin, Emerson, and Browning; a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who had sunk to be an opium-smuggler and had served his time with the chain-gang on the roads of Honolulu; and a cockney who had force perforce enlisted with the Cuban insurgents, fought for glory, excitement, and loot, and finally escaped by the skin of his teeth from a fight in which his band had been exterminated by the Spaniards.

But perhaps the most instructive information which we get is that concerning the choice of evils which presents itself to a sailor hesitating between a voyage under the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes. In an American ship he is likely at any time to have his skull cracked or his ribs smashed in; on an English ship he is practically certain to be half-starved, and runs a fair chance of being poisoned with ill-kept, ill-cooked, or rotten food. We hear strange tales of a mate known as Bully Hansen—now, praise Heaven, behind the bars of a California penitentiary—who cut a man's tongue out on the *Reaper*, hung a sailor by the thumbs till he died on the *Mary Flint*, and killed a man every trip on the *Shenandoah*. And these tales have not only the ear-marks of truth but are corroborated by independent testimony. Mr. Bullen's pages bear frequent witness to the revolting brutality of

his officers, and Mr. Lubbock tells hideous stories of the exploits of Yankee mates with belaying pins. Small wonder that the reputation of American sailing ships is such that no one but a "real tough citizen or a long-suffering Dutchman" will step on them. As is too often the case in our country, it is commercial greed that lies at the bottom of these crimes. "Bucko" mates are in high favor with ship-owners, since their brutalities usually drive the crews to desertion at the first port, and in this simple fashion the amount due for wages is transferred to the pockets of the owners.

Per contra, the British laws that effectually restrain the maltreatment of the sailor seem quite unable to secure him decent or sufficient food. The regulations of the Board of Trade prescribe a minimum ration —"the legal whack" of the sailors' dialect. But this ration is so diminished in process of preparation that a man thinks himself lucky to get half a dozen mouthfuls out of his allotted one and one-quarter pounds of salt beef. The salt pork which is served out is often so bad and so badly cooked as to be altogether uneatable, and when eaten it is a frequent cause of scurvy. As a preventive of this horrible disease a weekly pint of lime juice is served out to all hands —a fact which has given the British sailing ship the nick-name of "lime juicer," under which she is known in all the ports of the world. But, as Mr. Sonnichsen's experience shows, this weekly dose is often ineffectual, especially in the case of a ship making a long voyage with no opportunity to take on fresh meat or vegetables. Even when such opportunities occur the greed of the captain or the ignorance and carelessness of the cook prevents full advantage being taken of them.

Mr. Bullen has a couple of anecdotes which would be ridiculous if they were not pitiful, of crews rejecting fresh fowls which had been boiled to the consistency of shoe leather, or turtle cut up into a mess unfit to throw to a dog. Mr. Lubbock's own experience is the more striking because it was not in the least abnormal. The *Royalshire*, bound from 'Frisco for Liverpool, made a fairly quick passage round the Horn, coming in about four months after sailing. Had she met with worse head winds, or been driven by a less daring captain, she might have been weeks longer at sea. Yet even as it was, both food and water had begun to run short before she sighted the shores of England. Breakfast, some five or six days before landing, consisted of half a pannikin of water tainted with rust, and two of the notorious Liverpool sea-biscuits popularly supposed to be made of paper pulp. The mênu of the Christmas dinner was composed of the usual ration of "salt horse," supplemented by a small pie of breakjaw crust and moldy dried apples, which sent half the crew into agonies of stomach cramp. Mr. Lubbock himself, although coming on board fresh from the hardships of the Klondike and without an ounce of fat, was obliged to take in his belt six holes during the course of his voyage, and became so meagre a skeleton that, in his own words, only his muscles kept his ribs from breaking through his skin. Small wonder that a starving sailor on the *Pitcairn* stole the captain's sacred jam, and that an English gentleman like Mr. Lubbock stooped to lick clean the half-eaten bowls of porridge which he was ordered to carry from the cabin to the hen-coops. The wonder is only that there are not more hunger-strikes such as that which forced the captain of the *Hindoostan*, in Mr. Sonnichsen's story, to substitute cabin fare for the condemned army rations with which he was poisoning his crew.

Mr. Lubbock's book, *Round the Horn Before the Mast*, from which I have been quoting, is by long odds a better piece of work than either Mr. Bullen's or Mr. Sonnichsen's. Yet this is by no means because the author is a trained writer. On the other hand, every page of the book betrays the hand of the unconscious genius who writes prose, as M. Jourdain talked it, without being in the least aware of the fact. Mr. Lubbock's grammar is artless and unconventional, and his vocabulary bristles with west-coast and deep-sea slang.

But though a purist might object to much in Mr. Lubbock's diction, he would be forced at least to acquit him of the capital crime of fine writing, which mars so many pages in the books I have already discussed. His style, in short, is simply that of a wide-awake and responsive English schoolboy writing home to a friend of the things he saw, the men he met, and the games he played in his wanderings up and down the face of the earth. But it has merits which would show him to be a schoolboy of a very unusual type — a graphic freshness, a vivid realism, and an artless accuracy of reporting. In the matter of conversation and dialogue, particularly, Mr. Lubbock is far superior to any of his competitors. He is, in fact, the very Boswell of the forecastle.

Along with this there are other merits of an even superior order. The book is admirably proportioned. The incidents which enliven the narrative never become obtrusive episodes. It possesses the great merit of unity; it has a beginning, a middle, and an end. As we read this story of a simple voyage round the Horn in stormy weather it begins to assume epic proportions. It is an epic, in fact— a nineteenth century prose epic; and its theme is the battle of the strong, the sailor against the sea.

Mr. Lubbock, an old Eton boy, came down to 'Frisco from the North with the purpose of shipping on a South Sea schooner and wandering through the Pacific islands to Australia. Not finding any boat to his liking, however, he suddenly decided to sail for home as a foremast hand on a windjammer, apparently more for the joy of the experience than with any particular desire to see England again. He picked his ship carefully, selecting one whose lines pleased his yachtman's eye, whose skipper didn't drink, and whose reputation as a "hungry ship" was at least no worse than the general run of English boats. He signed articles, picked up an English chum, took him to the opera, and next day embarked as a common sailor.

Whoever shares the taste of Lucretius, and holds that it is sweet to behold from land the vast labor of those toiling in the deep, should open *Round the Horn* and read. It is not a book that he will lightly lay aside.

Mr. Lubbock is not an "intellectual." He does not attempt to philosophize, like Mr. Sonnichsen; nor does he moralise, like Mr. Bullen. He is a man of deeds rather than ideas. But he does not lack the capacity to express his feelings, and he relieves himself at times with good, round, mouth-filling oaths. But his outbursts are as short-lived as they are fiery. When a treacherous shipmate, whom he had pounded for incompetency, cast loose a sail on the yard where they were standing, with the intention of catching him unawares and sending him crashing to his death below, Mr. Lubbock calmly furled the sail again, chased the rascal out of the rigging, and closed the incident. There isn't the least trace of either surprise or rancor in his account of the brief unpleasantness. The man's spirit is, in fact, indomitable. He is a true descendant of the old gentleman adventurer of Drake's day, an English sportsman of the nineteenth century. He takes all the manifold miseries of the stormy voyage as a part of the game. Trouble rolls off him like water off a duck's back. He has a fine and fierce delight in the great struggle with the sea, and a keen appreciation of all the pleasures of a sailor's life—the quiet pipe in an idle hour, the games in the dog-watches, the chanties at the raising of the anchor or the bracing of the yards. His book is, in truth, a very treasure-house of those wild, queer, wailing songs, the only genuine folk-songs still alive and current among the Anglo-Saxon race. And of all the changing beauties of sky and sea he has a quick perception and a frank, animal enjoyment.

Nor is he less quick to appreciate the virtues of the common sailor—the general bravery and patience under suffering; the good humor that laughs at falls, blows, and drenchings; the simple generosity that

shares tobacco, food, and clothing with less fortunate shipmates. Take it all in all, this is a book which goes very near to the central mystery of the everlasting fascination of the sea. It is to be hoped that Mr. Lubbock will give us as frank, unconventional, and entertaining an account of his experiences in the Boer War.

It is a long cry from *Round the Horn* to the *Log of a Cowboy*. Again, as in Mr. Bullen's book, we have a simple narrative of adventure without the epic note of combat that is so often heard in *Round the Horn*. The adventure, to be sure, is interesting in itself; the long five months' trailing of a herd of three thousand cattle from the mouth of the Rio Grande to an Indian reservation in the northwest corner of Montana is a good theme. And it is a theme of strong appeal to those who turn gladly to catch some glimpse of a vanished past. For now the Old Western Trail is closed and the innumerable herds have ceased to wander from the waters of the Gulf through the vast prairies to the foothills of the northern mountains. But in the *Log of a Cowboy* we have only the raw material out of which, perhaps, some writer of the future may frame a lasting record, a prose epic of the cowboy and the herd, the "rustler," the Indian, and the ranger. We miss, too, the gay, brave spirit of the true sportsman in his contest with elemental foes which runs like a scarlet thread through Mr. Lubbock's book. In its place we find, too often, a note of swagger and half-defiant bravado which may, perhaps, distinguish a certain type of cowboy, but which, we may well believe, is not characteristic of the class.

Yet, none the less, the book is interesting. The life itself attracts us: the long day in the saddle under the blinding sun or the ceaseless downpour of a Western rain; the camp-fire in the evening, with the songs and stories and the good-natured chaff, "pointed as a bayonet and delicate as a gun-butt"; and then the night watches with the sleeping herd and the tireless watchers riding round and round them, crooning foolish ends of song. Or the quiet may be broken suddenly by the roar and thunder of the stampede. Three thousand cattle are up and away to the four winds of heaven. The guards are at their heads spurring hard to avoid the deadly rush, firing their pistols to summon help, and using all the tricks of the craft to check or turn the crazy brutes back upon the trail. At times we see the grim determination of man matched in vain against the blind powers of nature, as when the desperate cattle are pushed forward across a dry and dusty land where no water is, until, on the fourth day of misery, fever and thirst overcome even their fear of their masters, and they break through the cordon of riders, reckless of shouts and blows and pistol shots, to seek the water that they had left fifty miles behind them. Usually, however, the energy of the drivers prevails over the elements, and the cattle are rescued from the quicksands of the South Canadian or are guided over the shaky new-built bridge of Slaughter's Ford, with a will and a skill worthy of all admiration.

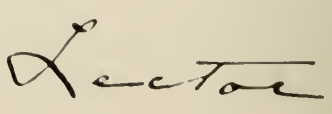
Glimpses of human life along the trail we also catch: Indians, a tame and broken-spirited remnant of the savage tribes of the Southwest, easily bribed with a few head of cattle to keep the peace and point out short cuts in the trail; cattle thieves who, under the specious pretense of recovering stray cows, descend upon the herd and levy tribute; and Texas rangers, the guardian angels of the trail, whose opportune appearance prevents a scene of battle, murder, and sudden death with these same "rustlers." We pay a brief visit to the cow towns—Dodge, Ogalala, and Frenchman's Ford—where the cowboys dance and drink and gamble through the night, riding out of town in the grey dawn to a running-fire accompaniment of pistol and rifle shots. Here, as elsewhere, tragedy and comedy are not far apart. The story of the guileless greybeard, who chummed in with the cowboys and stripped them of all their spare cash, watches, and six-shooters by running in a "ringer" in an impromptu horse race.

stands in close juxtaposition to the shooting of the picturesque gambler at Frenchman's Ford and the drowning of the foreman who disregarded his presentiment and plunged into the flooded Platte at Forty Islands. After all, if the *Log of a Cowboy* is not literature of a high order, it is a bit of life, hard and rough, but thoroughly human.

And this raises the everlasting question first propounded, according to Mr. Kipling, by the Devil himself: "It's human; but is it Art?" To define the ends and the limitations of art is a task that may, perhaps, be accomplished when earth's last picture is painted. It certainly will not be attempted here. But, to take a concrete case, even Mr. Kipling, I fancy, would admit that the *Ballad of the Bolivar* was art—of a kind, and that Mr. Sonnichsen's account of the *Balkan's* passage of the Bay of Biscay was something else. Mr. Wister's *Virginian* may be an idealized portrait, but it is a portrait of a man, whereas Mr. Adams' cowboys—Jim Flood, Quince Forest, and the rest—are pale *simulacra*. Is it too dogmatic, after all, to assert that a work of art must be something more than a mere transcript of life? that it must have a touch, at least, of that interpretative spirit which looks through the event to its hidden significance and brings this to light, so that even we of duller eyes may see it?

This spirit of divination is, it seems to me, the great and cardinal merit of the work of Mr Conrad—a fine, but in this country at least, by no means appreciated artist. Mr. Conrad is a teller of tales of strange lands and distant seas. His subjects are, as a rule, simple and popular enough; but his style repels the general public. It is broken, hurried, impressionistic, leaving much to the imagination. He is a master of ideas, and events are to him merely the raw material which he shapes, arranges, and displays to set forth an idea. This has come home to me with especial force lately in reading, not for the first or second time, his story, *Youth*—at once the simplest and the finest tale, I think, that he has ever given us. The events of young Marlow's voyage in the luckless *Judea* are by no means so surprising as those in the *Cruise of the Cachalot*, but this little story of fifty pages is alive with that sense of light-hearted enterprise and indomitable energy which is altogether lacking in Mr. Bullen's work. "I remember," Mr. Conrad makes his hero say, "my youth and the feeling that will never come back any more—the feeling that I could last forever, outlast the sea, the earth, and all men; the deceitful feeling that lures us on to joys, to perils, to love, to vain effort—to death; the triumphant conviction of strength, the heat of life in the handful of dust, the glow in the heart that with every year grows dim." It would be a pleasant task for the young story-writer to analyze a book of Mr. Conrad's, or to compare such a piece of work as his *Typhoon* with a chapter of *Round the Horn*, and it would furnish him a capital lesson in the methods of artistic workmanship.

Outside my door the violence of the storm has fallen, and the calm stars are shining down on the long stretch of cold, white fields. It is a desolation, but it is peace. Across the halls there floats to me from the music room the rich, full harmony of a Schubert chord. A voice rises strong, pure, and sweet, and I catch the first words of the loveliest of all the songs of rest, "Ueber alle Gipfel." I have had enough of the strenuous life, even in its faint reflection in books, and am weary of the crash of waves on the decks, the thunder of the thousand hooves, the oaths and cries of struggling men. This is the night—I had almost forgotten—that the Schubert Quartette meets in my rooms. I will join them, and in a magic bath of music will wash my mind free from all the harsher sights and sounds that haunt it. Tonight, at least, the Red Gods do not call me.



THE WINDOW THAT MONSIEVR FORGOT

BY MARY IMLAY TAYLOR



I

THE weeping old woman fell on her knees before the Cardinal and received his blessing. Then, being assisted to her feet by a young priest, she suffered herself to be led away—still weeping. The scene had been a painful one, and the Cardinal passed his hand over his eyes.

He was himself an old man, of medium height, with the slender, erect figure of his youth. His features were regular and even beautiful; his eyes gentle and humorous and of a clear hazel. A whimsical smile usually lingered about his sensitive lips; a smile that invited confidence and won affection. His red cassock was almost shabby, for he cared nothing for his appearance. It was one of many traits which tormented and scandalized his valet, a worldly-minded person by the name of Pierrot.

Having dismissed his aged and distressed visitor, the Cardinal sat down to eat his midday meal. The table—a small one of rich old mahogany—was spread near a long window that opened on the piazza. A trellis, covered with vines, screened that corner and framed the window at which his Eminence sat eating his roll and his chicken wing and sipping his chocolate. Below was a small garden plot sheltered by high walls; in the very heart of gay, noisy Paris it was as quiet as a corner of Eden.

The Cardinal ate sparingly of a meal that could have been set only before an ascetic. Pierrot had just brought him a golden-ripe

pomegranate and a slender glass filled with amber-colored wine, when he was again interrupted by a servant bringing him the card of a persistent caller. The Cardinal put on his eyeglasses and read it thoughtfully; it was an unfamiliar name—"Miss Lois Norton"—and he could not divine her errand, neither was it his hour for receiving strangers.

"The young lady will not take 'no,' your Eminence," said the attendant respectfully.

"Is she alone?" asked his Eminence, laying the card beside him.

"Yes, monseigneur, and she has been here twice already today."

"I will see her," said the Cardinal, with his whimsical smile; "she is an American. She undoubtedly wishes to sell me for something like fifty francs per column. I think I am worth that much—according to my last visitor from the United States. It is well to know your monetary value, Pierrot; I gathered that she thought me rather cheap at that—especially with autographed photographs of me and of M. Vivite, the chauffeur; she did us both for the same newspaper."

"Your Eminence is altogether too kind to them," replied the confidential servant severely; "and you have not finished your meal—this has been so for a week."

"Precisely, Pierrot," retorted the Cardinal, smiling again; "it is a form of abstinence that is forced upon me."

"If your Eminence will permit these ——"

His Eminence held up a white hand. A young girl had just entered the room and now approached the Cardinal's corner by the window. There was a peculiarly neat and fresh effect to her whole trim figure, in its pale gray suit, with a white veil draped on the wide brim of the violet-colored straw hat that shaded a charming face. The Cardinal—who was fastidious—thought her a most beautiful type of spring, a personification of sweetness and freshness and blossoming time. He dismissed his servant and graciously invited her to step out on to the piazza and take the wicker chair opposite his own at the window. When she sat down, and the light shone full on her face, he saw that she had been weeping and was still deeply agitated. Involuntarily, he thought of his other visitor—worn and old and weeping too, the scant, hard wrung tears of age—with the heartbreak for her son who ——

The Cardinal looked at his young visitor with a genial smile and waited to be addressed.

She clasped her gloved hands tightly together and straightened herself in her chair, controlling an almost overmastering emotion.

"Monseigneur," she said abruptly, "I am an American."

"I know it," he replied, the smile deepening about his thin lips, his eyes softening.

She looked at him in surprise, knowing that her French was faultless, but she passed it over; everything was really trivial except the trouble that hung upon her heart like a millstone.

"I have come to you," she hesitated and looked down, trying to shape her sentences; "because—because I am in distress of mind ——"

"Many people come to me for that reason, my child," remarked the Cardinal gently; his manner invited confidences.

"Yes," she said, with an effort, "I know it, but—but they come for religious consolation—and I do not. I—I am a heretic."

The Cardinal's smile grew more whimsical; he elevated his brows.

"So," he said, "even so; they also come to me—for conversion."

But she did not smile; she only looked at him with a pained expression.

"I do not come for that either," she replied, and turned her face away, tracing a pattern on the floor with the point of her parasol. "Yet, I do come to you for—for advice."

"Ah!" murmured his Eminence pleasantly, putting the tips of his long, tapering fingers together and looking at them attentively.

She stopped tracing her pattern. Her face was so pale that her white veil seemed no whiter than her cheek.

"You are the Archbishop of Paris," she said abruptly, "therefore no one will doubt your word ——"

"My dear child!" interrupted the Cardinal Archbishop softly, "my dear child, when men can even doubt the blessed verities of the Christian religion they are quite as likely to doubt the word of a humble follower of Christ."

"They would surely take your word, though," she went on, unheeding, "in evidence—in evidence to save a man's life."

The Cardinal's whimsical smile faded away; he looked at her intently.

"My evidence would undoubtedly be as good as another man's before the law," he said quietly, "if I gave it."

She did not quite know how to address him, and she dropped all thought of this formality as she began to reach her subject.

"I have read the papers day by day," she said earnestly, "for six weeks—all through the great trial"—his Eminence started—"and I know of your interest in Claude de Brissac. You believe he is innocent."

The Cardinal gravely inclined his head.

"But no one else does, mademoiselle," he said, "except his mother and his fiancée."

She looked up quickly.

"Is it quite true that she is dying?" she asked in an awed tone.

"No, she is not dying," he replied; "the young are often slow to die, however much they may desire it, but she has—what we call familiarly—the broken heart. Since they have sentenced M. de Brissac to be executed—it is already two days—Mlle. de Lausun has eaten nothing. She lies in her little white bed, with the crucifix in her hands, and she speaks only when she prays aloud for his deliverance."

The American girl looked away; her eyes were brimming with tears and her lips trembled.

"This is also a very emotional creature," thought the Cardinal, "the American people live too fast; their nerves ——"

But he did not give voice to his thoughts, and there was a pause.

"I have followed the whole case," said she, earnestly, her tearful eyes turning on him almost with reproach. "I am sure that M. de Brissac is innocent; you are sure of it—why can he not be saved?"

He smiled sadly.

"My dear child," he said, "do you not remember that the people cried, 'Give us Barabbas'? It is so still. M. de Lausun was the most popular man in the French cabinet, he was the friend of the president; as Minister of the Interior he has done much to ameliorate the condition of the country people. He loved reform, but he hated reformers, he detested socialists, he persecuted anarchists. I have no doubt that an anarchist shot him, particularly since the paper, with the list of those in Paris, was the only thing taken from his person. But, mademoiselle, there was absolutely no one near him when he was shot in the garden but M. de Brissac. M. de Brissac was taken running toward the gate. You know—all the world knows—that his defence is that he had just left the house and, hearing the shots, ran back into the garden, discovered the murdered minister, and was running for help when the gens d'arme seized him. Mlle. de Lausun believes this, and affirms that he had only just left her. Unhappily, however, a sufficient time elapsed between his parting from her and the assassination for him to have reached that fatal spot by the fountain. But the point—the serious point—is that M. de Lausun was bitterly opposed to his niece's engagement; he did not approve of Claude de Brissac, the young



"I AM A HERETIC"

man is not of steady habits. They had quarreled openly that very morning, and the minister had forbidden M. de Brissac the house. The motive, therefore, mademoiselle,—the motive which counts so much in crime—the motive exists."

"But, monseigneur, you believe he is innocent," she asked earnestly, "and I—I know it—therefore, we must save him!"

The Cardinal leaned back in his chair and smiled.

"Mademoiselle," he said genially, "you and I together should make the sun stand still on Gibeon."

"I do not understand the processes of French law," she declared, deeply agitated; "and since the Dreyfus case we Americans—but you—could make an affidavit, could you not, declaring his innocence?—if it were established, if I could cast a light upon it, could tell you something that no one else knows?"

The Cardinal gazed at her meditatively. He had dim recollections of certain newspaper descriptions of beautiful and emotional Americans who sent bouquets to prisoners. His visitor's appearance was eminently sane and well ordered, but he was not unprepared. He began to cut up the pomegranate that had remained untouched at his elbow.

"It would be necessary for me to know what you have to tell," he remarked gently, picking out the scarlet seeds with the tip of his knife and counting them.

Again she clasped her hands tightly together and looked at him.

"I am a heretic," she said.

"So you have told me," remarked the Cardinal dryly, still counting the seeds.

"But you would respect my confidence?" she demanded; "you would keep it—as if under the seal of the confessional?"

"My dear child," he said pleasantly, "if you are about to tell me something that affects a man condemned to die, ought I to bind myself? I lay it upon your conscience?"

"I have no conscience!" she declared with startling conviction.

The Cardinal looked up and met her candid blue eyes—they were extremely beautiful eyes—and a twinkle came into his own. But he answered her with judicious mildness.

"It is possible that your conscience is overladen," he said softly, arranging the pomegranate seeds in a row.

"I do not know," she replied, in a low voice, "but I am a New Englander, and it has always been said that we New Englanders have consciences. But I have none." She gazed at him with a piteous expression, her lips quivering. "For six months I have known what I ought to do, but I can't do it—I can't, can't do it! My love is stronger than my conscience. I never thought I should be like this—never! But I cannot—cannot do what is right—because it will hurt some one I love—do you not see?" she cried, stretching out her hands toward him with an appealing gesture.

"It is a common experience," remarked the Cardinal quietly; "it is also one of the snares of the Evil One."

"I know it," she affirmed, "I know it! Yet I am so wicked that it is not my sense of justice that is touched, it is not my love of right and truth and honor—it is my pity for another woman. I can't get Mlle. de Lausun out of my head; I feel as she feels, every hour, every day ——"

She looked at him with tear-filled eyes, her face quivering.

"Ah," he said softly, "it is only your heart that is touched then, mademoiselle, not your reason. But that is like your sex; women are never logical, they are purely emotional. Why do you think only of Mlle. de Lausun? She is young, she is charming, she is also strong; she may recover from this great loss. It is to the old that grief is crushing. Mademoiselle, M. de Brissac's mother is eighty years old; he is the son of her heart, her youngest, and also the only one who survives of a large family. You asked me if Mlle. de Lausun would die. I am quite sure that Mme. de Brissac will."

"His mother," murmured the girl, looking away, "that is hard. Monseigneur, who was that old and stricken woman whom I met at your door? Her face haunts me; was it—could it be?——"

"It was Mme. de Brissac."

The girl burst into tears.

"You are in deep distress, my child," he said, "but you have

no comprehension of the misery, the hopelessness of the very old. Youth will always hope; age remembers."

"Will you promise to keep my confidence?" she cried, "will you regard it as a confession?"

The Cardinal looked at her mildly.

"My dear child," he said softly, "my dear child!"

She flushed crimson. "I know!" she sobbed, "I know—I do not doubt you—but ——"

She straightened herself and wiped the tears from her face. She was a charming penitent.

"Your Eminence," she said, "my aunt and I are staying at a pension on the rue de Penthièvre. She is ill and does not know where I am ——"

The Cardinal nodded gently; his smile deepened a little, a dear old smile—soft and genial and caressing.

"Do you remember that the back of the house—No. 25—overlooks the garden of M. de Lausun's hotel on the rue de St. Honoré?" she went on, not heeding his start of surprise and interest; "it is the only house that does look down in that corner by the fountain—where—where—" she broke off and covered her face with her hands.

"Where M. de Lausun was assassinated," supplemented the Cardinal quietly; "yes, mademoiselle, but I was under the impression that he had closed all those windows. The house—I know it well—belonged to him, and he closed the windows on his garden."

"All but one, monseigneur," she said tremulously, "one little one—and that is mine."

A sudden comprehension dawned in his hazel eyes and he looked at her attentively.

"I was alone in my room that day," she said, "the twenty-third of October last—and ——"

She looked up; her face was haggard with long concealed agony.

"I saw the assassination," she declared.

"Ah!" ejaculated the Cardinal, and pushed aside the little table.

She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes. He rose and kindly pressed his untouched glass of wine upon her, but she put it aside.

"And the assassin?" he asked gently.

She drew away from him, searching his face with frightened eyes, her whole air one of resistance, of defiance.

"I will never tell you," she cried, "never! But—on my life, by all I hold most sacred—it is not M. de Brissac!"

"Ah!" said the Cardinal, and sat down.

"This thing has been on my conscience for months," she moaned. "But what could I do? They would not listen to me unless I told them who it was."

"Assuredly, mademoiselle," he replied, "they would not listen without that. And do you not desire to tell? To save an innocent man?"

She looked at him defiantly, agony in every feature.

"Never!" she declared, "never! Wild horses could not drag it from me."

"In spite of the Dreyfus case, mademoiselle, we do not use wild horses," he remarked dryly. "But this is a matter that might well weigh upon your conscience. Have you a right, by your silence, to slay an innocent man to save a guilty one? Is it not also time to think of a higher tribunal?"

"I do, I do!" she cried; "but what I have suffered—what I suffer—must expiate! Monsiegneur, I declare to you that M. de Brissac is innocent. I beg of you to save him by that declaration; but never—never will I reveal the name of the assassin!"

"My dear child," said the Cardinal mildly, "are you prepared to answer at that last day for the lives of M. de Brissac and his aged mother, for the broken heart of Mlle. de Lausun?"

She wrung her hands together.

"Do not press it upon me!" she said wildly. "I cannot do it—I cannot betray him! I would rather die! Why can't you save the accused by this statement?"

"Mademoiselle, such a statement, unsupported by evidence, would not save him. Simply, I should be considered a madman or an imbecile. It is for you to save him; this responsibility has been laid upon your soul."

She did not reply; she sat motionless with her hands tightly clasped in her lap.

"Is it possible that you can love a man who could commit such a crime? M. de Lausun was a good man. Unless his assassin is an anarchist I can conceive no motive. What motive could there have been, mademoiselle, in the mind of a man worthy to appeal to your heart?"

"There could be no motive," she cried tearfully. "I am sure that—that he is insane."

"In that case," said her monitor hopefully, "you do not deliver him to the death penalty. Is it not this—this shedding of blood, so repugnant to a woman—is it not this that holds you back?"

"Not death?" she said. "Dear heaven! Would you have me commit him to some frightful Dreyfusian punishment? or to one of your terrible madhouses? Never, never!"

"Mademoiselle, you contemplate then a great crime," he replied. "You are a participator in the murder of M. de Lausun, and you—you yourself—murder M. de Brissac, his mother, and perhaps this young girl of your own age. Yet I think you have a conscience, and high purpose, and honor. I am not without my knowledge of my fellow-creatures. Is it worth it, my child? Is love—so guilty, so stained—worth this great price?"

She dropped her face on her hands, sobbing.

"My daughter," continued the Cardinal, "go home; and in your closet think over this great question, which will be asked you at that last day. Your conscience should awake; it is only your heart that is speaking now. Return to me to-morrow and tell me the truth—and the whole truth. In one week M. de Brissac dies. I lay this then upon your conscience."

She rose from her seat and stood looking at the garden, dazed with her sorrow. The Cardinal rose also.

"You will return tomorrow," he said mildly. "This is on your conscience, and your conscience will awake and torment you. The blood of this innocent man would be upon your skirts."

"I will save him," she declared; "but I will not—I cannot betray ——"

The Cardinal took her hand. They walked together to the door upon the street. He opened it.

"You will think, you will repent, and you will come back to save this poor young man," he said, in his fine voice. "It is not meet that the innocent should suffer for the guilty."

She drew her hand away and looked at him with wide open, frightened eyes.

"No, no!" she murmured, "I shall not come back—I do not dare to come back. You would make me do things—against my will"—she drew a long breath—"I—I feel it!"

He smiled delightfully. It was the most sincere compliment that he had ever received.

"My dear child," he said genially, "you will come back."

But she put her hands over her ears and ran down the steps, like one who fled from the tempter.

The Cardinal looked thoughtfully after her until her slender figure disappeared at the corner. Then he closed the door, nodding his head.

"She will do one of two things," he said to himself. "She

will either bring matters to a desperate climax and plunge herself into trouble, or she will come back."

II

The locket lay close beside the chair that she had occupied on the piazza, and the Cardinal's first impulse was to send it to her by Pierrot. Then he fell to examining it, his fine old face full of a youthful curiosity. It was of dull gold and the shape of a heart. On one side was a motto, badly defaced by time; on the other he managed to trace the outlines of a crown, the pearls and strawberry leaves of a marquis, and below was a monogram. It was hard to decipher the devices, for the heart of gold was small and worn and old. The temptation was upon his Eminence to open it; it was fine to see how he resisted it. It might indeed hold the key of the secret, but even so ——

Nay, she would come back.

The little time-worn heart of gold—the Cardinal turned it over and over in his hand. It seemed almost warm and fragrant from its contact with its fair owner; it was the very locket to guard a girl's secret.

The touch of a spring, your Eminence!

The thin old lips curved into their most genial smile; the Cardinal put the trinket in his pocket.

"Resist the devil," he remarked to the scarlet pomegranate seeds, "and he will flee from you."

III

It was the custom of the Cardinal Archbishop to celebrate mass every morning at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, to return to his cup of black coffee and his piece of dry toast, to dispatch diocesan business, to receive the petitions of the poor—which meant, in a word, all the beggars of Paris, to Pierrot's disgust—and to give them more than he was able to spare. It was not until afternoon, therefore, that the world reached his Eminence in the ordinary course of events. But on Friday morning—it was on Thursday that Lois Norton had poured out her heart to him—on Friday he had scarcely given away the capon that was to have been for his own dinner, and the poor in many pluralities still choked his doors, when he received an urgent request for an interview—from an American!

This time, however, it was not a beautiful girl; it was instead a young man, tall and well made, and dressed in accurate good taste, hat and stick in hand. When he came into the strong light from the window in front of his host and made his bow—a bit stiff

and formal—the Cardinal's face changed; it might even be said that he started. His visitor was fine looking, with clean cut features and honest eyes. It was not, however, exactly an American face, though it belonged to a type we often see in America when two nationalities are united.



RICHARD BARRINGTON

"I have the honor to meet Mr. Richard Barrington?" said the Cardinal.

"To be sure, your Eminence," he replied, in easy French; the Cardinal would have been surprised at its perfection but for a circumstance that made him expect it. "And I must apologize for my urgent intrusion; my business permits of no delay. I must beg your indulgence for half an hour."

"For a longer time, monsieur, in a good cause," replied the Cardinal, as genial as a May morning; and his hand slipping involuntarily into his pocket, he began to finger the heart of gold.

"I come to you in great perplexity," began Richard Barrington with some hesitation.

"Indeed?" said the Cardinal mildly.

"The American Ambassador has gone to Carlsbad, I wired him this morning, and the Chargé is in bed with appendicitis—simply everybody has appendicitis —" continued the young man, with impatience, "but something must be done at once for Miss Norton."

The Cardinal elevated his brows, his kindly old face became an interrogation point.

"I know she was here yesterday," said Barrington bluntly, "I followed her almost to the door."

His auditor's expression changed to one of profound and amazed amusement.

"Of course I felt like a cad," went on his visitor, blushing furiously, "but what could I do?"

"Possibly you need not have followed her," suggested the Cardinal suavely.

"Possibly not, monseigneur," replied his visitor frankly, "but you would have done so—in a like case ——"

Whereupon his Eminence smiled involuntarily.

"The case being that monsieur is mademoiselle's fiancé," he remarked.

The young man stared and blushed yet more violently.

"I hope so," he said devoutly, "I was—but now!"

Once more the Cardinal put the tips of his fingers together and apparently gave them his undivided attention.

"But now?" he suggested mildly.

"It will be impossible for you to understand unless I make a clean breast of it!" cried the American excitedly; "monseigneur, I—I am about to make a confession ——"

His Eminence lifted his eyes deliberately to the face opposite; it was a distinctly handsome face and it was also honest.

"I am engaged to be married to Miss Lois Norton," he said, "and she was—was all that I could desire up to a few days before my departure to America, six months ago. She scarcely wrote me a line while I was away; and now—on my return—she is distant, reproachful, even unkind. I fear her mind is overwrought; she has thought of nothing, spoken of nothing but the trial of M. de Brissac. Ordinarily, she is far too sensible a girl to dwell morbidly on such matters; she is not a sentimentalist! Yet, she came to you yesterday, I know, on some strange errand, and I followed her—without her knowledge—in order to protect her from any chance rudeness on the street, and today —" he rose excitedly from his chair — "monseigneur, she went to a commissaire de police on the rue d'Anjou this morning and she has been detained!"

The Cardinal started; he was plainly disconcerted.

"There is some horrible mistake," continued Richard Barrington, "she is as innocent, as lovely, as high-minded—as—as an angel!" he fell into imbecilities in his desperation; "monseigneur, you must help me get her away at once. It is an absolute crime for the authorities to detain this young girl!"

The Cardinal held up a deprecating hand.

"Sit down, monsieur," he said soothingly, "sit down once more and let us look this matter in the face."

His visitor obeyed with evident reluctance.

"There is no time to be lost!" he protested, "heaven knows why they have dared to lay hands on her—it is sacrilege!"

"Monsieur," said his Eminence calmly, "are you aware that Mlle. Norton witnessed the assassination of M. de Lausun?"

"Impossible!" cried her fiancé, in evident amazement, "monseigneur, it is impossible—she would have told me!"

"Did she not tell you?" asked the Cardinal, looking at him attentively.

"Good heavens, no!" he exclaimed excitedly, "it is the confirmation of my worst fears—her mind has given away, she imagines it!"

"Be at ease on that point, monsieur," said the Cardinal, "she is as sane as I am."

The young man looked deeply chagrined.

"Why, then, did she deny me her confidence and give it to a stranger?"

"Of that I am not prepared to speak," replied the Cardinal, "but such being the case, I have myself no doubt of her errand to the commissaire. I wish she had come to me; but —" he shrugged his shoulders, "monsieur, I will do what I can. Let me say first, however, that you yourself can do nothing. Will you permit me to act for you—and for her?"

"I have no choice, your Eminence. It is impossible to imagine anything more rash than her conduct, but in the United States ——"

The Cardinal smiled. "I know," he said suavely, "also it was her conscience. She has been torn with contending emotions; she has felt herself to blame. She has undoubtedly gone to save M. de Brissac ——"

"Oh heavens!" groaned the American, "and these French police—they will hold her as an accessory after the fact!"

An irresistible twinkle came into his Eminence's eyes. He held out the little heart-shaped locket.

"Monsieur," he said blandly, "do you recognize this as mademoiselle's property?"

A light kindled in the young man's forlorn face.

"It is a gift of mine," he said, "I hardly dared hope that she wore it!" then his expression changed and he glanced keenly at the Cardinal; "how came it here, monseigneur?"

"I found it where she had been sitting," replied the old man naïvely. "It is yours? Your mother was then Mlle. Hortense de Montblé?"

Barrington started. "To be sure," he replied," but how do you know that, monseigneur?"

The Cardinal smiled a little. "I am an old, old man," he remarked, "I remember many things; also, I know the crest of Montblé."

"You knew my mother?" Then, as his Eminence bowed his assent, "I am glad to know you, monseigneur, and I would know more of you; ask many questions, but meantime there is Miss Norton ——"

The Cardinal rose and held out his thin white hand.



"YOU HAVE LAID A TRAP FOR ME"

"Monsieur, I go to see her," he said evenly, "and afterwards I will see you. Let us say at five this afternoon, not sooner."

"Your Eminence, it is an eternity!"

"Monsieur, so far from it—that it is not even the span of a butterfly's life."

The young American wrung his host's slender hand with the vigorous grasp of an athlete.

"Monseigneur," he said ardently and with blushes, "almost am I persuaded to be of your religion."

"Monsieur, I would you 'were both almost and altogether such as I am,'" replied the Cardinal with his whimsical smile, "'except these bonds' of flesh and its weakness," and he gently chafed his right hand.

IV

As the carriage approached the Boulevard des Italiens, Lois Norton averted her face even from the kindly glance of the Cardinal. She had endured too much, she felt herself to be on the border of hysterics, and from the bottom of her sincere, strong, little soul she despised a scene. Yet the circumstances were such as to furnish an excuse. A gens d'arme was on the box beside the driver; two detectives, in plain clothes, followed on bicycles. It was humiliating, degrading.

"My dear child," said the Cardinal mildly, "if you had returned to me ——?"

"I dared not!" she replied tremulously; "I dared not!"

"But now," he shrugged his shoulders, "mademoiselle must tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"I shall not," she affirmed. "I have told them that M. de Brissac is innocent. More I will not—I will not!"

"My dear child," protested the Cardinal and leaning forward he looked out of the window, for the carriage had stopped at No. 5 Boulevard des Italiens.

It was a watchmaker's shop. The gens d'arme came to the carriage door and saluted.

"Come, my daughter," said the Cardinal.

"Your Eminence," she said very low, "I trust you—I don't know what this means—but—but you will not betray my confidence?"

He looked steadily at her; his fine, kindly old face took on an expression of extreme gravity. She caught her breath and laid her hand confidingly in his. His Eminence smiled.

The proprietor of the shop met them with profound courtesy, he even kissed monseigneur's hand. The Cardinal spoke a few words to him, and then led Lois Norton through the shop.

At the far end was a door that communicated with a workroom in the rear. The upper half of this door was of glass and through it they could see two watchmakers busily engaged at a table in the centre of a small room. Opposite, an open window poured a strong light on them. One, an old man with a magnifying glass screwed in his eye, was working at a very delicate chronometer. The other, a young fellow, tall and straight, stood up with a watch open in his hand. Having seen him, Lois Norton fell back, looking at the Cardinal with an expression of desperate reproach.

"You have laid a trap for me!" she cried, with a shiver, wrenching her hand free. "I would not have believed it of you! I could not have believed it!"

"Mademoiselle," he replied gently, but in an audible tone, "that is the murderer of M. de Lausun. You have seen him."

As he spoke the two detectives pressed forward to the door, and the young watchmaker looked around and saw their faces through the glass. He took the alarm on the instant, and before they could reach him he had dashed out of the open window and was running toward the rue de Choiseul. Then there was the sound of a pistol shot.

Lois Norton, tottering back against the wall, pressed her hands to her heart.

"Monseigneur," she cried, "it is not ——?"

"No," replied the Cardinal mildly, "it is not."

V

A little red glass lantern swinging at the doorpost of a house on the rue d'Anjou announced the presence of a commissaire de police.

Within, behind two sets of swinging green baize doors, sat the commissaire, a stiff, starched little Frenchman, intensely bourgeois and filled with a sense of his own importance. He saluted the Cardinal with all the respect that he could permit himself to show without detriment to his official dignity, and he indicated a chair for the pretty, white-faced American girl who had taken him by storm that morning and convulsed all the theories of the murder of M. de Lausun. He had now to listen to the Cardinal's theory, and he did so with the gently bored air of a man who is unconvinced but courteous.

"Your Eminence has known this young man for some time," he said, verifying the typewritten notes of his stenographer. "He was a foundling; he is called Robert Sans-Père; and he is known to your Eminence as an anarchist, or at least as one with anarchist leanings?"

"Precisely," replied the Cardinal. "And this young lady, seeing him from the window that was not blocked up by M. de Lausun—in short, the window that monsieur forgot—has identified him in the shop of M. Cremonteau, on the Boulevard des Italiens; but he escaped ——"

"He will be taken, monseigneur," said the commissaire with assurance. "My men —— Ah!" (he touched an electric button) "I saw them come in just now with the prisoner."

As he spoke two baize doors swung open and snapped to again. There was a stir in the room, the Cardinal uttered an exclamation, and Miss Norton's hands dropped in her lap. The two detectives were holding a handcuffed prisoner, and the prisoner was using vigorous English.

Lois sprang to her feet.

"Richard!" she cried sharply.

The Cardinal took a step forward and addressed the commissaire.

"M. le Commissaire," he said, "there has been a mistake. This is Mr. Richard Barrington, an American."

The two detectives looked at him in respectful indignation.

"A thousand pardons, your Eminence," one of them protested, "we saw him as plainly as ——. This is the man from the watchmaker's shop; we chased and chased and found him as bold—as monseigneur could wish—on the Champs Elysées ——"

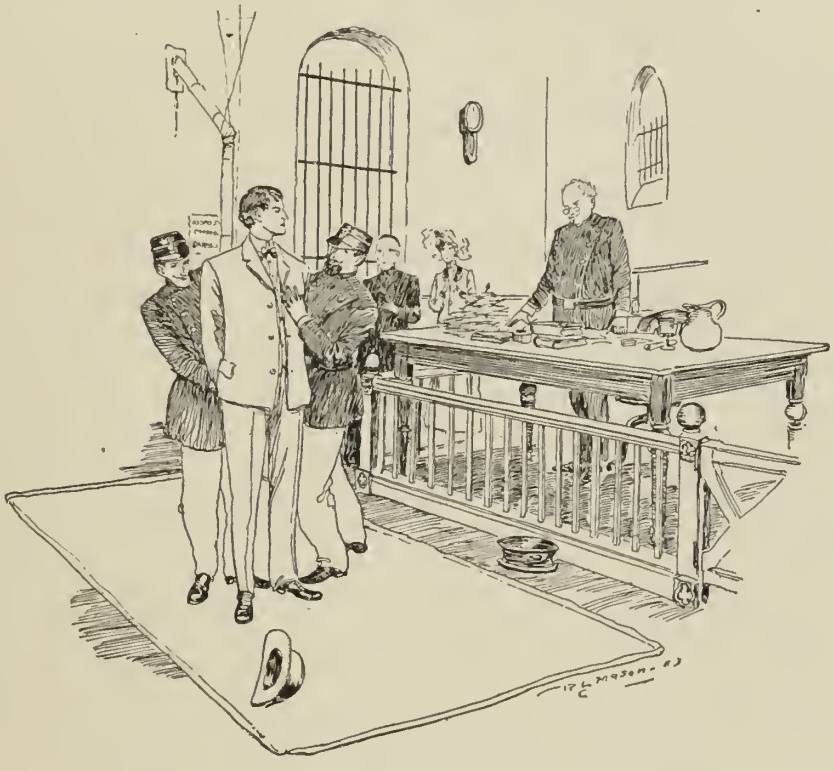
"Confound you!" exclaimed Barrington violently, "I'll see that this gets to my government, I'll ——"

"Oh, Richard, Richard!" sobbed Lois Norton, "it's all my fault. I did it—I did it! I'm the most wretched and wicked creature in Paris—in the whole world!"

"M. le Commissaire," said the Cardinal, with evident agitation, "this is a mistake. On my honor, this man is not Robert Sans-Père, and these handcuffs ——"

But the commissaire was respectfully unconvinced.

"Permit me, your Eminence," he said, with dignity, and fastening his eyes on the prisoner; "what is your name, young man?"



"I'LL LET DAYLIGHT INTO YOU"

Richard Barrington's wrath broke all bonds.

"None of your business!" he retorted emphatically, "you need not attempt to Dreyfus an American citizen; I'll ——"

The two detectives gave him a shake intended to be admonitory.

"If you don't take your hands off of me," shouted the infuriated young man, "I'll let daylight into you—I'll ——"

"My dear sir!" protested the Cardinal, foreseeing complications, "my dear sir ——"

Richard Barrington turned an indignant face upon him.

"Is this your maneuver?" he said witheringly, "have you led that young girl into this scandalous ——"

"Silence!" commanded the commissaire, the hair bristling around his bald spot.

"Oh, let him speak!" cried Lois Norton, "I deserve it—I'm a great deal worse than they are, Richard," she added, in English, "I have wronged you, I ——"

"Do be still, Lois!" he broke in ruthlessly, "remember you are not in God's country, but here in this den of thieves and ——"

The white moustaches quivered. Though he did not understand the language, the commissaire understood the tones and gestures.

"The turbulent conduct of the prisoner ——" he began.

But the Cardinal again interceded.

"The young man's feelings are naturally lacerated," he argued, "there has been a mistake ——"

One of the detectives could not endure this; he had captured the prisoner in the sweat of his brow.

"A million pardons, monseigneur," he cried, "but we both saw him in the Boulevard des Italiens; we gave chase, we found him on the Champs Elysées. He fought, your Eminence, he gave Louis a black eye and me a sore head, but what would you? We call for help, we take him, we carry him to M. Cremonteau to assure us that we make no mistake, and Cremonteau looked at him. 'Oui,' he said, 'oui, it is the man, but—sacré Vierge Marie!—how quick he has stolen another man's clothes!' and he ran back to count his watches. Bien, monseigneur, this is the man."

"This is a question between you and his Eminence," said the commissaire severely; "are you positive?"

The detective rubbed his hands together and raised protesting eyes to heaven.

"M'sieur," he said, "as the nose on my own face—do I see him. I can swear to him in Paradise. It is only the good coat that deceives monseigneur."

Lois Norton pushed past the Cardinal.

"But it is I—I who have the right to say," she cried, "I saw the man from the window of the pension. I can take oath that this is not the same."

The commissaire bowed, with the blandest of smiles.

"Mademoiselle," he said suavely, "a thousand pardons, but you have already shown your readiness to shield the assassin; you refused this morning to reveal his name. Stratagem had to be used. Mademoiselle, your evidence is therefore open to question."

She wrung her hands, collapsing into her chair, scorched by a sudden glance of comprehension from Richard Barrington.

"Great heavens!" he murmured, "did you think *that*?"

The commissaire brushed an insistent fly from the bald spot and began to read his notes again. The Cardinal was plainly perturbed; he even wiped the moisture from his brow.

"The prisoner was taken—after violent resistance—on the Champs Elysées," said the commissaire to his stenographer, "at what hour?" he added, speaking to the detectives.

"M. le Commissaire," interrupted the Cardinal excitedly, "I protest! This matter will prove an international difficulty; I protest—I affirm that this is not the man."

The commissaire twirled his moustaches and the stenographer suspended his pencil.

"Monseigneur's pardon," said the commissaire, respectful and mulish," but the prisoner must be committed for examination."

Lois Norton unpinned her veil with trembling fingers and let it fall over her face. The Cardinal laid a consoling hand on her shoulder, but his expression was one of deep perplexity.

The young American tried to shake off the little Frenchmen who hung on either arm, and he glared furiously at the commissaire.

The latter bowed to the Cardinal.

"If your Eminence and mademoiselle will step into the next room," he said, rubbing his hands softly, "the prisoner will be formally and impartially examined."

Lois Norton turned toward him; even through her veil the tears could be seen on her white cheeks.

"Why should I go?" she asked desperately, "I'm an accomplice, I'm ——"

The Cardinal caught her arm in a strenuous grasp.

"My child!" he said sharply.

At this moment a gens d'arme burst into the room. He was filled with excitement and covered with dust. He saluted and stood at attention.

"Well?" said the commissaire.

"M. le Commissaire ——" he began, and then he saw Richard Barrington and stopped with mouth and eyes wide open.

It was then that the Cardinal slipped quietly out of the room.

VI

When the Cardinal returned Barrington was undergoing the interrogation, and the commissaire wore the look of a man who

was awaking from the nightmare. Monseigneur softly approached the weeping girl.

"My daughter," he said gently in her ear, "are you brave enough to look on something painful? Are you brave enough to meet death face to face—to save life?"

She nodded her head, choking back her sobs. She was past speech. The Cardinal went over and whispered to the commissaire. Then he took her by the hand, and led her out through the green baize doors. They went through a corridor with many low arches. They descended a short flight of steps. A gens d'arme saluted and opened the last low door.

"My dear child," said the Cardinal gently, "the young man was shot by a gens d'arme as he leaped over the garden wall behind the shop of M. Cremonteau; yet he was able to run—dodging and eluding them—three squares. When he fell they found him at the mouth of an alley. Can you look at him?"

She shivered a little; then, withdrawing her hand from his, she lifted her veil and approached the table, a long, narrow one, in the centre of the room. On it was stretched the lifeless form of a young man, in shabby but decent clothes; his chestnut hair fell away from a white forehead, there was no disfigurement. Feature by feature the face was the face of Richard Barrington.

"Is it he?" asked the Cardinal softly.

"Yes," she moaned. "And I have ruined Richard! I—I have killed this man! Oh, monseigneur ——!"

"Mademoiselle," he said firmly, "you have saved the life of M. Claude de Brissac."

She burst into a passion of weeping. "Take me away!" she cried. "I can't bear it! Take me away!"

VII

It was long past five o'clock. In his Eminence's own great chair sat Lois Norton, crumpled and pale and forlorn. The Cardinal was telling her a long story.

"Mademoiselle," he explained, "I knew when you made your first confession that the man whom you had seen shoot M. de Lausun was your lover, and when M. Barrington came to me it was not difficult to put two and two together. Also, I knew you were mistaken."

She wrung her hands together. "Monseigneur," she cried, "that is it, that is it! He can never forgive me, he ought never to forgive me. See how wicked I was to suspect him. But I saw the man so plainly. What could I think?"

"My daughter," replied the Cardinal, "all this, in a word, came from the window that monsieur forgot. Had he remembered it, had he closed it ——"

"I should be a happy woman," she sighed; "and now I am wretched, and I deserve to be!"

The Cardinal leaned over and touched her hand.

"And M. de Brissac would have died the death," he said softly, "and his fiancée would have been broken-hearted, and his aged mother——Mademoiselle, I stopped on my way here to tell her of the blessed release of her son, and she fell on her knees to call down the blessings of heaven upon you. Your little locket was the connecting link in the chain of fate. Seeing that, I divined who Richard Barrington was —the son of Hortense de Montblé; and therefore the likeness to Robert Sans-Père, the waif, the foundling, the anarchist."



"HE WAS SHOT AS HE LEAPED THE WALL"

"But why?" she asked drearily. "But why? If the two were twins it could not be more perfect."

"My child," said the Cardinal, "the world is very wicked. Hortense de Montblé had a twin brother, the marquis, a crooked stick, mademoiselle, who is—happily for his relatives—dead. Alas! our sins die not with us. What is it your great English poet says? 'The evil that men do lives after them.' M. le Marquis left behind him a nameless, unrecognized child, a son. All these years I have known it and tried to reclaim him; but the evil root was deeper than the good root, the tares sprang up faster than the wheat."

"And he was really a sort of base-born cousin of Richard?" she asked miserably.

The Cardinal nodded.

"This likeness," he said thoughtfully, "was it not strange,

mademoiselle? Yet once before I have known of it—the children of twins being as like as twins."

"Alas," she sighed, "I have saved a life and I have lost a life—this poor wretch! Also, Richard will never forgive me—I dare not ask him; I have doubted him—oh, monseigneur, what shall I do? I ran about Paris, too, like a lunatic. My aunt, Richard, everybody—oh, I know! But we American girls are used to freedom, to respect ——"

"My dear child," said the Cardinal, with a humorous twinkle, "there is an old proverb, 'when you go to Rome ——'"

"It will all be in the newspapers at home with big headlines!" she cried, with sudden dry-eyed horror; "the arrest, my suspicions of—of Richard—oh, he can't forgive me, how could he? and Aunt Bailey!" she shuddered. "And think of my figuring in a yellow journal!" she dropped her face in her hands.

The Cardinal's eyes twinkled again.

"My dear child," he said soothingly, "I believe I have been in one myself. What do you call it—'yellow'? It may have been green—but I was sold for fifty francs per column."

"Oh, that is different!" cried Lois, "and you haven't a grandmother."

"I had one," submitted the Cardinal hopefully.

The Cardinal's door-bell rang furiously. She sprang up, white as a ghost.

"Oh," she gasped, "is it? ——"

"Yes," he replied gently, "the commissaire fully understood at last; besides, the American Ambassador wired from Carlsbad. Your friend, having relieved his feelings in—er—strong language—is undoubtedly at large."

"It is he!" she cried, in wide-eyed terror; "monseigneur, hide me—I dare not, oh, I dare not face him! He'll never—never forgive me ——"

But the Cardinal had quietly withdrawn.

VIII

Richard Barrington lifted the portière and stepped into the room. There was a sharp exclamation and he stood still. The girl shivered and shrank away, hiding her face.

"Kill me, Richard!" she moaned, "I—I really deserve it ——"

"Lois," he said sadly, "I should never have doubted you!"

"Oh, you do not know," she pleaded, "you have not been so tested—if you had seen—seen me with your own eyes ——"

"I should never have doubted you," he repeated steadily.

"I deserve it," she said faintly, "but nevertheless you are very hard."

To this he made no reply; he stood looking very intently at the floor.

There was a long pause. The clock on the mantel ticked loudly. She flung herself into the Cardinal's chair again and laid her head on the table.

"Oh, that window!" she sobbed, "that window that monsieur forgot! If I had never looked out—I should be happy—I ——"

The Cardinal came back quietly, leading an old woman draped in widow's weeds. She went to the girl and kneeling down beside her, kissed her hand, tears streaming down her lined face.

"Oh, don't—don't!" cried Lois, in misery, "I'm a wretch—a ——"

"May the saints bless you," cried Mme. de Brissac, "for my son who was dead is alive again. All my life will I love you, mademoiselle, and bless you!"

"Oh, madame!" cried the girl, "pray for me—I have broken my own heart to save yours, I ——"

"Lois!" cried her lover, and oblivious of all the world he held out his arms.

She looked at him wide-eyed, her whole air one of deep humility.

"Can you forgive me, Richard?" she murmured, "can you forgive me? I have suffered so—it has almost killed me—I—you have seen the—your double?"

He smiled. "Lois," he said softly, "you shall never suffer through me again."

A flush passed over her face, her lips quivered.

"Richard," she sobbed, "Richard—how good you are!"

The Cardinal stood in the door, the soft light fell on his white hair where it showed below his biretta, on his sweet, humorous, old face, on his red cassock, and his red stockings. Lois slipped away from her lover and, running across the room, fell on her knees at his Eminence's feet.

"I shall always love you," she sobbed, "will you bless me—even me, mon père?"

A tender smile illumined the Cardinal's face, he laid his thin white hand gently on her bowed head in benediction.

"My child," he said sweetly, the twinkle in his kindly, humorous old eyes," it is well that we do not observe our neighbors too closely—especially from the window that monsieur forgot."



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STEADY!



THE BEST NEW THINGS FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

Our Antiquated Postal Service

Tiny Switzerland has many things to teach us. So have Germany, France, and England. True, these countries are smaller and more thickly settled, and they do less postal business: the combined government post-office and telegraph work in either Germany or England, or the combined postal business of England and France, do not equal the transactions of the United States post-office. Less transportation is needed abroad. Employees can be worked more hours. Wages are lower. But every one of these differences holds true of European and American private industries, yet American industry is the most effective and productive in the world. The Government postal business should not be the "lame duck" of our economic life.

In a German city—take Berlin, for example—there is a post-office every few hundred yards; a post-office can be found as easily as a cigar store in New York. A network of underground tubes connects all but the very smallest. Ordinary mail goes from station to station by Government-owned wagons, but a special delivery card or stamp, costing less than eight cents, will cause a message to be shot by the tube anywhere in the city. A messenger will carry it from the point of reception the few necessary yards to the receiver, and will wait for an answer. Message and answer in Berlin take about two hours. This is service far speedier than any in our own country.

The German telegraph system is an adjunct of the post-office. Telegrams, costing twelve cents for ten words, including address, beat special delivery letters by just the margin between electric and pneumatic transmission. Postal checks for small amounts almost wholly take the place of bank checks. One may send a postal money-order with a message written on the back; and a postal messenger will bring it to the house of the receiver and pay it there on the spot—service as accurate and complete as by personal messenger. Subscription to magazines and newspapers is through the post-office; you pay the postmaster, he orders the proper number of publications for his office, and the journals come cheaply and smoothly in bulk to the several stations for delivery. And not only does a parcels-post do practically all the German express business at low rates, depending on weight and distance, but Germany, through agreements with other nations, sends parcels round the world. I know a resident of Berlin who has a package of meat mailed to him every Saturday from a point one hundred and fifty miles away in Silesia for a little more than twelve cents—the rate for a twenty-pound parcel. German merchants deliver most of their goods by mail—the small storekeeper is thus provided with as good a delivery service as the larger. All the parcels, large and small, are brought, of course, to the address to which they are directed. Germans have even been permitted to mail eleven-pound parcels to addresses in the United States.

The highly centralized German system —developed by Dr. Stephan, who held office as Minister of the Post-Office through ministry after ministry, and now conducted by Herr Kreahtke, who grew up in the service—makes its main business to give admirable public service. And it pays. This shows the results of a carefully organized machine conducted by skilled and permanent officials.

In London the pneumatic tube system is so perfected that within the radius of London one may send an ordinary letter, receive an answer, send another and receive an answer to that, all in the course of a day. Deliveries run until nine and ten o'clock in the evening. The English post-office maintains a telegraph system, conveying twelve-word messages all over Great Britain and Ireland for twelve cents, and a parcels-post system comparable to the German, and furthermore maintains a savings bank. All this pays. The United States post-office fails to give such service and fails to pay even its expenses.—*M. G. Cunniff* in *The World's Work.*

Gorman Smiles and Waits

Some people say Senator Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland, looks like an actor —and he does. Some people say he is an actor—and, perhaps, he is. Nevertheless, he is the strongest individual force on the Democratic side of the United States Senate, and the man to whom the Democrats look to organize an intelligent opposition to President Roosevelt.

A half-hour's conversation with him is a liberal education in suavity and adroitness. "Smooth" describes him. He has an expansive, genial, almost affectionate, smile for all comers. He shakes hands with a fervor that sends thrills up one's arm, that seems to radiate the electricity of "I am glad to see you." Then he finds out all one knows and tells nothing he knows, and sends one away filled with the joy of living.

His face is clean-shaven, finely molded, and ruddy with health. His powerful nose stands out between two twinkling eyes. He smiles with his whole face. His voice is soft and low. His clothes fit his well-filled figure perfectly. He never seems in a hurry. He always harmonizes with his surroundings. He stage-manages himself admirably.

He has seen much service in the Senate, where he was once a page. He learned his politics in Maryland, where politics is an art. He knows how the great legislative machine of the Government runs, understands every cog, eccentric, and lever. He was a leader there when the Republican landslide retired him six years ago, and he will be the leader there now that he has returned, despite the efforts of Bailey and some of the younger Democrats to displace him.

Gorman's great strength lies in the fact that he knows and can execute. He is a strategist. He understands the value of compromise. He can use the battle-axe, if necessary, but he is most expert with the flag of truce and the conference. He has been criticized harshly for his stand on many public questions, notably his protectionist ideas, but he has calmly gone along and maintained both his poise and his command.

His recent speech attacking President Roosevelt for his attitude on the race question shows how the wind is blowing. That was a bid for the votes of the South in the next Democratic National Convention. He will make similar attacks in the Senate. His purpose is to discredit the President as much as possible and to draw public attention to himself, which he will do. He will take active charge of the messed and manacled Democracy in the Senate, and will make a good fighting machine out of it to assist in his selection to oppose Mr. Roosevelt next year. If he wins, he will be the last man to get excited about it. If he loses, his smile will not fade.—*Collier's Weekly.*

He Wasn't Quite Sure

It was comparatively but a short time ago that the old rules of the English courts were in full force and vigor in the conservative State of South Carolina. Thus it was distinctly provided that each attorney and counselor, while engaged in a trial, must wear "a black gown and coat." But on one occasion James L. Pettigrue, one of the leaders of the bar, appeared dressed in a light coat.

"Mr. Pettigrue," said the judge, "you



Courtesy of Harper's Weekly

A VERMONT MARBLE QUARRY

ONE OF THE LARGEST MARBLE QUARRIES IN AMERICA IS SITUATED AT PROCTOR, VERMONT. THE PHOTOGRAPH GIVES A GRAPHIC IDEA OF THE SIZE OF THE QUARRY. THE PILLAR OF MARBLE STANDING AT THE LEFT IS ALMOST A HUNDRED FEET HIGH, AND THE WORKMEN ON THE BED OF THE OPENING LOOK LIKE PIGMIES BESIDE IT. FROM THESE QUARRIES AND THOSE AT DORSET, VERMONT, IS OBTAINED THE MARBLE USED IN MANY OF THE MOST NOTED BUILDINGS IN AMERICA.

have on a light coat. You cannot speak, sir."

"Oh, your honor," Pettigrue replied, "may it please the Court, I conform to the law."

"No, Mr. Pettigrue, you have on a light coat. The Court cannot hear you."

"But, your honor," insisted the lawyer, "you misinterpret. Allow me to illustrate. The law says that a barrister must wear 'a black gown and coat,' does it not?"

"Yes," replied the judge.

"And does your honor hold that both the gown and the coat must be black?"

"Certainly, Mr. Pettigrue, certainly, sir," answered his honor.

"And yet it is also provided by law," continued Mr. Pettigrue, "that the sheriff must wear 'a cocked hat and sword,' is it not?"

"Yes, yes," was the somewhat impatient answer.

"And does the Court hold," questioned Pettigrue, "that the sword must be cocked as well as the hat?"

"Eh—er—h'm," mused his honor, "you — er — may — er — continue your speech, Mr. Pettigrue."—*Success.*

The Curse of Caste

What is it, at bottom, that makes the English atmosphere so difficult for an American to breathe in freely? It is, I believe, that he feels himself in a country where the dignity of life is lower than in his own; a country where a man born in ordinary circumstances expects, and is expected, to die in ordinary circumstances; where the scope of his efforts is traced beforehand by the accident of position; where he is handicapped in all cases and crushed in most by the superincumbent weight of caste, convention, "good form," and the deadening artificialities of an old society. That unconquerable buoyancy which infects the American air like a sting and challenge, and braces every American with the inspiration that he has a chance in life; that there are open opportunities, unreserved possibilities, no battering at locked doors, no floundering in blank alleys; that here, in short, it is the man himself who makes his career—is something which the English have so utterly lost as to be incapable of realizing it.

I feel sure that if one could follow the workings of the caste system into their uttermost details, one could find that the hopelessness and servility bred by it are responsible for perhaps half the commercial inefficiency and unprogressiveness of England. It makes for stagnation, just as certainly as it makes for that class rancor which gives to English trade-unionism its peculiarly bitter strength. At one point in the social scale you may find its fruits in the worship of externals and appearances, in an overvaluation of the purely decorative, non-productive elements of life. At another, it will be repressing and circumscribing the ability of the "vulgar" in favor of genteel incompetence; at a third, you will see it spouting in geysers of flunkeyism. Between King Edward VII on his royal throne and the London "floor-walker," who makes you shiver with the abjectness of his bowings and scrapings, the connection of cause and effect may not at first be apparent. It is there, disastrously there, all the same; and the caste spirit is the link. When the Monarchy sets the example of governing, rewarding, behaving with a single eye to merit, there is no room and no temptation on the lower strata for slimy servility. When the Royal influence, however, tends palpably in the other direction, it will breed flunkeys, as the New Jersey marshes breed mosquitoes. —*Anglo-American* in *North American Review.*

The Passing of the Broom

An ingenious and portable air-pump will probably take the place of the old-fashioned broom in housecleaning operations. The carpet renovators are of various sizes, ranging from 12 to 36 inches in width. They consist of a steel framework which lies flat on the surface of the fabric. This is termed a hood, and contains an expanded nozzle connecting with the hose. In the bottom of the hood is a slot about 1-100 inch in width, through which the air passes in what might be termed a sheet. It is forced into the fabric at various pressures, according to the thickness of the latter and the amount of dirt which has accumulated. The usual pressure varies from 60 to 70 pounds to the square inch. This is sufficient to blow the dirt out of and from





Courtesy of the Scientific American

MODERN HOUSECLEANING: SANITARY AND DUSTLESS

These pictures show the new way to clean house: by means of an air blast which forces the dust into a hooded receiver and prevents its escape

under the covering. It passes upward through two other slots into the hood, as it cannot escape outside of the machine on account of the weight on the surface. It is prevented from escaping into the air by a cloth bag which collects it, but is loose enough to allow the air to pass through. The dirt settles into a pan especially designed to collect it. When filled, this can be readily removed, by taking off the bag, and emptied. To the renovator is attached a handle for moving it over the floor. The handle also acts as a conduit for the compressed air, the supply of which is regulated by an ordinary valve. The apparatus is usually pushed over the carpet and does its work so thoroughly that it will remove any kind of substance which can be driven out by air pressure. In several instances flour was thrown upon a rug and trod in with the feet. When the renovator was applied it apparently collected every particle of the flour, none escaping into the air.

In treating lambrequins and other kinds of upholstery the hose is connected with a jointed steel tube long enough to extend to the upper portion of the apartment. The ordinary air blast is directed against the draperies and the dirt is allowed to settle upon the floor and furniture. Obviously the draperies and upper portions of an apartment are the first cleaned, then the furniture and floor covering. For removing the dust from upholstered chairs, sofas, and other kinds of furniture, what might be called a hand renovator is employed. It is constructed on the same principle as the larger type with the slots for applying the air pressure and collecting the dust, and is pushed over the surface by hand. If the chair, for example, is stuffed with cotton or some other material more power is employed to force the air through this material as well. As already stated, even billiard table coverings are thoroughly cleaned of the chalk and dirt in the same way. In

freeing such articles as pillows and mattresses a simple pneumatic needle is used, the air being injected with sufficient force to circulate among the feathers, straw, or other stuffing and expel the dust which may have collected.—*Scientific American.*

Whistler's "Gentle Art"

Mr. Whistler was a wit rather than a humorist, loving rather to sting than to tickle. Indeed, his closest friends declare that his *vis comica* was to be considered as one of his main weapons of attack and defence. We are told that "he meant to hurt," and it is certain that he greatly irritated many of those who did not know how to take him, and who ignored the fact, which he himself has recorded, that he was "a bundle of nerves and dyspepsia." His humor was somewhat Mephistophelian. In the catalogue of his exhibition he applied art criticisms to works other than those of which those criticisms were originally written, and of which they had been published. He went further: he added to his somewhat mischievous fun—as to the secret of which, of course, he did nothing to enlighten the public—the deliberate misprinting of an expression of Mr. Wedmore's. Mr. Wedmore had written in respect of Mr. Whistler's work a sentence to the effect that "I do not wish to understate it." Mr. Whistler reprinted it "I do not wish to understand it," well knowing that the writer would hasten to correct him in the press. This, of course, so fell out, and Mr. Whistler immediately replied (*The World*, February 28, 1883), "My negligence is culpable, and the misprint without excuse; for, naturally, I have all along known, and the typographer should have been duly warned, that with Mr. Wedmore, as with his brothers, it is always a matter of understating, and not at all of understanding." The retort was much enjoyed by the public, who were not aware that the whole had been carefully prepared by Mr. Whistler, and that his retort was penned at the same time as the original "inexcusable misprint." Mr. Whistler could appreciate also a joke in others. It happened once that in playful mischief he made some difficulty about paying his subscription to the Arts Club by the appointed date. In reply to the secretary's application he wrote a long characteristic reply, but sent no cheque. The chairman (Mr. Basil Field) was requested to communicate with him in a friendly way, for it was felt that the matter was not a serious one. Mr. Field, knowing his man, wrote to Mr. Whistler that "what they asked for was not a 'Composition in Black and White,' but an 'Arrangement in Gold and Silver,'" at which Mr. Whistler was so tickled that he sent a cheque by return of post.—*M. H. Spielmann* in *The Magazine of Art.*

The American as a "Sitter"

My experience in portraiture has almost wholly been limited to the English and American nations. I have only painted a few Germans and one Russian lady. But between the English and American nations there are marked differences of demeanor and habits of thought which materially affect the sitter's personality for the painter. The Englishman, for instance, has an ingrained shyness which often uncomfortably disguises the strong and courageous inner man, and puts the diagnosing painter off the scent and on a wrong track. Not so the American; he is cool, collected, and self-possessed, and is *himself*, so to speak, wherever he is. He is proud of this, and, being a student of human nature, and a reader of character, puts the painter at once on his mettle, for he makes the painter feel he has to *read* a *reader*, and is undergoing precisely what he attempts to make his sitter undergo. This is a mutual advantage, and saves time. Being quick acting, the sympathies or antipathies are quickly settled. But the Englishman is shy in asking your terms; shy when he sees himself on the canvas; shy in offering you the money when the work is done, or, if a presentation portrait, shy when the portrait is presented to him; but, with strange inconsistency, seems to throw aside all shyness in his anxiety to be exhibited in the Royal Academy. The American knows himself. When I painted a man who carries on an enormous drapery business in Boston, he said to me, "You must get my eyes, for I trade on 'em!" The American wants no precedent, and, indeed, rather despises it. The Englishman cannot exist without it. Canova said, "The English see with their ears."



Courtesy of The Magazine of Art

WHITECHAPEL: SATURDAY MORNING

IN THE ARTIST'S OPINION HIS MASTERPIECE IN PENCIL

It is this difference in the respective constitutions of the two nations which causes the difference in the personality, the identity; and they must be understood before any attempt is made to put them prominently and indelibly before the eyes of the world. And, mind, portraiture is nothing when devoid of this element of personal truth.—*H. von Herkomer, R. A.*, in *The Magazine of Art.*

Logical

An Irishman entered a country inn and called for a glass of the best Irish whisky. After being supplied he drank it, and was about to walk out when the following conversation took place:

Landlord—"Here, sir, you haven't paid for that whisky you ordered."

Irishman—"What's that you say?"

Landlord—"I said you haven't paid for that whisky you ordered."

Irishman—"Did you pay for it?"

Landlord—"Of course I did."

Irishman—"Well, thin, what's the good of both of us paying for it?"—*Tit-Bits.*



THE APPLICANT

PLEASE, MUM, THE LADY THAT WASHES THE STEPS FOR THAT WOMAN WHICH LIVES OPPOSITE SES AS YOU WANTS A GIRL.—*Phil May's Picture Book.*

Alcoholism among the Nations

A Paris correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* tells an interesting story about alcoholism in France. The average consumption of alcohol at 100 degrees in France in 1830 was 6¾ litres to each inhabitant. It was then drunk chiefly in the form of wine. A litre is a little more than a quart. The average consumption in 1900 was 18 1/5 litres, half in wine, a fourth in beer or cider, and a fourth in spirits. As some districts in France are still reasonably abstemious, the consumption in other districts is much above the average, Normandy and Brittany being especially drunken, and showing very serious results from it. It is not that the people get violently drunk, but that they keep themselves constantly drugged with alcohol, with ominous results in the form of disease and degeneracy. The average consumption of alcohol is estimated to be 13½ litres in Switzerland, about 10 in Belgium, Italy, and Denmark, about 9 in Germany, England, and Austria, 6 in Holland, 5 in the United States, and 2 in Canada. The poorer classes are most affected in France. The middle and higher classes as a rule have intelligence enough to restrict their potations. Other countries have been as drunken as France and have reformed. In Sweden in 1823 the average annual allowance to each inhabitant was 23½ litres of pure alcohol. Now it is 5 litres. Finland, between 1850 and 1900, came down from 20 litres to 2. England, where there is a special effort now to restrict the indulgence of the drunken, has in twenty-five years reduced her annual *per capita* allowance from 10 litres to 9. The great trouble at present in France seems to be that the government is not strong enough to restrict the manufacture and sale of liquors. Government in France needs votes. There are very nearly half a million wine-shops in France, and last year, in spite of repressive legislation, there were 1,137,328 private distillers who

made alcohol or brandy from their own produce for their own use. This enormous prevalence of private stills seems appalling. Their number has increased sevenfold since 1879. Government not only needs the votes of distillers and wine-sellers, but the revenue from alcohol is indispensable. So the problem is a hard one, but it must be solved, because to neglect it means destruction.—*Harper's Weekly*.

The Ethics of the Subordinate

Can one who is in a subordinate position in the business world preserve a high moral standard, in view of the possible failure of moral methods in those who administer the business? It is a very easy thing to say that if a young man employed by a business house finds its methods indirect, dishonest, and untruthful, he may leave his position rather than abandon his moral ideals. Like most things that are easy to say, it is very often hard to do. In the first place, the subordinate belongs, as a rule, to an almost unlimited class of workers. The average worker has very little choice. His necessities compel him to get a living. Conditions of self-respect require that the living shall be honestly made. What is the ethical refuge of employees who may be confronted by these methods, which their moral sense disapproves? Two or three things must come to pass before the moral relation of employer and employee can be properly adjusted. First, a more intimate knowledge by the heads of a great business of each least detail concerning the well-being of their whole army of industry. When masters of industry understand that their well-being and success depend quite as fully as, in the conduct of a campaign, the general's success depends upon the weakest point in the whole body being strengthened, men will enter mercantile life as a great vocation, not simply because it deals with vast industry, but because it deals with vast masses of human beings. The second thing that must come to pass before the moral relations of employer and employee are properly adjusted is the recognition of that law of human nature that all the conditions of life cannot be fulfilled where an insufficient wage is paid for exhausting work. It is not enough to say that people can be got for that remuneration. If the remuneration does not provide a means of decent living, all manner of temptations present themselves to make good the difference. The passion for gambling among employees of the mercantile class is alarmingly prevalent. Of course, it is a fatal remedy, but it arises from the desire to enter the world all at once with the great gambling public which is stricken through with the desire to get something for nothing. Old-fashioned self-denial is no longer popular; and the restraint which comes with saving carries with it a kind of undefined sense of embarrassment and shame. A little less greed, a little more care, and above all an embracing sense of human brotherhood, are the elements which enter into the devising of that plan of business life which shall make the em-



QUOTATIONS GONE WRONG

THERE'S A DIVINITY THAT SHAPES OUR ENDS.—*Punch*



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THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN SESSION

ployer the guardian of the employee, and the employee the devoted friend of the employer. In the nature of things the subordinate can never be other than the man under orders; but his orders may be of a kind that he shall delight to carry out, because they engross not simply his energy, but command also the highest offices of his mind. He has the right to expect a dividend on the investment of himself in another man's business; and the lifting of his moral nature to a higher level is not only an ideal, it is a necessity on which the existence of society depends. —*Thomas R. Slicer* in *The Cosmopolitan*.

The Five-Minute Debate

Not infrequently at his first session a representative or a senator has come to the front and commanded the attention and following of his fellow-members. It is a question of ability. If he essays a flight beyond his wings, he must bear the mortification of failure, but if, as sometimes happens, he is master of the situation, he takes his place at the front.

The rules governing the consideration of bills in the House of Representatives provide that when general debate is closed, any member shall be allowed five minutes to explain any amendment he may offer, after which the member who may first obtain the floor shall be allowed to speak the same length of time in opposition.

But under this rule the five-minute debate must be germane to the amendment. No opportunity is afforded by it to the new member to make what could properly be termed his maiden speech. By cultivating the friendship and obtaining the respect and confidence of a chairman or minority leader of one of the more prominent committees he will soon be given his chance.

For a new Congressman to interrupt a speaker to ask a question in the line of debate sometimes means trouble for the offender. Not so very many years ago a prominent member of the House of Representatives was making an eloquent speech upon a party measure, and with characteristic ability was avoiding the details of the subject, which he was well aware would not stand too close scrutiny.

Right in the middle of his eloquence he was asked a very pertinent question by a new and unheard-of member, and it was demanded that a reply of either yes or no be given. As it would not have been advantageous to the orator's argument to make such an answer, and as he resented the interruption from the new member, he at first paid no attention to the question.

The query was repeated in such a manner as to attract the attention of the entire House, whereupon the speaker turned to the persistent questioner, and asked him if he were not aware that there were some questions which it was impossible to answer satisfactorily by either yes or no.

"I defy you to give me an example of such a question," was the reply.

"Tell me by either yes or no if you are still beating your wife?"

It is hardly necessary to state that the question was not answered, and the controversy ended amid the laughter of the House and the confusion of the precocious beginner.—*John D. Long* in *Youth's Companion*.

In Praise of Marie Corelli

Marie Corelli is bold; perhaps she is the boldest writer that has ever lived. What she believes she says, with a brilliant fearlessness that sweeps aside petty argument in its giant's stride towards the goal for which she aims. She will have no half-measures. Her works, gathered together under one vast cover, might fitly be printed and published as an amplified edition of the Decalogue.

It is small wonder, then, that she has not earned the approbation of those critics who are unable to grasp the stupendous



Courtesy of George W. Jacobs

WHAT BECOMES OF PRESS CUTTINGS SENT TO MARIE CORELLI

nature of her programme; they, having always held by certain canons, and finding those canons brusquely disregarded, retort with wholesale condemnation of matters that they deem literary heterodoxy, but whose sterling simplicity is in reality altogether beyond their ken. Fortunately, their words have failed to frighten off the public, which, ever loyal to one fighting for the right, has supported and befriended Marie Corelli in her dauntless crusade against vice and unbelief.

It may be asked, What is Marie Corelli's life-programme? Most writers have a definite object in view—this one to achieve immortality; that one to make money. What is Marie Corelli's?

Briefly she writes—has always written—to reach the hearts and minds of those thinking people of today who are striving to combat the subtleties of the agnostic and atheist; to strengthen their faith in the truth, the reality, the goodness of God and Christianity; the people who have hearts that throb with tenderness, hope, love, and sincerity. She would purify society. She would destroy the rule of unbelief and insincerity, and raise in its place ideal characters and conditions strongly built upon a foundation of faith and truth. Such is Marie Corelli's programme.

But what of that self of which so much has been heard? It is a personality striking in its simplicity and in its power. Marie Corelli is a woman of women, simple in her tastes, strong in her faiths and aims, with a heart full of sympathy for others, living a busy life that from its productiveness in the world of literature is a constant influence for good in the hearts and homes of thousands the world over, and in its private relationships a source of help, inspiration, and benefit to those with whom she comes in contact.—*From Marie Corelli*, by *J. F. G. Coates* and *R. S. Bell* (George W. Jacobs).

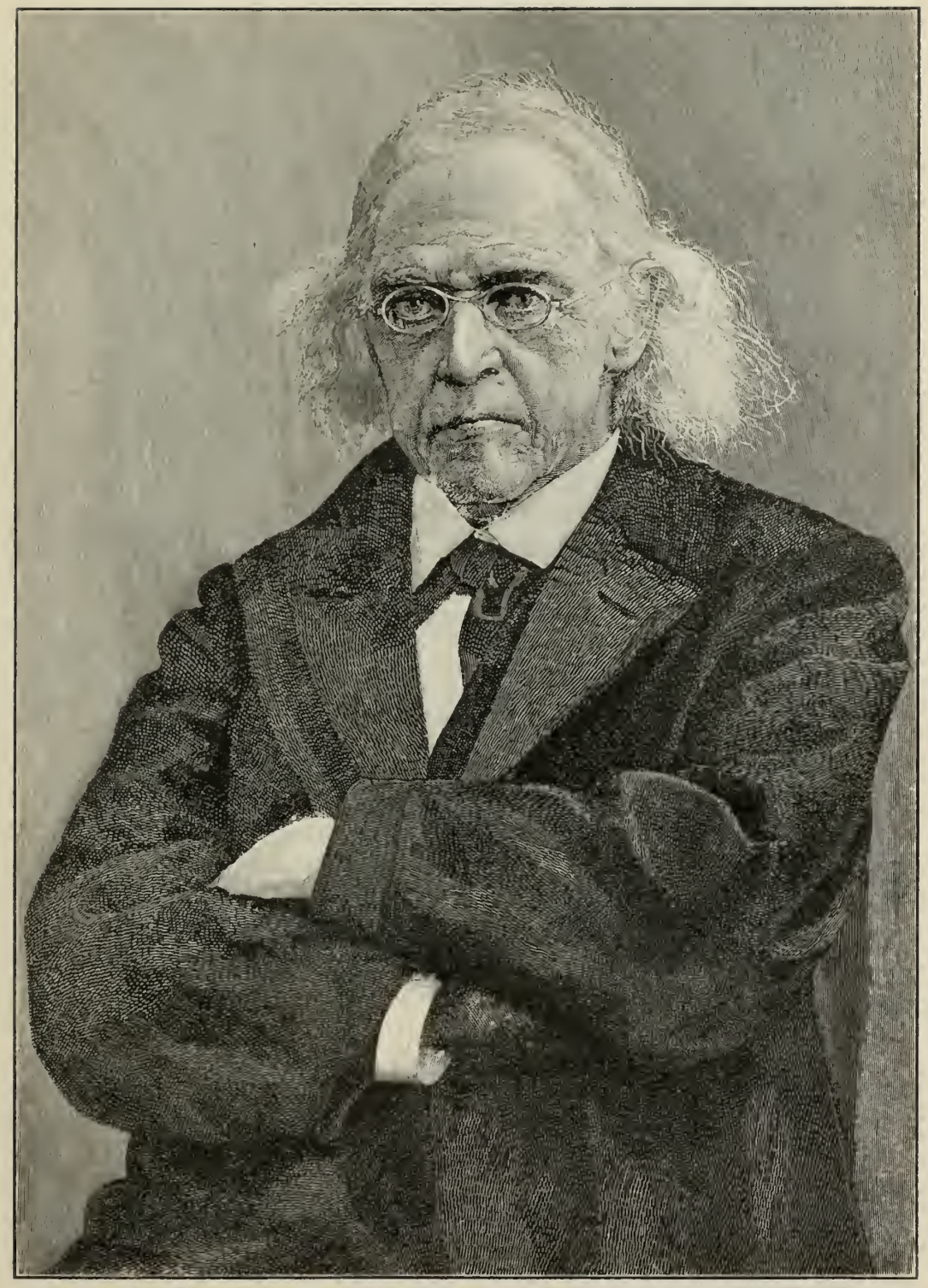
Why the Stomach does not Digest Itself

When we consider the extraordinary dissolvent potency which the juices of the human stomach must possess in order to digest the strange assortment of substances that we are in the habit of putting down our throats, we wonder how it is that these juices do not turn the walls of the digestive tract and the whole digestive apparatus into chyme and chyle. The digestive tract is filled with ferments capable of dissolving food; but these ferments do not attack the intestinal walls nor the parasitic worms that often live there. Recent investigations conducted by E. Weinland have shown that this immunity is due to the secretion by the living tissues of certain anti-ferments. The following interesting experiment was made: A mixture of fibrin and trypsin or pepsin was prepared and, after the addition of a small quantity of the juice of ascarides, or round worms, it was found that no digestion of the fibrin took place. The ferment did not attack the fibrin even when no more of the juice of parasitic worms was added for an hour. It is thus not the living tissues that resist digestion, it is the juices that impregnate them, which they themselves have produced.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Mommsen, Scholar and Politician

At his death Professor Mommsen occupied a unique position in contemporary Europe. By common consent he was the foremost scholar, both by virtue of the extent and variety of his attainments, and the extraordinary literary value of one or two of his works. He was also the accepted *savant* of the German people, the tutelary intellectual genius of his country. For many years it had been his business to expound German ideals and to give voice to racial ambitions. His history of Rome is not a mosaic of painfully deciphered facts, but a story of living men, a drama of the rise of one of the greatest of human peoples. Only a laborious scholar can know what a deep foundation of scholarship underlies the vivid narrative; but the most prosaic of men can feel in the tale something of an epic magnificence. Mommsen carried the same vitality into his politics. An enthusiastic Liberal from the first, and a strenuous opponent of Bismarck, he remained to the end a keen critic of policies and politicians. Whatever our verdict on his work, all must feel that a great figure has departed from the world.

He was a democrat, rejoicing in the strength of the people, and when he found



L'Illustration

THEODOR MOMMSEN



Photograph by Mesny *Courtesy of Leslie's Monthly*

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE

a man capable of leading the masses, ready to fall down and worship him. But the democracy must be a militant one. The ineffective philanthropist gets from him nothing but contempt. It is the strong man, the Caesar or Napoleon, who can discern the power of the "body-guard from the pavement," and use it to shatter effete institutions, who commands his admiration. He believes in and preaches the gospel of strength, and the strong unjust man seems to him more worth having than a century of the ineffectual good. Liberal though he calls himself, his sympathies are far more with Sulla than with the Gracchi, who discovered a truth which they had not the courage to develop logically; with Catiline and "those terrible energies, the wicked," than with Cicero and academic virtue.

His conception of freedom, like that of most Individualists, was narrow and abstract; and he was prepared to submit to other bonds. He was nominally opposed

to the doctrine of Imperialism, but in practice he was an enthusiast for the domination of his own Teutonic race. The people are the only source of power and of political wisdom, so ran his creed; but they must be led, and their leader should tolerate no malcontents. The truth is that no Conservatism is so unshakable as a certain kind of Liberalism which professes a small number of Liberal dogmas, but is by temperament bureaucratic and absolutist. The net result of his teaching seems to us to have been the riveting of militarist and bureaucratic shackles upon his compatriots, and the encouragement of every grandiose racial ambition. Like the Republican Whigs of the eighteenth century, he showed how reaction can masquerade in the cap of liberty.—*The Spectator*.

"Charlie, the Crook Chaser"

Years ago, when Charles J. Bonaparte told his fellow Baltimoreans that he thought free education as demoralizing as free food and drink, he was dubbed "Soup-house Charlie" in derision. Later, when he seized upon certain of them and pushed them into jail, they called him other and more picturesque names—this time in earnest. Now the sentences of most of them having expired, and Mr. Bonaparte having been elevated to the seats of the mighty, his popular or pet name has become "Charlie the Crook Chaser." The last of this series of printable and unprintable titles is by far the best. It fits him as well as he fits the post of Corruption-ventilator-in-ordinary to the Roosevelt administration.

Beneath the forehead lurks the Bonaparte smile. It is there all the time—morning, noon, and night. It is there when its owner arises in court to pronounce a eulogy upon a dead judge, it is there when he lashes the "leaders" on the stump, and it is there when he is in a case and the witnesses on the other side begin to perspire coldly. This smile, though even its owner may not have known it, was one of the chief assets of the Baltimore Reform League in the year of grace 1895, when the ancient and odorous democracy of Maryland faced "Soup-house Charlie," and went tumbling into a heap of writhing grafters, scared "leaders," and twisted machinery. It is a smile of fascination and woful troubles—sweet, oily, insinuating, seductive, deceitful, sarcastic, sardonic, terrifying, paralyzing, and diabolical. When the lesser law-breakers of the old machine faced it, it seemed fairly hellish. If Bonaparte had bawled at them and called them names, they would have understood him and opposed him. But with that grisly, ghastly smile upon his countenance he seemed the very embodiment of the powers of darkness. Many a Maryland politician who was never directly blasted by it sees it in his dreams; and one who has best cause thus to see it is the Honorable Arthur Pue Gorman, senator, statesman, and presidential possibility. Were Mr. Bonaparte to die tomorrow Mr. Gorman's chances of being President would be vastly increased.

Several times during its more strenuous years the members of the Reform League, or some of them, refused to sign reports because they regarded the charges made as libelous. Each time Mr. Bonaparte thereupon made the charges himself, over his signature, in a letter to the public.

"If there are libel suits," he said, "I am responsible. Let them sue."

But no writhing politician would ever sue Charles J. Bonaparte for libel. It would be too much like attempting to stop a dynamo with one's walking stick.

The newspapers of Baltimore, knowing Mr. Bonaparte's absolute accuracy, print any charges he makes against public officials, secure in the knowledge that no damage suits will follow. He never accuses until he is certain, and then he doesn't spare his victim. Having a million or more in good securities, he would be an easy target for shyster lawyers were it not for the fact that no shyster lawyer would oppose him in court for any fee less than a billion.—*John F. Brownell* in *Leslie's Monthly*.

Domestic Strategy

The younger man had been complaining that he could not get his wife to mend his clothes. "I asked her to sew a button on this vest last night, and she hasn't

touched it," he said. At this the older man assumed the air of a patriarch.

"Never ask a woman to mend anything," he said.

"What would you have me do?" asked the other.

"Simply do as I do," was the assured reply. "You haven't been married very long, and I think I can give you some serviceable suggestions. When I want a shirt mended I take it to my wife, flourish it round a little and say, 'Where's that rag-bag?'

"'What do you want of the rag-bag?' asks my wife. Her suspicions are roused at once.

"'I want to throw this shirt away; it's worn out,' I say, with a few more flourishes.

"'Let me see that shirt,' my wife says then. 'Now, John, hand it to me at once.'

"Of course I pass it over, and she examines it. 'Why, John Taylor,' she is sure to say, 'I never knew such extravagance! This is a perfectly *good* shirt. All it needs is ——' And then she mends it."—*New York Press.*

Rockefeller Religion

"The man who charges too much for groceries," says John D. Rockefeller, Jr., "will not succeed very long." Just what would be too much for oil he omitted to say. "A man may fool the people sometimes," he continued, "but he can never fool Almighty God"—and he recommended the Golden Rule, an amusing rule to bear in mind when plunged in the history of Standard Oil. "The requirements of a successful business career are really right in line with the requirements of a Christian life." Is this sacrilege, or is it jest? Probably young Mr. Rockefeller thinks it sober truth. He probably believes that Christianity has nothing to do with life. It is a doctrine comforting and consoling. "The personal comfort that religion has been to me," says John D., Senior, "has been such that sometimes I feel that I would like to go upon the lecture platform and tell the people about it." Tell them, for instance, how raising the price of oil, almost as he spoke, fits into his consolation. Tell them how his methods against competitors illustrate the Golden Rule. Tell them how becoming fabulously rich through illegal rebates is "in line with the requirements of a Christian life." Explain how natural is the accumulation of so much gold in a disciple of the Teacher who commanded us to give the very cloak from our backs to the needy. Talk about ways and means of making stocks go up and down and methods of influencing the minds of legislators. Explain the superiority of Standard Oil victories to those of old-time buccaneers. Is Mr. Rockefeller an ornament to true religion or is he a most enormous burlesque thereof? It would seem to us more respectful to an Inspired Teacher and his religion of gentleness and love if the conductor of an enterprise, with a wake so full of wrecks and a power so ruthlessly used against the law, should leave Christianity altogether out of the question and preach some acerbated version of the gospel according to Plutus.—*Collier's.*

The Universal Target

Speak kindly to the millionaire;
Perhaps he does his best.
Don't try to drive him to despair
With rude, unfeeling jest.
Don't laugh at portraits which display
His face with comic leer,
And when he gives his wealth away
Don't take it with a sneer.

Speak kindly to the millionaire,
He has a right to live
And feel the sun and breathe the air
And keep his coin or give.
You may be rich yourself, you see,
Before your life is through;
Speak kindly, and remember he
Is human, just like you.

—*Washington Star.*

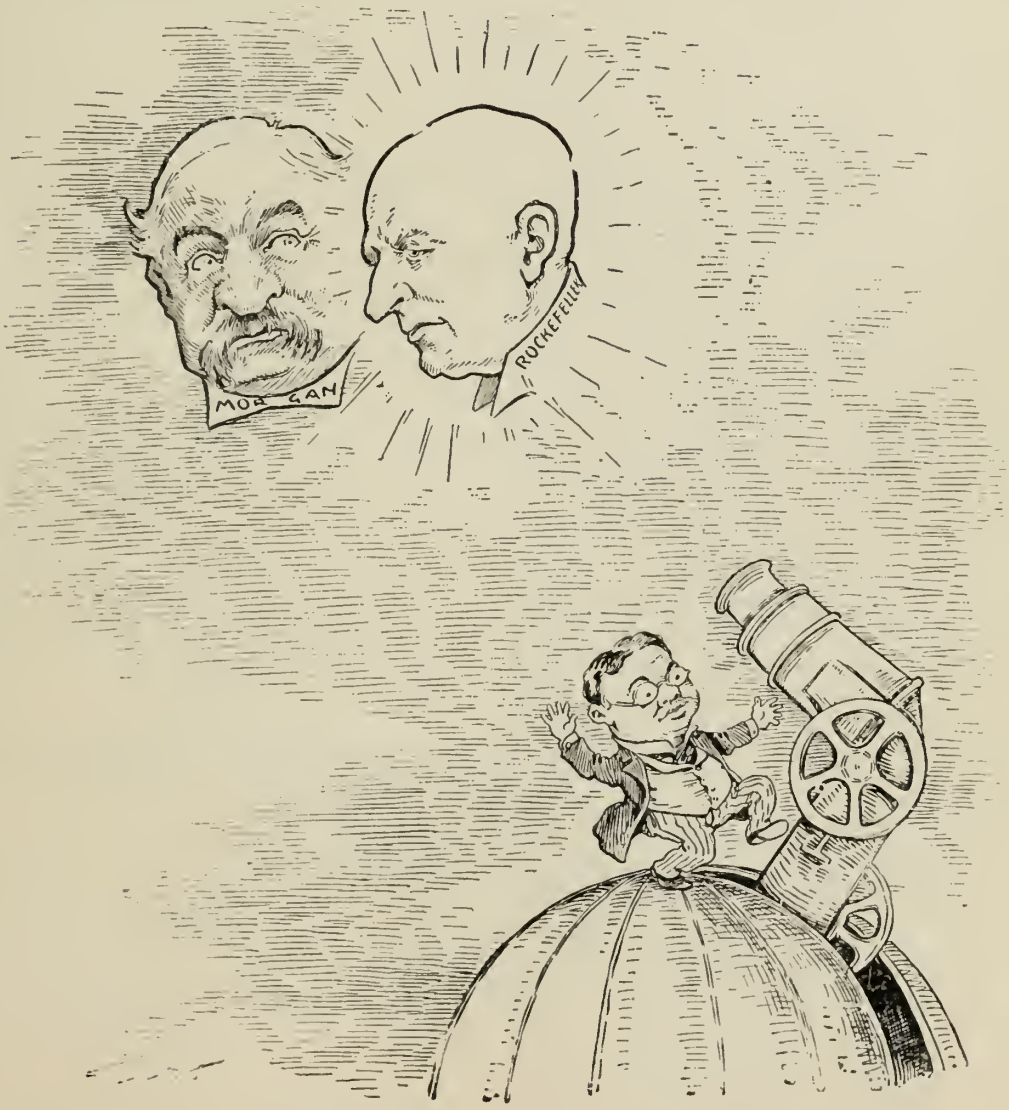
How Chopin Wrote His "Funeral March"

It was on one of my art pilgrimages that I met Chopin first. The common friend who introduced us to each other was the Count Xavier de Maistre.

It was not in my present studio that his wonderful "Funeral March" was composed. I was then (about 1840 I think it was) established in another, a more Bohemian workshop, if possible, than this one. As I used it for the threefold purpose of painting, eating, and sleeping in, I had divided it into three compartments

by means of tapestry hangings descending from roof to floor. The middle compartment was more properly my studio. In it were all my artist paraphernalia, including a human skeleton, which I used for draping in various attitudes. Of the furniture there were two articles that helped to constitute the scene I am about to relate —the one a large divan standing against the tapestry of my sleeping compartment; the other a piano, which I had bought cheap from a second-hand dealer and from which I had sawn out the panels in order to paint pictures on them.

It happened that on the day which has since become historic I had invited a friend or two to dine with me. After the meal some other friends had joined us in the studio. I may mention Chevandier de Valdrôme, Ludre, de Polignac (the musician), Chopin, and Ricard (who had painted my portrait). We were a gay party and prolonged our *causerie* into the small hours of the morning. It must have been about two o'clock, I think, when, being for a moment alone with Ricard in the middle compartment—the others were in the sleeping room beyond the divan—I seized the skeleton on the suggestion of some mad fancy passing through my head, and shrouding it in the piano cover, which Ricard obligingly whipped off for me, I



AN ECLIPSE IN THE FINANCIAL HEAVENS

Bart in Minneapolis Journal

raised the tapestry and made it jig before our friends on the further side.

At first they saw only the comic side of the situation. Their previous merriment grew louder and reached its maximum when de Polignac stalked forward, took the skeleton from me, insinuated himself beneath the shroud, and, sitting down at the piano, made the bony fingers of the puppet play. It was a weird spectacle. All of us were fascinated by the grim humor of this skeleton man performing on what, with some truth, might be called a skeleton instrument, its naked hammers looking like so many teeth moving within a skull. We began to affect or to feel a sort of fright, for which rhythmic taps on the divan, secretly administered by one of the company, were partly responsible. There were repeated Oh! ohs! one, at last, more energetic than the rest, proceeding from Chopin. We looked at him. Moved by a sudden inspiration, he advanced toward de Polignac, seized the skeleton in his turn, and, displacing the performer, himself sat down on the stool. The first chords that he struck were with the skeleton on his knees, but, warming to his theme, he let it clatter to the ground. A deep silence fell on us. It was the "Funeral March" he was playing. There is no need for me to enlarge on the applause that greeted Chopin at its conclusion. We knew and he knew that



MAP OF AFRICA SUPPLIED BY THE BRITISH WAR OFFICE TO GENERALS IN THE FIELD

he had composed a masterpiece. Before going to bed he spent four hours in putting on to paper his new creation. It is possible he may have added to his improvisation some chords, some few bars even that rendered it more complete. But he changed none of its essential features. The music we heard on that memorable night was substantially what is contained in the written notes of to-day.—*Félix Ziem* in *The Independent*.

An Impromptu Prayer

Now I lay me down to sleep—
Don't want to sleep; I want to think.
I didn't mean to spill that ink:
I only meant to softly creep
Under the desk an' be a bear—
'T ain't 'bout the spanking that I care.

'F she'd only let me 'splain an' tell
Just how it was an accident,
An' that I never truly meant,
An' never saw it till it fell.
I feel a whole lot worse'n her;
I'm sorry, an' I said I were.

I s'pose if I'd just cried a lot
An' choked all up like sister does,
An' acted sadder than I wuz,
An' sobbed about the "naughty spot,"
She'd said, "He sha'n't be whipped, he sha'n't,"
An' kissed me—but, somehow, I can't.

But I don't think it's fair a bit
That when she talks an' talks at you,
An' you wait patient till she's through,
An' start to tell your side of it,
She says, "Now that'll do, my son;
I've heard enough," 'fore you've begun.

'F I should die before I wake—
Maybe I ain't got any soul;
Maybe there's only just a hole
Where't ought to be—there's such an ache
Down there somewhere! She seemed to think
That I just loved to spill that ink.

—*Ethel M. Kelley* in *The Century*.

The Business End of a Spiritual Monarchy

The business department of the Vatican —by which term is comprehended the immense yet delicate machinery of the Roman Catholic Church — is probably the least known and yet the most interesting bit of mechanism connected with that notable organization, than which, Lord Macaulay declared, none was more worthy of serious examination.

The receipts and the expenditures of the Vatican, like those of our own Government at Washington, vary from year to year, so that it is impossible to give precise figures. It is estimated, however, upon good authority, that during the last years of the life of Leo XIII the annual receipts and expenditures amounted to about $1,500,000. One estimate of the division of this sum places $100,000 for the support of Cardinals and diplomatic missions abroad, $500,000 for the maintenance of the Vatican and its library and museums, which, of course, includes the Vatican household expenses; $400,000 for the Pontifical alms and the subsidies to the schools of Rome; $300,000 to gifts and charities; and $200,000 for miscellaneous purposes.

The revenues of the Church come from two sources, one known as the "Patrimony of Peter" and the other called "Peter's Pence." The Patrimony of Peter represents the invested capital of the Church. It is the interest on funds invested by former pontiffs, rents from buildings owned by the Church, fees for various services performed and documents that are issued in the course of every-day ecclesiastical business. Since the bulk of its property was seized by the Italian government, the Church realizes very little from its real estate holdings in the Eternal City. Peter's Pence is probably more important than the fixed revenues of the Vatican, for it represents the voluntary and often spontaneous offerings of the faithful.

The Pope has no personal salary. There is a reason: being a spiritual sovereign he cannot be a subject of or subject to any person on earth. This one thought contains, in a nutshell, the whole theory and contention of the Church as to the temporal power of the Pope. He not only protests against the confiscation of church property, but he declines to be an Italian subject, and is thus a self-immured prisoner in the Vatican. The Popes have followed Pius IX in steadfastly declining to receive the money voted for the maintenance of the Holy See by the Italian government. It is a grant of about 3,000,000 francs a year, and, as it has been refused for thirty-three years, the total is now about $20,000,000 with interest. No tax is imposed on the Church for the support of the Pope. In this the Pope differs from every other minister of the Church. Rectors and curates receive specified salaries. The

bishops are supported by the pastors. Every parish sets aside a pro rata sum, known as "Cathedraticum," for the bishop. Cardinals are paid a salary of $5,000 per annum, exactly the amount paid by our Government to each member of the United States Senate. Nuncios, legates, and delegates are paid prescribed salaries.—*George Barton* in *The Book-Keeper*.

"The People's Joe"

There has rarely been in English politics a personality whom it is so difficult to read as Mr. Chamberlain. It is not that he appears to his admirers and to his adversaries to be two different people, for that has repeatedly occurred. As demagogue we rather respect Mr. Chamberlain, for he belongs to an unusual variety—the men who are not courting Demos, but intent on persuading Demos to court them. This is by far the nobler form, and leaves us at least the chance that a man of genius may possess himself of the springs of authority. He is the Minister of a Sovereign more or less stupid, not his courtier. In this capacity our only reproach for him is that, like most ministers of absolute sovereigns, he hides many truths from his master, and grows by degrees too reckless in his methods of persuasion. It is as politician that we are inclined to underrate Mr. Chamberlain. He seems to us to have a kind of half-capacity for largeness of view. He is, for example, undoubtedly an Imperialist, but he thinks only of half the Empire. He remembers always the twelve millions of white Colonists, whom he wishes to bind more strongly to the central power, and who, we fully admit, are by far the more important portion, but forgets the hundreds of millions who are already bound. He openly treats the tropical Colonies as "great estates" to be worked for the trader's profit, and throughout his recent speeches has never once mentioned the effect of his policy upon the most magnificent and the most productive of our possessions. For him India might not exist. The white Colonies, indeed, he loves and solicits, but his notion of love-making is to offer bribes. Mr. Chamberlain's strength and feeblenesses are those of the people he addresses. He is as combative as they are, as insular as they are, and like them he usually confounds foresight with apprehension. To him, as to them, the foreigner is anathema—a man to be defeated not only when he attacks, but when he outstrips. Add that Mr. Chamberlain, though not a great orator, is one of the greatest of public speakers at a time when great public speakers are wonderfully few, that he has marvelous courage in a period when all his rivals are "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and that he speaks in the English understanded of the people, and we shall comprehend the potence of his personality. There will yet remain this—that Mr. Chamberlain



Punch

BRUMMY JOE

"UP ON THE STUMP LEAPS BRUMMY JOE;
IT'S TAXING FOOD THAT MAKES HIM GO."



Punch

JOE THE VENTRILOQUIST

PROFESSOR CH—MB—RL—N: "YOU SEE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HE TALKS JUST AS WELL EVEN WHEN I GO AWAY!"

is a man who dare lead, and that democracy would rather be led over the precipice than left without leadership at all. That is the truth which more aristocratic statesmen never can be induced to learn. They can quite understand, and often really expect, an "ugly rush" against a king, a ministry, or an institution; but the readiness with which the multitude forms rank behind the captain who says "Let us charge!" is still hidden from their eyes. Mr. Chamberlain is ready to lead—as we think, in a dangerous direction—and because he will lead, a great section of the community is willing at once to follow.—*London Spectator.*

Wonderland Figures

"But your figures are all wrong," said Alice rather contemptuously.

The Mad Hatter glared at her indignantly. "I only use figures as illustrations," he remarked. "I do not pretend that they are proofs; the proof will be found in the argument and not in the figures. I use figures as illustrations to show what the argument is."

"But," said Alice, "if your figures are wrong your argument must be wrong too."

The Mad Hatter glared more than ever. "My figures are the outcome of my emotions," he exclaimed with a tragic air. "Go away, Jam and Pickles!"

"Why do you call me Jam and Pickles?" asked Alice.

"Because you're not sugar," replied the Mad Hatter loftily. "You're not worth considering?"—*Through the Looking Glass* (New Version).

["In this controversy which I am commencing here I use figures as illustrations. I do not pretend that they are proofs; the proof will be found in the argument and not in the figures; I use figures as illustrations to show what the argument is. . . . Sugar has gone—let us not weep for it; jam and pickles remain."—Mr. Chamberlain, at Greenock, October 7, 1903.]—*Westminster Gazette.*



F. G. Gould in The Westminster Gazette

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AS THE MAD HATTER

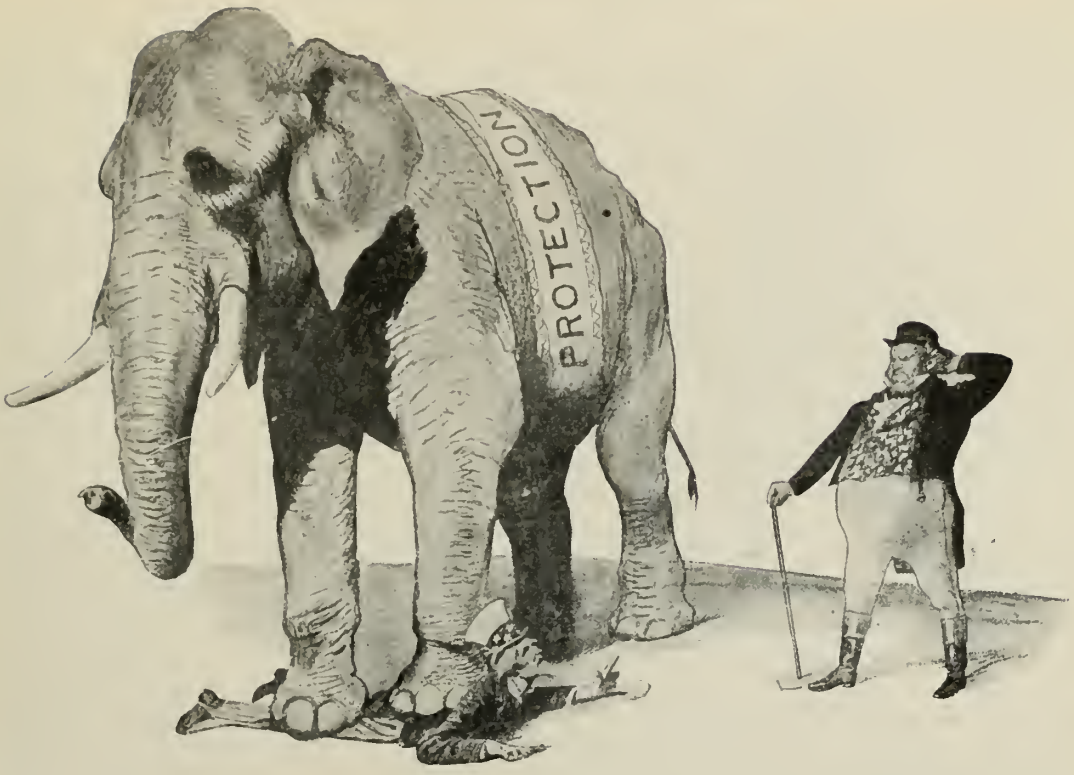
A Big Thing in Cities

At the beginning of 1904 a continuous line of trolley-cars will connect the cities of the seaboard for five hundred miles. With every day's growth of facilities for transportation, the ties between Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York become more complete.

A thousand causes have tended to centre population around New York harbor, producing the phenomenal growth of New York City; this notwithstanding the many drawbacks of past and present. One chief cause of change will be cheap automobile transportation by public vehicles, relieving the congestion of the centres and carrying the population off into rural districts. There, one, two, or more acres will give the family all the health and pleasures of country life, and the economies which result from the high cultivation of small pieces of land for household use.

It is therefore not too much to suppose that, judging from the growth in country districts in the last ten years, in spite of comparatively poor transit facilities, we shall have in 1909 a continuous city along the Atlantic seaboard, five hundred miles in length—even to Washington.

Undoubtedly, by natural advantage and impetus, New York will eventually hold the social and business heart of a city containing fifty thousand square miles and



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UNCLE SAM: "I HEAR, JOHN, THAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR AN ELEPHANT. CAN'T YOU TAKE THIS ONE?"

twenty million inhabitants, stretching from beyond Boston five hundred miles along the Atlantic seaboard to Baltimore and Washington and running back one hundred miles into beautiful mountain ranges. Fifty thousand square miles brought within the reach of a great city means thirty-two million acres—that is, more than one acre and a half for each man, woman, and child of twenty millions of population. The meaning of rapid transit for future generations is acres, instead of rooms in tenements.—*John Brisben Walker* in *The Cosmopolitan.*

The American as a Sportsman

Most Americans are thorough newspaper sportsmen. Now in England and her colonies they take their exercise more seriously than we do, and the majority of Englishmen even carry their interest so far as the greensward, and fight out their athletic contests under the blue sky. Pretty nearly every Briton, from the mill-hand to the peer of the realm, can handle a cricket bat, and he seldom lets his muscles get stiff from the lack of practice at his national sport. Of course some of us Americans play cricket and golf and tennis and football, but the number is small. The average American citizen after he leaves school or college has not the time for real sport. For the most part he confines himself to the tabloid forms of exercise. Every morning he devotes all of five minutes to a violent, health-dealing "system" in his own room, and satisfies any extra sporting blood he may have by reading the sporting page of his morning paper, and he does this while hanging on to a strap on his way down town to business in an elevated railroad or trolley car.

But when the American takes up business he usually puts his sport aside as an evil thing, and tries to reach his place of business before the office boy has had time to sweep out. He generally remains to see that the office shutters are well barred for the night. He learns to regard a national holiday as a public nuisance, and it is only since the Saturday early-closing laws have been introduced that he has been forced to recognize the delights of Saturday golf. And so, while we find the Briton, either at home or in his many possessions all over the world, combining his work with a healthy dash of active



Outing

ROOTING FOR THE HOME TEAM

sport, the average American goes on about his business, reads his sporting page, and at great intervals pays to see some one exercise for him.

You cannot wholly eradicate an American's love for a three-bagger, and baseball and the races are about the only two things which will cause him to close up his roller-top desk before the sunset gun. Through his sporting page he follows the home team all over the circuit, and when he reads of its return to the local grounds, and if its average is not too hopeless, his sluggish sporting blood will begin to flow again, and he yearns for the sharp crack of the bat as it lines out a boundary hit. And so he hangs up his black alpaca coat, and, having given his secretary permission to sign his dictated letters, he takes the car marked "To the Ball Game," and for the nonce is a boy again. He sits on a hard bench or an equally hard cushion, and, if the weather gives him any excuse at all, he takes off his coat and unbuttons his collar, borrows a light for his cigar from his neighbor, and then "roots" for the home team. And when it is all over, and he has prayed and sworn and howled with the best of them, he goes home very happy, and wonders why he does not more often spend an afternoon in the open air and see the game as it really is, instead of getting it second-hand from his sporting extra.—*Charles Belmont Davis* in *Outing*.

A Great American Colonial Governor

Governor Taft leaves the Philippine Islands with the insular government not only self-supporting, but even lending money to provinces and municipalities. Under the Spanish rule the rich man imported champagne free of duty and the poor man paid a prohibitive duty on kerosene and wheat flour. Under the new insular government the tariff has been removed from necessities and increased on luxuries. The revenue, instead of decreasing, has shown an increase. Out of the surplus a coast-guard service has been established, which not only affords protection but also establishes quick communication between the islands. This coast-guard fleet includes twenty vessels, each 140 feet in length, manned by Filipino crews and American engineers. These boats carry mails and enforce the custom laws. This service was installed at a cost of $1,000,000, which was a surplus out of the revenues of the islands.

If Governor Taft's offer to purchase the friars' lands is accepted, it will record his greatest achievement as governor. When he assumed the reins of government, the question of the friars' lands was the burning question in the islands. Governor Taft determined on a business course. He had the land surveyed and a fair valuation (approximately $5,000,000) placed on it. He then heard both sides. He questioned the friars frankly about the charges of immorality that had been made against them; he questioned the people who hated the friars for acquiring the best land. It is Governor Taft's plan to buy the land and give first chance for ownership to the present tenants. His visit to Pope Leo was an evidence of his desire to act in harmony with the Church.

As president of the first Philippine Commission Judge Taft drafted the Civil Service act, and as governor he witnessed its successful operation. He required efficiency as the first qualification, and no drones were allowed. Heads of departments reported to him directly instead of



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GOVERNOR TAFT AT A NATIVE ENTERTAINMENT

to the head of the bureau. He encouraged the appointment of natives to offices of trust.

Governor Taft found an oppressive tax system. The poor man was paying a tax on his plow, which was a necessity, and the rich man who owned hundreds of acres paid no land tax. A land tax is now assessed and yields a large revenue.

The success of the constabulary, an armed native force of 6,000, has been a vindication of Governor Taft's confidence in the Filipinos. The desertions from the constabulary are fewer in proportion than those from the army now in the islands. Governor Taft has given his active cooperation to public education. Early in his life on the islands he saw that the natives were united on two things: a detestation of the friars, and a desire for education. During his administration 1,000 teachers were brought over from the United States to teach English. Primary schools have been established in every province. There are numerous provincial secondary high schools, while at Manila there is an excellent normal school. One hundred Filipinos will be sent to the United States to get technical and university educations.

Governor Taft's administration has witnessed the introduction of a sound currency, the improvement of harbors, the establishment of cable service, and the taking of a census which cost $1,000,000. —*The World's Work.*

130 Miles an Hour!

The attainment of the speed of 130 miles an hour on the high-speed electric road from Berlin to Zossen, which has been duly chronicled in these columns, has probably caused many of our readers to wonder just how the men in the cab

felt when they saw poles and trees flying past. It happens that Dr. Reichel, one of the engineers who was in the car at the time it made its historical run, published in a Berlin weekly a very good account of the experience of those who conducted the experiments. We translate the more striking portions:

All preparations have been made; a brake test has been carried out; the engineers have climbed into the car; and the military posts along the road have been informed that the car is soon to start. The motorman turns the controller very slowly through a few degrees. Fourteen thousand volts shoot from the lines to the motors.

With a whirr the car starts on its memorable journey from Marienfelde. The overhead wires are swaying in a strong wind. A mile and a quarter has been covered. The speed indicator shows a velocity of seventy-five miles an hour.

Each second the speed increases. Just before the station of Mahlow appears a curve of 6,560 feet radius looms up. The speed is now 109 miles an hour. We seem to be leaping toward the curve. No bend can be seen; the track apparently ends abruptly. We know there is a curve, and yet we are anxious; we brace ourselves for a shock. Just as we reach the curve the track seems to bend into a gentle arc into which the car runs easily.

We climb a grade of twenty-six feet to the mile—slight, to be sure, and yet to ascend it at full speed we must expend 300 horse power more. The train is flying on faster and faster. We rush through Mahlow at a speed of 115 miles an hour. No vibration or shock is felt. It seems as if the car itself were not moving—as if buildings, poles, trees were flickering past. Only the humming of the wheels assures us that is we who are moving.

The finger of the speed indicator slips along to a mark which shows that the car is making 121 miles an hour. At every crossing a loud ringing note can be heard, caused by the wheels. Fragments of ballast as large as walnuts are sucked up into the air and fall back as the train rushes on. At first the speed is bewildering, almost stupefying.

We in the cab are much nearer the track than is the engineer of a steam locomotive. On that account it seems at first as if the car is literally devouring the road by the mile. Gradually we become accustomed to the new sensation. The feeling of safety and comfort which overcomes the first shock of amazement gives rise to the desire to travel faster.

After the 120-mile-an-hour mark has been passed the excitement in the car becomes intense. Not a word is spoken. Only the click of the wheels over the rails is heard. Every eye that is not fastened on the speed indicator is glued on the track.

Suddenly, at a distance of about half a mile, we see two men unconcernedly standing in the middle of the road calmly awaiting the car. The motorman jumps for the whistle string. As the danger signal shrieks, the two men on the track turn about with a frightened look and then flee for their lives. No power on earth can stop this 93-ton car within a mile.

Suddenly a smashing blow is heard against the window of the cab, as if a man brought his fist heavily down upon a table. It was a bird, *overtaken* in its flight and killed. The speed indicator finger climbs up past the 124-mile mark.

A quarter of a mile before reaching the curve near Rangsdorf we shut off the current and apply the full power of the brakes. The speed of the car drops to 102 miles. The curve is rounded in a noble swing. The brake is released, and the car glides along under its own momentum without any current whatever until Zossen is reached. In eight minutes we have leaped from Marienfelde to Zossen.

We crowd around the telegraph instruments, which have recorded a speed never before attained in the annals of railroading. The telegrapher can hardly attend to his instruments, so many heads are pressing about him. Finally he succeeds in reading off the record—130.4 miles an hour.

Every one smiles; hands are shaken, congratulations exchanged. An officer rushes off to the telegraph station to announce to His Majesty the Kaiser the feat which German engineers have succeeded in performing.

The front end of the car is covered with flies, bees, and small insects, crushed as if by a thumb against the iron and glass.—*Scientific American.*

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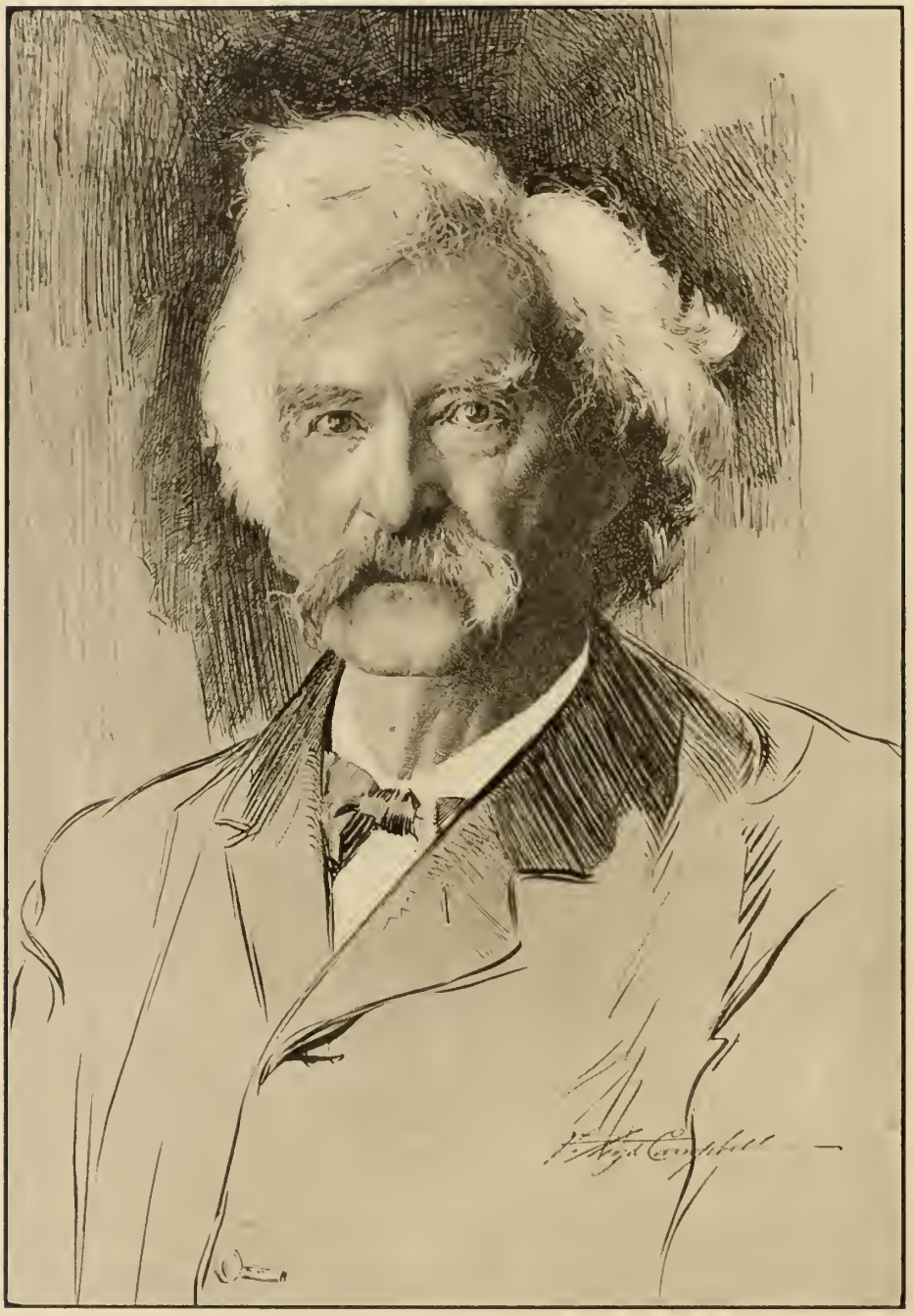
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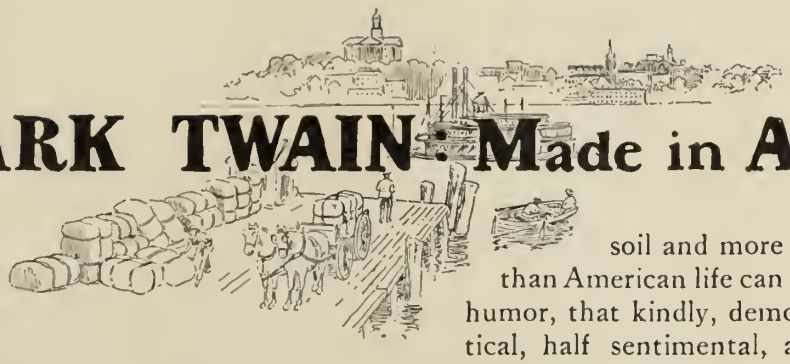
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Sincerely Yours
S L Clemens



MARK TWAIN: Made in America

The virgin soil of America has produced in the last century a rich harvest of humor. The first fruits of this harvest appeared even in Colonial times, when the genial warmth of the Quaker City's atmosphere dissolved the ice of Puritanism around the heart of Franklin and interfused his inborn Yankee shrewdness with the kindly charity of his adopted home. The wars and dissensions of the Revolutionary era stayed its growth, but with the opening of the nineteenth century it broke forth again in the delightful creations of Washington Irving, whose masterpieces of humor, *Knickerbocker's History*, *Rip Van Winkle*, and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, in spite of their disguise of eighteenth-century English diction, are racy with the true flavor of the soil from which they sprang. And from Irving's day to our own this harvest, increasing alike in quantity, variety, and spontaneous charm, has been one of the staple products of our civilization. It has not been confined to any section of the country nor to any stratum of our varying levels of culture. The mining camp of the Rockies has borne fruit as well as the plantation of tidewater Virginia, the "poor white" Mississippi river-town as well as the academic center of New England.

We are not, it must be frankly confessed, a witty nation; in American literature the "wit" is a phenomenon, infrequent, and, as a rule, unappreciated. Wit, I fancy, is a plant that requires an older soil and more deliberate culture than American life can often afford. But humor, that kindly, democratic, half skeptical, half sentimental, attitude of mind toward the universe at large, is indigenous. Every good American is a humorist at heart; and humor in all its forms, from screaming farce to genial character-creation, finds in America what is accorded to no other form of literature or art, a general, intelligent, and sympathetic appreciation.

Of all our humorists, alive or dead, Mark Twain is the most widely popular and the most typically American. It is not too much, I think, to say that he is the most popular because he is the most typically American. This underlying source of his popularity has, however, been more generally realized abroad than at home, where the fastidious niceness of the professional critic has too often been unable to perceive in the creations of our greatest humorist anything more than the contortions of the professional buffoon. It was but a few years ago, for example, that a solemn critic in our most decorous periodical refused him admission to the sacred circle presided over by the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and declared that a circus-clown was as likely to attract the attention of the dramatic critic as Mark Twain that of the serious reviewer. And this a quarter of a century after the intelligent and sympathetic criticism of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* had introduced the author of the *Jumping Frog* and the *Innocents Abroad* to the delighted audience of Europe!

The autobiographic element in the work

of Mark Twain has often been pointed out, but it is not perhaps generally realized that the interest of his books varies directly in proportion to the presence of this personal element. Where his work, to be successful, demands the exercise of the historic imagination, he fails lamentably, as in the luckless *Yankee at King Arthur's Court*. He is at his best when he is recording his own experiences; and in his happiest vein when he is transfusing them into a work of art, as in his crowning achievements of *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. And this is because his life itself has been typically—one might almost say, uniquely—American.

Mark Twain, or to give him for once his true but almost forgotten name, Samuel Langhorne Clemens, spent the first years of his life in the little village of Hannibal, Missouri, "a loafing, out-at-elbows, down-at-the-heels, slave-holding Mississippi river-town." He appears to have been a boy very like his own Tom Sawyer, good-natured, mischievous, a truant, and a marvelous story-teller. He got little or no education in the village school, was apprenticed to a printer at twelve years of age, ran away from home, and followed his trade from town to town as far east as Philadelphia. He drifted back to the great river, planning a voyage of discovery to Brazil—a project which he soon renounced to take up the profitable craft of piloting. At the outbreak of the Civil War he abandoned piloting and enlisted in the Confederate army. He spent some three months in camp, was captured, escaped, and fled to the Far West as the private secretary of an older brother, who had just been appointed "to an office of such majesty that it concentrated in itself the duties and dignities of Treasurer, Comptroller, Secretary of State and Acting Governor" of the new Territory of Nevada. He soon caught the prevalent silver fever, discovered a fabulously rich mine or two from which, however, he secured nothing, except experience, and finally turned to journalism. He had the good fortune to serve his apprenticeship under two disciples of Dana of the New York *Sun*, and managed in the course of his connection with his first paper to involve his superior in half a dozen duels by an over-free indulgence in humorous personalities. He accumulated a handsome fortune—on paper—only to see it crumble to nothing when the mining bubble burst. He became a reporter on a San Francisco paper, sailed to the Sandwich Islands as special correspondent, and made his *début* as humorous lecturer on the Californian platform. He returned to the East, discovered Europe and Palestine in the company of the immortal Innocents of the Quaker City excursion, and leaped into fame by his naïve record of this new Pilgrim's Progress. Since 1868 his life has been that of a man of letters. He has contributed countless articles, grave and gay, to our magazines; has some two dozen books to his credit; and has amused his leisure time by inventing articles of every description from a scrap-book to a buttonless shirt, by embarking in a publishing enterprise which failed for a colossal sum, and by paying off the debts in which this failure involved him, in a manner worthy of Sir Walter Scott. He is at present, it is not too much to say, the best known, the most widely read, and the best loved of American authors. A strangely varied life, and one which could not have been lived in any other country or any other age than our own.

Mr. Clemens' first printed article was, it appears, a fantastic burlesque of the paragraphs on river news contributed to the New Orleans *Picayune* by a patriarch of the piloting craft, over the signature of "Mark Twain." The parody so disgusted the old pilot that he entirely ceased to contribute to the press, and some years afterward departed this earthly life. "At the time the telegraph brought the news of his death," says Mr. Clemens, "I was a fresh, new journalist on the Pacific coast, and needed a *nom de guerre;* so I confiscated the ancient mariner's discarded one, and have done my best to make it remain what it was in his hands—a sign and symbol and warrant that whatever is found in

its company may be gambled on as being the petrified truth. How I've succeeded, it would not be modest in me to say."

It was over this signature that a number of humorous sketches appeared in the California journals during the middle sixties, one of which soon travelled eastward and attracted considerable attention. This was the famous *Jumping Frog*, the best known, perhaps, of all Twain's shorter stories. It is a very admirable example of what he himself has defined as the American humorous story, which depends for its effect not upon its matter, but entirely upon the manner in which it is told. The fun of the story consists by no means in the climax, but far more in the wholly serious fashion in which the author—copying, he declares, the old miner from whom he first heard the tale—narrates the absurd history of Jim Smiley, with his passion for betting, his rat terriers, his fighting cocks, his bulldog, "Andrew Jackson," and his trained frog, "Daniel Webster." And this fashion of blending false and true, this sober narration of preposterous nonsense, has been from Franklin's time, as Professor Wendell has well pointed out, one of the distinguishing characteristics of American humor.

Mark Twain's first book, apart from a collection of his early sketches, was the *Innocents Abroad*, and the immense success of this work, one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies of which were sold within the first three years of its publication, established his reputation as a "funny man," a reputation which he has to this day found it very hard to live down. *Innocents Abroad* is not a great book; it is not one of those on which the author's fame will ultimately rest, but it is a very typical piece of work. Its fun depends upon its frank simplicity, its unflagging animal spirits, and its ludicrous contrast of civilizations. "There are a good many things about this Italy which I do not understand," the twenty-fifth chapter begins; and with a slight alteration—Old World for Italy—the words might serve as a motto for the whole book. No doubt if the author had understood more he would have laughed less, but the gaiety of nations would have been proportionately diminished. The excursion itself was the prototype of the thousand-and-one personally conducted parties which have since then started out to discover the Old World. Who that has encountered one of these queer collections, rushing through their predetermined round of sight-seeing, can fail to recognize the truth of the picture that the humorist drew?

"None of us had ever been anywhere before; we all hailed from the interior; travel was a wild novelty to us, and we conducted ourselves in accordance with the natural instincts that were in us, and trammeled ourselves with no ceremonies, no conventionalities. We always took care to make it understood that we were Americans—Americans! When we found that a good many foreigners had hardly ever heard of America, and that a good many more knew it only as a barbarous province away off somewhere, that had lately been at war with somebody, we pitied the ignorance of the Old World, but abated no jot of our importance. Many and many a simple community in the Eastern hemisphere will remember for years the incursion of the strange horde in the year of our Lord 1867, that called themselves Americans, and seemed to imagine in some unaccountable way that they had a right to be proud of it. . . . We had cared nothing much about Europe. We galloped through the Louvre, the Pitti, the Uffizi, the Vatican—all the galleries—and through the pictured and frescoed churches of Venice, Naples and the cathedrals of Spain; some of us said that certain of the great works of the old masters were glorious creations of genius (we found it out in the guide-book, though we got hold of the wrong picture sometimes) and others said they were disgraceful old daubs. We examined modern and ancient statuary with a critical eye in Florence, Rome, or anywhere we found it, and praised it if we saw fit, and if we didn't we said we preferred the wooden

Indians in front of the cigar stores of America."

So long as the fruitful soil of our country continues to produce in bewildering multiplicity the counterparts of these travellers, the *Innocents Abroad* will remain a perennial fountain of laughter.

Some dozen years later, in 1880, Mr. Clemens published his second book of travel, *A Tramp Abroad*. This is, as might be expected, a somewhat riper book than the *Innocents*, and perhaps on that account it is hardly so amusing. It lacks something of the first, fine, careless rapture of the earlier work. And yet it is full of fun. One could spare, perhaps, the parodies of German legends and the prolonged farce of the ascent of the Riffelberg, but not the unforgetable sketches of Americans abroad. The embryo horse-doctor of Heidelberg, the innocent chatterbox of Lucerne, and "somebody's grandson," are types struck off with relentless accuracy, and yet with such sympathetic humor as to take all the sting out of the satire. No less delightful are the reminiscences of America—Jim Baker's story of the blue jay and the hole in the cabin, and Riley's tale of the man who put up at Gadsby's. Indeed, if it were not for one of the appendices, the opinion might almost be ventured that the best things in the *Tramp Abroad* were the tramp's meetings with his countrymen and his memories of his country. But this appendix contains the account of Mark Twain's epic combat with the "awful German language," and from its modest beginning, with the delusive scriptural quotation, to its triumphant close in the Fourth of July Oration in the German tongue, this extravaganza is a masterpiece. It is based, of course, upon a total ignorance of the laws of speech, and proceeds upon the absurd assumption that a language has been made, and therefore can be unmade, by the conscious volition of man. And yet the wild farce never wholly loses touch with reality. How true, for instance, the following description of the average style of a German newspaper is, only those can know who have lost time and temper in struggling to extract information from these ponderous and polysyllabic sheets:

"An average sentence, in a German newspaper, is a sublime and impressive curiosity; it occupies a quarter of a column; it contains all the ten parts of speech—not in regular order, but mixed; it is built mainly of compound words constructed by the writer on the spot, and not to be found in any dictionary—six or seven words compacted into one, without joint or seam—that is, without hyphens; it treats of fourteen or fifteen different subjects, each enclosed in a parenthesis of its own, with here and there extra parentheses which re-enclose three or four of the minor parentheses, making pens within pens; finally all the parentheses and re-parentheses are massed together between a couple of king parentheses, one of which is placed in the first line of the majestic sentence and the other in the middle of the last line of it—*after which comes the* VERB, and you find out for the first time what the man has been talking about; and after the verb—merely by way of ornament, as far as I can make out—the writer shovels in *haben sind gewesen gehabt haben geworden sein*, or words to that effect, and the monument is finished. I suppose that this closing hurrah is in the nature of the flourish to a man's signature—not necessary, but pretty. German books are easy to read when you hold them before the looking-glass or stand on your head—so as to reverse the construction—but I think that to learn to read and understand a German newspaper is a thing which must always remain an impossibility to a foreigner."

Roughing It, Mark Twain's first book of American life, appeared some eight years before *A Tramp Abroad*. It is, in the author's happy phrase, a "record of several years of variegated vagabondizing," covering the period of his departure for the mines until his first trip to Europe. The book, I suppose, has never been quite so popular as the *Innocents Abroad*, but it is distinctly more important. The descrip-

tion of the old stage-coach journey across the plains, two thousand miles or so in twenty days; the pictures of the "flush times" in the mining camps, the incidental portraits, comic or tragic, of the "bad man" of the West, are contributions of the highest value to our knowledge of a now vanished phase of American life. There is plenty of fun in the book, ranging from truly humorous character sketches to the broadest burlesque, and at times to the stalest sort of comic paper foolery; but there is something more than mere fun. As the author himself apologetically remarks, "there is quite a good deal of information in the book." And he goes on to say: "I regret this very much, but really it could not be helped. Information appears to stew out of me naturally like the precious ottar of roses out of the otter. Sometimes it has seemed to me that I would give worlds if I could retain my facts; but it cannot be. The more I calk up my sources and the tighter I get, the more I leak wisdom."

There is still another aspect in which *Roughing It* is a better book than the *Innocents*, and that is the side of the writer's character which it presents. Mark Twain's first book, it must be confessed, revealed in a strong light some of the most unpleasing traits which its author shared along with the average untutored American: his ignorance, his irreverence, his general self-satisfaction, and his occasional bumptiousness. But it is no uncommon phenomenon that the sort of American whom abroad one avoids like the plague is a very different character at home, and *Roughing It* shows plainly enough the presence in Mark Twain of certain qualities which one is glad to believe are typically American—unquenchable good humor even in the most trying situations, unfailing kindness towards one's fellow-man, unfaltering reverence for woman, versatility, energy, and honesty.

Life on the Mississippi, 1883, is a second work which may be ranked with *Roughing It* as a contribution to our knowledge of American life. Broadly speaking, the book falls into two parts, the first dealing with the writer's own experiences as a river pilot, the second being little more than newspaper "copy" compiled during the course of an excursion twenty years later. There is some good stuff in the second part, but the first is gold without alloy. Here we have no brilliant set pieces of conscious joking, but a subtle humor of character, incident and situation, diffused throughout, and combined with a power of strong and sustained narrative such as no earlier work has shown, a power which even so severe a critic as the London *Athenæum* pronounced to be within the reach of few or no contemporary writers. If it were not too much like an Irish bull, one would say that Mark Twain's feet were nowhere planted so firmly upon the ground of remembered experience as when he is afloat upon the great river that washed the shores of his first home. Mention has been made somewhere of Mark Twain's tenacious memory for detail and his microscopic imagination; and it is no unfair assumption to suppose that these qualities are due, in part at least, to his long and arduous apprenticeship as a "cub" pilot. In these pages he tells us repeatedly and elaborately how he was "taught the river," compelled by advice, warning, abuse, and mockery to remember all its varying marks and depths and bars in daylight and darkness, in fog and storm, at low water and in flood.

"I think a pilot's memory is about the most wonderful thing in the world. To know the Old and New Testaments by heart, and be able to recite them glibly, forward or backward, or begin at random anywhere in the book and recite both ways and never trip or make a mistake, is no extravagant mass of knowledge, and no marvellous facility, compared to a pilot's massed knowledge of the Mississippi and his marvellous facility in the handling of it. I make this comparison deliberately, and believe I am not expanding the truth when I do it. Many will think my figure too strong, but pilots will not."

Mark Twain's first experiment in fiction

was made some thirty years ago in company with Charles Dudley Warner. Their joint work, *The Gilded Age*, is an incoherent and sensational satire on the era of speculation and political corruption that followed the Civil War. Probably no living American was less fitted to pull in double harness than Mark Twain, and it would have been hard to find a more unsuitable mate for him than the gentle, bookish, and somewhat dreamy Warner. No wonder, then, that the book has failed to take rank among the masterpieces of either author. Yet it contains at least one episode, the steamboat race, and one character, Colonel Sellers, that are real additions to American literature. We are not likely to go wrong in assigning both of these to Mark Twain. The material for the episode he found, of course, in his own experience as a pilot, and Colonel Sellers had in all probability his origin in some of the genial liars with whom the author came in contact during his Western life; but both episode and character have been passed through the crucible of his imagination until they have been transformed into something far superior to mere accurate reporting or burlesque exaggeration. Listen for a moment to the Colonel as he expounds to a credulous hearer one of his schemes.

"I have a small idea that may develop into something for us both, all in good time. Before many weeks I wager the country will ring with the fame of Beriah Sellers' Infallible Imperial Oriental Optic Liniment and Salvation for Sore Eyes—the Medical Wonder of the Age! Small bottles fifty cents, large ones a dollar. Average cost, five and seven cents for the two sizes. The first year sell, say, ten thousand bottles in Missouri, seven thousand in Iowa, three thousand in Arkansas, four thousand in Kentucky, six thousand in Illinois, and say twenty-five thousand in the rest of the country. Total, fifty-five thousand bottles; profit, clear of all expenses, twenty thousand dollars at the very lowest calculation. The second year, sales would reach 200,000 bottles—clear profit, say, $75,000. The third year we could easily sell 1,000,000 bottles in the United States.

"And *then* it would begin to be time to turn our attention toward the *real* idea of the business. You ought to know that if I throw my time and abilities into a patent medicine, it's a patent medicine whose field of operations is the solid earth! its clients the swarming nations that inhabit it! Why, what is the republic of America for an eye-water country? Lord bless you, it is nothing but a barren highway that you've got to cross to get *to* the true eye-water market! Why, Washington, in the Oriental countries people swarm like the sands of the desert; every square mile of ground upholds its thousands upon thousands of struggling human creatures—and every separate and individual devil of them's got the ophthalmia! It's as natural to them as noses are—and sin. It's born with them, it stays with them, it's all that some of them have left when they die. Three years of introductory trade in the Orient and what will be the result? Why, our headquarters would be in Constantinople and our hindquarters in Further India! Factories and warehouses in Cairo, Ispahan, Bagdad, Damascus, Jerusalem, Yeddo, Peking, Bangkok, Delhi, Bombay, and Calcutta! Annual income—well, God only knows how many millions and millions apiece!"

It is, I think, hardly too much to say that in such work as this we find for the first time distinct evidences of Mark Twain's real creative power.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, 1876, is the first in date of the trio of stories dealing with ante-bellum life in the slave-holding towns along the Mississippi, on which it now seems fairly evident that Mark Twain's fame will ultimately depend. Of these three it is the lightest, brightest, and most simply entertaining. The flood of animal spirits still runs bank-high through the book, breaking out at times into a foam of farce. There is, indeed, a bit of rather lurid melodrama woven into the texture of the story, a villainous half-breed, a bloody murder, buried treasure.

and other stock properties of the penny dreadful. Though this matter is artfully arranged to give some striking scenes, it is to such a little masterpiece of pure comedy as Tom at the white-washing job, wherein the hero sells to his friends the privilege of doing the work for him, that we turn in grateful remembrance. The dialogue between Tom and his first victim, Ben Rogers, is inimitable:

"Say—*I'm* going in a swimming, *I* am. Don't you wish you could? But of course you'd druther *work*—wouldn't you? Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said: "What do you call work?"

"Why ain't *that* work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly: "Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh come, now, you don't mean to let on that you *like* it?"

The brush continued to move. "Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Presently he said: "Say, Tom, let *me* whitewash a little."

"No—no—I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind and *she* wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand—that can do it the way it's got to be done."

"Oh, shucks, I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here— No, Ben, now don't. I'm afeard—"

"I'll give you *all* of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face but alacrity in his heart.

We hardly need the author's assurance that most of the adventures in *Tom Sawyer* really occurred, for the story breathes conviction from every page. The scenes in the schoolroom, the Sunday-school, and the village church reproduce for us the atmosphere of the little inland town as persuasively as Mr. Aldrich's *Bad Boy* does that of old New England. And as a study in child-life, as a revelation of the soul of a boy, *Tom Sawyer* beats all rivals out of the field. One admirer has even gone so far as to declare it a very proper basis for a system of pedagogy. This, I fancy, would be an honor that the author never dreamed of.

Huckleberry Finn, 1885, shows a very distinct advance over *Tom Sawyer* in seriousness and power of composition. The real heart of the book is, of course, the narrative of Huck's flight down the Mississippi with the runaway nigger, Jim; and the successive incidents of this flight unroll for us a panorama of life on the great river in a series of pictures whose variety, reality, humor, and occasional tragic power, it is almost impossible to praise too highly. To quote Andrew Lang's apt words, it is "a nearly flawless gem of romance and humor." We feel that the author is standing on familiar ground, and dealing with the characters and scenes that surrounded his own youth. Consider, for example, this picture of daybreak on the Mississippi.

"Two or three days and nights went by; I reckon I might say they swum by, they slid along so quiet and smooth and lovely. Here is the way we put in the time. It was a monstrous big river down there—sometimes a mile and a half wide; we run nights, and laid up and hid daytimes; soon as night was most gone we stopped navigating and tied up—nearly always in the dead water under a tow-head; and then cut young cottonwoods and willows, and hid the raft with them. Then we set out the lines. Next we slid into the river and had a swim, so as to freshen up and cool off; then we set down on the sandy bottom where the water was about knee deep, and watched the daylight come. Not a sound anywheres—perfectly still—just like the whole world was asleep, only some-

times the bull-frogs a-cluttering, maybe. The first thing to see, looking away over the water, was a kind of dull line—that was the woods on t'other side; you couldn't make nothing else out; then a pale place in the sky; then more paleness spreading around; then the river softened up away off, and warn't black any more, but gray; you could see little dark spots drifting along ever so far away—trading scows, and such things; and long black streaks—rafts; sometimes you could hear a sweep screaking; or jumbled up voices, it was so still, and sounds come so far; and by-and-by you could see a streak on the water which you know by the look of the streak that there's a snag there in a swift current which breaks on it and makes that streak look that way; and you see the mist curl up off of the water, and the east reddens up, and the river, and you make out a log-cabin in the edge of the woods, away on the bank on t'other side of the river, being a wood-yard, likely, and piled by them cheats so you can throw a dog through it anywheres; then the nice breeze springs up, and comes fanning you from over there, so cool and fresh and sweet to smell on account of the woods and the flowers; but sometimes not that way because they've left dead fish laying around, gars, and such, and they do get pretty rank; and next you've got the full day, and everything smiling in the sun, and the song-birds just going it!"

Notable in this masterpiece, *Huckleberry Finn*, is the power of characterization. It is not too much, I think, to say that Jim is the best portrait of the negro slave in English literature, from Oroonoko to Uncle Remus. We need only compare him with the idealized figures in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—white gentlemen with faces blackened for the occasion—to see the difference between work based upon understanding and that which is merely the product of the unaided imagination. The ignorance, superstition, humility, kind-heartedness, and grateful devotion of the slave have never been so vividly portrayed. Huck himself is an even more subtle study. It is no small task for the author of a book written throughout in the first person to keep himself out of the picture, to refrain from speaking in his own voice through the mouth of the supposed narrator. Even Thackeray has not wholly succeeded in disengaging himself from Henry Esmond. But Huck Finn is altogether objective; more objective, I think, and more individual than even his brother-in-arms, Tom Sawyer. Nothing in all the author's work shows so clearly his power of putting himself in another's place as this careful and loving portrait of a village outcast—dirty, idle, thievish, lying, and yet at heart so conscientious, so loving, and so true.

Pudd'nhead Wilson, the last of this group of stories, has an artistic unity which the others lack. Curiously enough this sombre story took shape in the author's mind as a farce, which turned into a tragedy under his very hands. In one of the most amusing glimpses of a literary workshop that an author has ever given us, Mr. Clemens tells of his trouble with the tangled story. The farce and the tragedy, he says, obstructed and interrupted each other at every turn, and created no end of confusion and annoyance, until he finally pulled the former up by the roots and left the other, "a kind of literary Cæsarean operation."

The result of the operation, however, is by no means wholly gratifying. *Pudd'nhead Wilson* is a tragedy, but a very sordid one. There is no trace left of the light-hearted gaiety of *Tom Sawyer*, and very little of the genial humanity of *Huckleberry Finn*. On the contrary, the book is marked by a strong dash of ironical cynicism which finds utterance mainly in the *obiter dicta* of the titular hero, prefixed as mottoes to the various chapters. "If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you; that is the principal difference between a dog and a man," says one of these. That is not the sort of thing that the Mark Twain of *Innocents Abroad* would have regarded as a joke, and it runs counter to the experiences of Tom with Muff Potter, and of Huck

with "nigger Jim." It is, perhaps, a result of this bitter mood that there is no one figure in the book capable of arresting and retaining our sympathies. Tom Driscoll, the slave who takes his master's place, is a monster of meanness, cowardice, and ingratitude; the mulatto, Roxana, is a strongly conceived, but rather repellent character; and Pudd'nhead himself is, till the very close of the book, a mere lay figure on which to hang the author's own philosophizings. And yet the work is by no means devoid of power. It is a strong, direct, and simple piece of narrative; it has an ingeniously constructed plot and a startling climax; and like its predecessors it is a genuine and realistic picture of that phase of American life with which the author is most familiar. Had any one but Mark Twain written such a book it would no doubt have been more generally recognized as the grave and powerful piece of art it really is.

The Prince and the Pauper, 1880, is the first of a trio of stories dealing with medieval life. All of these, but especially the first, have a certain intellectual kinship with *Innocents Abroad*. In that book Mark Twain reported his discovery of Europe; in *The Prince and the Pauper* he proclaimed his discovery of the historic past. And apparently he was as much surprised to find that the past differed from his own age as he had once been to discover that they "managed things better in France." But he is by no means ready to admit that they managed things better under Henry the Eighth. Indeed his point of view is very much that of Charles Dickens, whose caricature of Henry as a cross between Blue Beard and Giant Blunderbore is probably responsible for the current misconception of that great king. It would, no doubt, be a somewhat harder task to point out such glaring inaccuracies in *The Prince and the Pauper* as occasionally disfigure the *Innocents;* but any one who has studied the social life of England under the Tudors, from contemporary sources, will feel before he is half way through the book that the colors are laid on too heavily. And the curious mingling in the diction of the stock phraseology of the historical novel—the gadzooks, by-my-fay style—with the fresh and racy vigor of Mark Twain's natural idiom, jars heavily upon the ear.

But after all *The Prince and the Pauper*, taken simply as a story, is a good story—simple, sweet, and interesting. And to those who care for something more than a mere story it will always have a peculiar charm as the fullest and frankest revelation of some of the author's noblest qualities, his sympathy with the poor and the rejected, his love of justice and mercy, and his hatred of cruelty and oppression in all their forms, whether in naked brutality, or cloaked under the delusive garb of law and established custom.

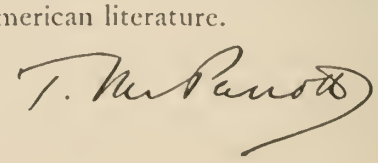
The *Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*, 1889, is to my mind the least successful of Mark Twain's novels. The conception on which it rests is, indeed, a capital one for a farce. But unfortunately the growing seriousness of the author's view of life did not permit him to handle his conception farcically. A great part of the book is occupied with a polemic, direct or veiled, against feudalism and chivalry—two very different institutions, by the way, although here perpetually confounded. And, after all, the age of feudalism and of chivalry is past and gone; there is no longer need of a Cervantes; why therefore beat the bones of the dead?

The *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*, 1896, is by all odds the most considerable work of this group. It is based upon more careful study, it holds closer to the truth of history, and it is a sincere attempt to re-draw without distortion or caricature the features of one of the most striking personalities of all times. One thing at least the shrewd Yankee found desirable at King Arthur's court—a good woman; and it is highly creditable to the Yankee's creator that the one thing which Mark Twain has found love-worthy in the despised Middle Ages is the pure and gracious figure of the Maid of Orleans. As every one knows, this story appeared

anonymously in *The Century*, amid much debate as to its authorship. Really there was no question for debate; the first installment of the story contained at least one scene that no one but Mark Twain could have written; and several of the characters are familiar figures from his works, transplanted to the France of the fifteenth century—the Paladin, for example, is one of Mark Twain's genial braggarts, La Hire one of his golden-hearted ruffians. Yet it must be acknowledged that *Joan of Arc* is, perhaps, the least characteristic of Mark Twain's works. It is notably deficient in the fresh and vigorous dialogue which occupies so large a space in *Huckleberry Finn* and *Pudd'nhead Wilson;* it contains almost none of those superb bits of narrative which seem to bring a scene to life before our eyes; if the truth must be told, it is at times open to one charge that can be brought against none of his former works, the charge of dulness.

Since *Joan of Arc* Mark Twain has not produced any work that calls here for special consideration. *Following the Equator* is a relapse into the early manner of *Innocents Abroad*, without the fresh gaiety of that work; *Tom Sawyer Detective*, and the *Double-Barrelled Detective Story* continue a line of work first begun in *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, where the mere plot interest is superior to that in character or setting. *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg* is a satire on Yankee hypocrisy and greed that would be wholly admirable, if it were not for the tragic catastrophe imposed so inaptly upon a climax of roaring farce. In addition to these we have a number of short stories, literary and critical essays, and impressions of travel. None of them is without the hall-mark of Mark Twain's peculiar genius, but none of them constitutes any very distinct addition to his fame.

It is too soon to attempt any definitive estimate of Mark Twain's work. Mr. Clemens is still so far from old age that we may confidently look forward to fresh work which must be taken into account in any final summing up. But there are one or two points, touched on for the most part already in the course of this review, which may here be brought together with a view to obtaining at least a partial appreciation of his work. Enough has been said to show that Mark Twain is by no means the mere "funny man" of popular conception, but a humorist of extraordinary powers, wide range, and deep human sympathies. He is a past master of farce, burlesque, and grotesque exaggeration; but he is also an inimitable story-teller, and at his best an unsurpassed delineator of character. His humor does not depend upon bad spelling or worse grammar, although he knows better than any man alive, perhaps, how to use dialect to heighten his effects. He is not, in the old sense of the word, a literary man. He does not connect with any of the established traditions of humor, but represents a new force, "as simple in form," to borrow Mr. Howells' fine comparison, "and as direct as the statesmanship of Lincoln or the generalship of Grant." And like these great Americans —both it may be noted, representatives of his own section—Mark Twain has devoted his great powers to the service of the right. His work is characterized by a sweet sunniness, across which no shadow of impurity ever falls. It is no small thing for us, as Americans, to be able to record that our greatest humorist has never written a page that can offend true modesty. His sympathy has always gone out to the poor, the despised, and the oppressed; and his unrivalled powers of ridicule have been steadily directed against conventionality, hypocrisy, affectation, and humbug. It is not, I think, too much to prophesy that, when the time comes for a final estimate of Mark Twain, he will be recognized as one of the most national of American authors, and one of the peculiar glories of American literature.



The Protection Policy in England
Would It Hurt Us?

By Talcott Williams

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain may win or lose in his colossal attempt to alter the fiscal policy of the British Empire—some eleven million square miles, four hundred millions of population, and seven billion, five hundred million dollars of trade exports and imports together. This is about a fifth of the habitable land, about a quarter of the world's population, and about a half its frontier trading. For this vast fraction of the world's affairs Mr. Chamberlain proposes to reverse the settled policy of two generations. He intends to substitute for the individual growth of this vast congeries of lands and peoples in the Empire a common mutual use of mutual demand and consumption, to secure a mutual advance. For over a century since Burke's act, reorganizing English colonial relations, accepted the lesson of the loss of America, British policy has sought the growth of the whole by giving the parts a free individual development. Mr. Chamberlain proposes to develop the parts by giving the whole a mutual development. Where each part has been left free to take care of itself, he proposes that the whole shall arrange its affairs to take care of each part. Where each has had its tariff, treating all other British lands as foreign, he urges that preferential tariffs shall unite the scattered portions of the British Empire in one vast tariff-ring fence of mutually related tariffs.

These territories are now within the same political boundary and under the same flag; but they enjoy a complete freedom. Each makes its own rates to suit itself. By mutual arrangement, not by legislation at Westminster, Mr. Chamberlain plans to introduce three changes. First a low duty on foreign food is both to shift the production of food for English consumption to the colonies and increase the home-grown product. In time, though Mr. Chamberlain does not now urge this, a like preferential duty would do the like for colonial-grown raw materials. Second, duties on foreign manufactures in the colonies and the mother country are to aid the colonial market for English goods and exclude some share of the foreign manufactures entering England. Third, both England and the colonies are together and jointly, by conceding reductions, to use this advance in tariff rates to require foreign countries to make like concessions in their tariff rates on English and colonial products and manufactures.

This stupendous reversal and revolution of the economic policy of a fourth of the human race, like all such changes, is an effect and not a cause. Whatever Mr. Chamberlain may achieve or fail, he, his policy, and the economic changes he urges are only the outcome of the rising tide of British imperialism. A fiscal revolution is the first flotsam this rising tide throws on the beach of human affairs; but the tide is more than its flotsam. It is not preferen-

tial tariffs which are to unite the Empire. It is because the Empire is more closely united that preferential tariffs are proposed. They are discussed because preferential trade already exists. It took sixty years of our tariff before a protective tariff was seen to be a national necessity to secure national industrial independence. The German high protective tariff, of 1879, succeeded and did not precede German unity and the German Empire.

Mr. Chamberlain has held the ear of the British Empire not because his voice is loud but because the Empire is ready to listen. From the time of the American colonies to the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Home Rule measure there was a steady movement towards the devolution of autonomy, responsibility, and practical independence. Each year saw the loosening of the bonds of rule and the bands of empire. When Mr. Gladstone proposed to give Ireland much less than Canada has, the tide turned. Looking back nigh a score of years, it is clear now that Mr. Gladstone was the unconscious victim, as Mr. Chamberlain is the more conscious mouthpiece, of the broad movement towards imperial unity. Preferential tariffs come because a preference for the Empire has arrived, just as it was no accident that the same party raised the flag over the seceded States and raised the tariff on our frontier.

British trade has already recorded what British policy proposes to enact. In the last thirty years, 1872 to 1902, British exports, less coal and ships, to Europe and the United States have fallen $495,000,000 from $705,000,000, a shrinkage of two-thirds. British exports to British colonies and possessions in the same score of years have risen from $295,000,000 to $525,000,000, or nearly doubled. Thirty years ago, British investments in the colonies were relatively small. Today, of British investments in foreign lands, three-fourths are in British possessions under the British flag. For all this fact that the trade of other great nations has relatively grown faster than that of Great Britain, the absolute superiority of English trade remains unchallenged. The trade of the United Kingdom is the largest the world knows; but the constituent portions have shifted. In 1872 the colonies were taking less than a third as much of English manufactures as the rest of the world outside of the Empire. By 1902 they were taking two-thirds. The United States supplies its own market. Germany does the same. Both pour a great stream into markets where Great Britain is dispossessed. She still holds her foremost place because her exports go to her colonies. British manufactured exports to the world outside of the British Empire had not grown from 1882 to 1902. Such increase as had come had gone to the colonies.

Politics follows trade. Political platforms are first written in ledgers. All political majorities are added first in some mercantile balance sheet. Our own Civil War had been won in the trade of the North before it was fought on the battlefields of the South. English trade and English investments had shifted English interests to the Empire before imperialism became a party cry. The sales of American securities held in England have been, as every one knows, enormous in the past ten years, yet English investments abroad have grown $460,000,000 from 1890-91 to 1901-02. In twenty years these investments have doubled, yet through most of that period our securities have been coming to this country. The reinvestment has been in the colonies.

This movement of trade and investments caused the political change which halted the further separation of the Empire, and began—first in 1887, and again in 1897—the alterations in sentiment and interest which now take shape in a new economic policy. Adopted now or in the future, if the British Empire remains a going concern, it is certain, like the United States, to succeed its consciousness of political unity by some form of protection, exactly as a like consciousness brought protection

first in the United States and next in Germany.

The world, as is its noisy manner, will talk of the economic change in tariffs, but the real change will be in political conditions. These will affect the United States far more than preferential tariffs. No tariff rate can keep out cheap goods. Nothing can prevent the effect of a change in political conditions. The growth of the markets within the Empire is already strengthening imperial bonds. Canada faces insuperable odds in its shape, its climate, and the distribution of its industries. Every fifth child born in Canada comes to this country to live. Canada loosely connected with England could count for little; Canada closely connected must deeply affect the United States. The gravitation of trade has for years been drawing the fragments of the British Empire closer to the United States. Aroused to imperial relations, this will cease. Canada will be a link in the shortest route to Australia. It already owes its steamship lines, and will owe the solvency of the Canadian Pacific, to imperial aid. Our diplomacy has worked freely over this hemisphere, from Alaska to Panama, because English attention was in the East. This freedom will cease as the British Empire comes to feel itself.

There is room enough in the world for both the English-speaking nations, but there is the greatest difference in the position of the United States facing a British Empire united only by the tie of a common sovereign and colonial secretary, and one brought into close relations by tariff-deals and tariff-concessions. This ends not only the prospect of special reciprocity arrangements with Canada, Newfoundland, and the islands of the Antilles, but it risks future collision. In China Australia will have more and more to say; and British outposts in Borneo hedge in any future expansion from the Philippines —but for this bar the best base for an insular empire held by any country.

The moral might of the United States will be scarcely less influenced than its political and diplomatic conditions. The Boer War forced the junior member of the firm to assume the responsibilities of the senior partner, and in China and elsewhere the United States has for five years led in deciding the policy and determining the conduct of international affairs. At the Hague Peace Conference, in the advance on Peking, in the Chinese settlement, in the "open door," in the issue before the Hague as to the collection of international claims by force, and at Panama, the United States has led the way. Russian development is still far away, and no European power approaches the position of the United States. But if there once sits in London a body—call it what you will—which adjusts tariffs in India and Australia, decides what duties Canada or Jamaica shall impose, and settles the give and take of the two score constituent bodies of the British Empire, its capital by an economic revolution will enjoy a political renaissance.

These political changes, which will only dawn on men as they take place, will outweigh the effect of mere changes in the tariff. Such changes have a prodigious internal effect. Their external influence is small. Who has been conscious in this country of the changes in the German tariff which have advanced the duty on wheat from ten marks a metric ton, in 1879, to fifty marks, 1887-92, and thirty-five marks for eleven years since? The average price of wheat has fallen in Germany through all this period, our exports have been maintained, and Germany has stimulated its cereal product while England's wheat yield has withered. Argentina will this year export one-half as much wheat as the United States. Our own free share for export diminishes. From 1880 to 1890 we increased our farm area one-half (fifty per cent.), but our cereals only one-fourth (twenty-seven per cent.). Our population doubled (ninety-two per cent.). In twenty-five years, if our population goes on growing as for the last ten years—a diminished rate—all our wheat will be needed at home. At present, we supply two-thirds of the imports of Great

Britain—for five years sixty and one-tenth per cent.—and half its consumption. A new supply will be necessary as our crop is consumed at home, a consumption today maintaining prices. As this takes place it is for England to decide whether the new supply shall come from Argentina and other points, or under preferential duties from its own colonies. A small tax would decide this; and it would make no difference to us, as our exports shrank, where their place was supplied, as we became like France a land consuming all its wheat at home, and importing little or none. So in provisions, and other food, our export does not keep pace with our product. Except in fresh beef, we have passed the largest exports. Here again, a new supply must soon be developed. Argentina and New Zealand, two little countries, send to England alone more fresh beef and mutton by one-half than we export to all countries. High meat prices, due to our free consumption, are forcing aside our exports. If by a differential England turns its new meat consumption to New Zealand, a consumption we no longer meet, what difference will it make to us? In ten years we grow half as many new mouths as England and all Europe. We fill these mouths. They are empty abroad. Ten and twenty years ago our food exports were half our entire exports. They are hardly a third now. Their share grows less. It will be of small moment to us whether England draws its new supply from its own colonies or elsewhere, and Mr. Chamberlain's policy comes at the very moment this change must be met. At some particular year and juncture the new English policy may be felt; but not in the sweep of years.

Cotton faces a different condition. Two-thirds of the world's supply is grown in this country. Unless the boll weevil cuts off our crop, this will continue to be the case. Even here our consumption has doubled in twenty years—1,964,000 bales in 1882, and 4,083,000 in 1902—



From drawing by F. C. Gould

CHAMBERLAIN'S DREAM OF EMPIRE

while that of England is stationary. Our imports of cotton goods grow little. What England once sent here goes now to its colonial possessions. England in the Soudan has a vast area where cotton grows wild. Were the new policy to preference Egyptian and Indian cotton, and to start the industry in the Soudan, the resulting reduction in the amount imported by England from this country would reduce both prices and profits in the cotton-belt. Our wool and our hides we consume at home. No change in English policy could alter their world demand. In round numbers, not one quarter of our exports of agricultural products, and not a tithe of their total product, would feel the effect of English preferential duties. Men often forget that the United States is as self-sufficing as a planet.

Manufactures twenty years ago gave a tenth of our exports; ten years ago, a sixth; today a third; tomorrow, half. As food relatively diminishes, manufactures increase. One-half our total exports, much more than half our exports of manufactures, goes to the British Empire, and about one-third to Great Britain itself. But here, also, the proportion going abroad is small. Out of thirteen billion dollars of manufactures in 1900 only four hundred and thirty-three millions were exported—less than four per cent.

A duty, even a light duty, on English imports of manufactures would affect our trade; but it would affect it very much less than is commonly supposed. In copper, for instance, where the supply is—one might say—habitually greater than the demand, the American producer would have to pay the differential by which the vain effort would be made to develop a new source of supply. In iron and steel, for ten years the product of English pig-iron has been stationary, and exports of iron and steel have been unchanged in value for twenty years, though increased in amount. Both have been checked by our own development and Germany's—countries which under protective tariffs have gained at the expense of England. But there is this difference between our position and England's, when facing competition due to a protected industry: nearly half the English product goes abroad—three millions, two hundred thousand tons of pig-iron, wrought and unwrought, out of eight millions. The actual proportion is larger because, of "iron and steel, wrought and unwrought," much goes abroad from England in forms not covered by exports reckoned by weight. In this country only one-seventh in value—one hundred and twenty-two million dollars out of eight hundred and thirty-five millions—of iron and steel goes abroad. A still smaller proportion of other manufactures is exported. Of this share, less than half goes to England. In round numbers, taking our entire manufactured product, it is to be doubted if three per cent. would be affected. This would not seriously influence price, product, or profit.

If England adopts Mr. Chamberlain's policy of preferential duties, a share of our exports of manufactures now going to England would seek other markets, and a share of English manufactures now in this market would turn to the more favorable demand of English colonies. The same movement which for thirty years has diminished English manufactured exports outside the British Empire, and increased them inside, would be accelerated.

As always in protection, the internal effect on the manufactures, trade, and exchanges of the British Empire would be very great if Mr. Chamberlain's policy were adopted—greater than anyone now imagines. The external effect on other nations would be small. The chief visible outer fruits would be political and not economic. The British Empire would become fitly framed together—an economic unit. Three great areas, the Russian, the American—including dependencies united as Cuba is—and the British Empire, would develop an internal trade. Europe outside of Russia and Great Britain would be side-tracked.

Sylvester Williams

PICTURES AND ART TALK

French art is, more than any other, a national expression. Its national character, perhaps the outcome of the French social genius, gives unity to the rival factions that unceasingly wage healthy civil war in the name of art. No academic restraint is placed on the individual artist, but he is encompassed about with theories from which he can no more escape than from his material atmosphere. The work of Jean Geoffroy, the famous child painter, illustrates this permeating influence. He is an idealist working with the tools of realism. The subject, the literary content, of his pictures shows the man; the treatment reveals the time. It is hard for an artist to serve two masters, but Geoffroy has succeeded in satisfying both the public, athirst for a story, and the critic, scorning all but technic.

Geoffroy's most noted work is his *Visiting Day at the Hospital*, exhibited at the Salon in 1889, and now in the Luxembourg. The choice of a hospital-scene stamps him a realist. But men of many moods march under that banner; this picture is worlds, studio-worlds, asunder from such a triumph of naked realism as the famous dissecting-table picture of M. Gervex. The patient little sufferers, in the row of narrow cots, are enjoying the double sunshine of the day, their gleam of joy more intense from the pervading dark background of pain and weary waiting. The drawing, if a little stiff, is exact, and the composition easy and natural. With much skill the varying shades of white in coverlet, wall, and window are contrasted with each other, and with the strong, abrupt note of sombre color in the foreground. There is a world of pathos in that averted figure of the anxious father gazing on the helpless little sufferer.

The art-loving visitor to England who confines his attentions to the customary round of London's galleries and exhibitions, misses much that is most significant in present-day English art. In England, unlike in France, the provinces still count in art, not swallowed in the great maelstrom of the capital. In the last forty years the enterprise of the great corporations of Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool has established galleries of more than municipal importance and influence. Each is, in varying degree, an independent center of artistic activity.

In the exhibitions of these centers one of the most prominent figures is Mr. W. J. Hennessey. Mr. Hennessey finds his home and his chief fame in England, but was born in Ireland and educated in America. To complete the cosmopolitanism, his favorite subjects, as in his *Spring and Autumn*, are the peasants of Normandy. The bareness of this autumn scene brings not dreariness, but reverie. The picture is instinct with a quiet dreamy suggestiveness, to which the handling of the atmospheric effects notably contributes. The composition is graceful and the tone delightfully harmonious.



VISITING DAY AT THE HOSPITAL

By JEAN GEOFFROY



THE CATECHISM

By JULES MUENIER

The Luxembourg at Paris, it is well known, serves as an anteroom to the Louvre. There the pictures by living artists, which the State has bought, are hung till ten years after the painter's death, when they may be transferred to the Louvre's more permanent hall of fame. Among the recent acquisitions of the Luxembourg is Mlle. Breslau's *The Sisters*. It is a work of quiet charm, and of convincing, if not sufficiently assimilated, reality. Mlle. Breslau is a member of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, and a frequent exhibitor at the Champ de Mars, the radical salon which has this year joined forces again with the more conservative salon of the Champs Elysées, after a schism lasting since Meissonier's day.

The great current of naturalism that surged through French art of the past half century is perceptible not only in the main stream, but in countless eddies and by-washes. The painter of *Pommes de Terre*, José de Souza-Pinto—Portuguese by birth, French by inspiration—is not a naturalist. He is an artist of dilettante aims, condescendingly interested in humble life if it happens to be picturesque—a practitioner of that genre which is the homage that classicism has ever paid to reality. Yet even he on occasion, as in this idyll of the potato-patch, is carried out of himself by the current, his art broadened and vitalized, and a genuine feeling for nature awakened. He does not reach the level of the artists whose love of "high truth and lowly men" was more constant and integral than his, but for once his reach exceeds his grasp.

A kindred spirit to Geoffroy is the painter of *The Catechism*, Jules Muenier. He, too, is a mild revolutionist, a realist of the second generation. He studied in Paris twenty years ago under Dagnan-Bouveret, but Paris did not hold him long. Back in his beloved Franche-Comté he paints the quiet country life of that secluded corner of France.

The Catechism, painted in 1891 when the artist was twenty-seven, is of his best. Its outlines are firm and precise almost to primness, its coloring a compromise between the old canons and the new. The characterization is admirable. There is a world of experience, of good and bad, crystallized in the wrinkles and twinkles of the curé's humorously grim face, with its promise of solace for the troubled and of trouble for the evildoer. Each of his young parishioners is individualized,—the unfortunate youngster on the rack, uneasy in his sabots, the eleventh-hour student beside him, the damsel with consciousness of knowledge writ clear in her prim face, the trifler two moves from danger. There is a good deal of human nature displayed in that little *presbytère* garden of Franche-Comté.

Although in painting Americans can scarcely be said to have an art of their own, they are first in the art of almost every other nation. Whatever the explanation be—whether it is that our national bent towards adaptation rather than creation finds expression here, or that our young country has not yet attained the social solidarity that makes French art homogeneous—the fact remains. Of that fact Mr. Gari Melchers is a foremost illustration. Born in Detroit forty-three years ago, he had by thirty assimilated the best of French teaching and mastered his masters in many fields. At first, under the influence of his classicist teachers Boulanger and Lefebvre, his work, though robust and sincere, had a fatal, hard, arid matter-of-factness. Later it broadened and softened, till in *Motherhood* he produced a picture that reaches to the heart of things. Here is the primitive mother, close to the earth, high only in her motherhood, full of strength and tenderness and hope for the staring, serious youngster nestling in her arms. The wealth of color in the woman's cloak and cap is essentially in keeping with the elemental directness of the whole theme.



THE SISTERS

By L. C. BRESLAU



POMMES DE TERRE

By JOSÉ DE SOUZA-PINTO



MOTHERHOOD

By GARI MELCHERS



SPRING AND AUTUMN

By W. J. HENNESSEY



FATHER HUNTINGTON

PHOTOGRAPH BY GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITURE

THE NEW AMERICAN SCHOOL

The word "portrait" is a most elastic one. By many it is applied indiscriminately to all kinds of likenesses, from a Coney Island tintype to a Mona Lisa. But this vague usage is unsatisfactory. A distinction certainly exists between the mere likeness and the portrait. Just what establishes this distinction is difficult to put in words, yet every one recognizes it even though he may not always choose the proper term.

We are all familiar with the ghastly effigies of departed officials that adorn the walls of banks and public offices. By the production of such as these, painstaking craftsmen eke out an existence. Unfortunately, our standards in the direction of what might be called "semi-public" art are far from high here in America. We take no interest in that kind of thing; our time is too occupied. So what is more natural than that we should turn the job of painting our rector, our mayor, or the head of our business over to the best advertised artistic hack, or to some one in whom we have a purely personal interest? But it is not only the craftsman of no reputation who turns out these monstrosities, with their smug, pink faces and wooden poses; painters of considerable fame have not been guiltless. In late years, also, a number of distinguished gentlemen from France and Italy have fattened at the expense of society, and particularly of New York society. It becomes the fashion for My Lady to be painted by Monsieur This or Signor That, and the trifling honorarium of five or ten thousand dollars is all too little to pay for the satisfaction of exhibiting the result to one's friends, tastefully adorned by ten inches of gold frame. The worst of all this is found in its effect upon popular and undiscriminating taste. There is nothing to choose between the totally inartistic painted likeness and the "handsome gold-framed crayon enlargement" of the department stores. One comes as near as the other to being a portrait in the true sense. But after all, what is the distinction between the likeness and the portrait? Is it merely the distinction between good and bad painting? No; for a canvas may be a work of unquestioned virtuosity without possessing the slightest portrait quality; or may be full of the uttermost ego of the sitter, and so a portrait of portraits, while totally lacking the essentials of careful and workmanlike painting. And here is the distinction. A portrait, to be anything more than a likeness, must go beneath the skin, must be saturated with the personality of the subject. It is character that is required; not merely the character that may exist in a strongly modeled nose or chin, but that which shows itself in the set of a man's shoulders, the lift of a head, the turn of a hand, and in that indefinable thing which, for want of a better term, we call expression. Every painter knows that the customary allotment of features which make up the countenance of a sitter may be copied with infinite accuracy, one by one, and yet that the resulting whole may bear practically no resemblance to the subject; or, possessing a resemblance in detail, will be only a mask which must be endowed with life. This, then, is the ultimate object of good portraiture—the portrayal of all the subtle factors that make up character.



DECORATIVE PORTRAIT

PHOTOGRAPH BY GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER

But there are other desiderata if the resulting likeness is to be really a work of art, really a portrait; it must be artistic, or pictorial—with all that the word implies—good in composition, in tone and balance, and in color. Further and lastly, it must possess the quality that is known as restraint; it must stay in the frame, or better, "go back" from the frame through its tone and envelopment. The person of uncultivated taste praises this or that picture because the head or figure "stands out," and too many painters who should know better attempt to produce this effect, instead of placing the figure within or behind the frame. As Whistler put it in his famous Proposition No. 2: "The frame is indeed the window through which the painter looks at his model, and nothing could be more offensively inartistic than this brutal attempt to thrust the model on the *hitherside* of this window."

There are many portrait painters of today, as there have been many in the past, who have, to a greater or less extent, solved these problems; but the fashionable painter of the moment is too apt to evade their solution, and to present instead his own individuality of expression, regardless of the character of his subject. Imagine the dashing, bravura style of Boldini applied to the portrayal of a Carlyle or a McKinley!

That these general observations may be considered as applicable in any degree to photographic portraiture is not generally realized, and yet a little reflection will show that this must be the case. A portrait is a portrait by whatsoever means it is produced, and is conformable to the artistic rules which govern the general subject. Only comparatively recently, however, has portrait photography reached a level high enough to make it worthy of really serious consideration. From the days when Daguerre, Fox Talbot, Niepce, and the rest, worked out the wonderful discovery that light itself could be forced to record images upon sensitive substances, the object of nearly all scientific workers in this field has been to develop the purely technical side of photography. Only recently has the artist realized that it could be applied to his ends. The professional photographer of even ten years ago—with his gallery, his ornamental backgrounds, and his head-rests—learnt his trade as he might have learnt that of bricklaying. The idea that art-training could be necessary or desirable for him was one with which he was never troubled. Even today this attitude is unfortunately that of the rank and file of so-called portrait photographers. If one of these is sufficiently alert as a business man to subscribe for one of the trade journals, he may read, along with a series of articles on the conduct and management of the Reception Room and Show Case, an occasional dissertation on the correct method of obtaining "Rembrandt Lighting." This, it seems, can be infallibly realized by the use of three or four screens and a most complicated arrangement of the skylight shades, all of which is set forth in a couple of diagrams. By these simple means the "operator" may turn out masterpieces by the dozen which are calculated to cause the great Dutchman to turn in his grave.

But there are today a number of people of artistic instincts and training who have taken up photography as a means of artistic expression, realizing that in skilful hands the camera, plate, and print may be so treated as to render results in portraiture which, except for the lack of color, rival the best canvases of the masters of portraiture of all time. For, strange as it may seem, the camera in the hands of an artist is in some respects a more elastic medium than the brush. The greatest painter is unconsciously handicapped at times by the style that he has made his own, and which may be quite unsuitable to certain subjects, as the art of Boldini, already mentioned, would probably fail in the attempt to set forth dignity and repose, however well adapted it might be to a dashing or "smart" subject.

The man of equal powers, working with camera and plate, may work out his portrait composition almost without limi-



RODIN

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDUARD J. STEICHEN

tations so far as his process is concerned. It is evident, also, that the rapidity with which exposures may be made gives him a considerable advantage over the painter, not merely because of the saving of time effected, but because of the greater spontaneity of pose and expression which may be attained. Less hampered by the mechanics of his medium than the painter, his brain has freer play.

It has been urged against photography that it falls short as an artistic medium because of the alleged impossibility of pictorial selection. It is claimed that the lens, as a coldly scientific appliance, must perforce record all that is before it, and that unnecessary and obtrusive detail may not be eliminated. This, however, is not the case. The advanced worker of today, with the multiplicity of lenses and processes which science has placed at his disposal, may suppress or accentuate detail virtually at will. Thus an almost unlimited field is open to the photographer of artistic feeling and training, and there can be no question as to the merits of his results.

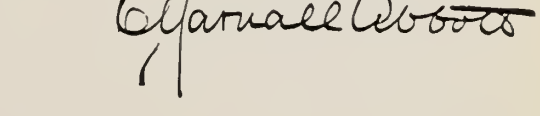
But it must not be thought that I would belittle the skill required to produce these results. There is no royal road to proficiency in this branch of art. No amount of feeling for the beautiful will atone for a lack of technical knowledge, and only hard work and study will put one in a position, in photography as in painting, to reduce to pictorial form the beauties which he may see in nature.

It is a curious fact that in the judging for exhibition purposes of this new photography, when—as has occasionally been the case, painter and photographer have served together on a jury—it has always been the photographer who has set the higher standard. The painter in his own branch of art is too apt to condone the absence of one quality because of the presence of another, as bad composition may be overlooked in a work which glows with color. So, in the judging of photographs the painter will be frequently prejudiced in favor of a print because of some attractive quality of tone or perspective that it may possess, while to the more critical eye of the photographer it may lack qualities of vastly greater importance.

Those who are in the van of this new movement in photography know that the recognition which they have gained is not yet absolute. They desire and expect for their work the fullest and most complete recognition, and they realize that this may be attained only through the maintenance on their part of the highest standards and ideals.

The very interesting portraits which have been chosen for the illustration of this article are nearly all by leaders of the so-called American School, the success of which has been the feature of all recent European exhibitions. It is unfortunate that the limitations of space, and in some cases the difficulty of satisfactory reproduction, have made it impossible to show here examples of the work of all those who have made the American School famous. Even in this limited showing, however, it is possible to observe something of the individuality of the workers. For a very distinct individuality does exist in these prints. No one who follows the subject at all closely will fail to distinguish at a glance a Käsebier from a White, or a Day from a Steichen; and there are several others whose work is just as characteristic—fairly good evidence, if evidence be needed, that photography, as these people practice it, is no longer a merely mechanical process.

In conclusion, then, the position that we take is this: Art is not the *result* of a medium, but is superior to all media and processes. A photographic portrait, or a photograph of any other subject, may be as absolutely a work of art as a painting or a statue. It is subject to the same general rules and should be judged by the same standards; not by the taste of the moment, but by the great fundamental principles which have endured, and will endure, as long as Art itself.





MOTHER AND CHILD

PHOTOGRAPH BY GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER



PORTRAIT—C. H.

PHOTOGRAPH BY M. DEVENS



AN ARTIST

PHOTOGRAPH BY EVA WATSON SCHÜTZE



THE DYING FIRE

PHOTOGRAPH BY C. YARNALL ABBOTT



A. BESNARD

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDUARD J. STEICHEN



THEOBOLD CHARTRAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDUARD J. STEICHEN



PORTRAIT—MRS. C.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALLEN DREW COOK



PORTRAIT OF MRS. E. D. GILLESPIE

PHOTOGRAPH BY MATHILDE WEIL



COSTUME PORTRAIT—"TRELAWNEY"

PHOTOGRAPH BY C. YARNALL ABBOTT



HYDRANGEAS

PHOTOGRAPH BY MATHILDE WEIL

The Revival of an Ancient Art

Modern Stained Glass Work

A generation ago the making of stained glass windows was lamented as a lost art. Today the craft has attained a perfection and a popularity unknown for centuries. In reality it was not the art that had been lost, but the artists. The divorce that existed in those pre-Morris days between artist and artisan was fatal to excellence. The designing of windows was usually in the hands of convention-crusted employees of commercial firms. The few genuine artists who were working in this direction were out of touch with their material. They provided the design, with little heed of the way it would look when the workmen had executed it in glass. The influence of oil painting had led to the virtual abandonment of the legitimate stained glass window in favor of painted windows. In the stained glass window the countless small pieces of colored glass that go to its making are colored in the melting pot; in the painted window the color is not in the glass but on it, coming from enamels fused to the surface by heat. In the one case the pieces of glass are virtually the artist's pigments, which are put together in a framework of leads to form the picture; in the other case they are a quasi-canvas, on which the pigment is to be applied. In actual practice, it is true, each method borrows something from the other. The greatest purist has recourse to painting for his flesh tones; the most unregenerate devotee of the false idols of paint makes free use of glass untouched by brush.

The true scope and necessary limitations of the art become clear when the technical process is understood. There is nothing complicated about it. The twentieth century American follows without important variation the simple methods of the French monk of eight centuries ago. The first requisite is the design. The artist makes a small water-color sketch to show the general design and color scheme, accompanying it with detailed studies. From this two large drawings or "cartoons" are made, the exact size of the desired window. One cartoon shows where the "leads" will be placed—the thin strips of lead, hollowed on both sides and looking in a transverse section like the letter **H**, which form the framework to bind the pieces of glass together. Another drawing gives the size and shape of each piece of glass. This cartoon is cut into its component pieces by a pair (or triplet) of three-bladed scissors, which leave between their parallel blades a space sufficient for the leads. These cut-out patterns are put together again on a large glass easel, to which they are attached by wax, and the spaces between are blacked in, to give the effect of the leads. The easel is then placed against a window where the light can stream through it. The artist or his substitute replaces each paper pattern on the easel by a piece of glass of exactly the same size, cut from a sheet of glass of the color called for by the color sketch. The sketch is not followed slavishly; experiment with the actual glass will suggest improvements. To a greater or less extent this stained glass is supplemented by painted glass, on which the colors are fired as in china painting. When all the pieces have been cut, they are transferred to the "leading" drawing; the flexible



From design by William Willet

MARRIAGE OF ISAAC AND REBECCA

leads are twisted into shape and soldered at the joints, and a special cement applied to make the whole water-tight. The window is now complete, ready to be put in position, where it is made secure by copper wires fastened to the transverse bars of iron.

Essentially this has been the method in use since the first noteworthy development of the art in France in the twelfth century. In the beginning both art and method sprang from the needs and limitations of the time, just as every later variation, for better or for worse, was the inevitable outcome of its changed day. That we have the art at all we must thank the builders of Gothic cathedrals, in which almost the whole wall surface was given up to windows. It was imperative to fill this window space with colored glass, or else the interior would have been flooded with a garish light out of keeping with the whole spirit of medieval architecture. Glass in that day could be blown only in small pieces: it was necessary then to fasten many of these together to make a large window. Thus inevitably the mosaic of transparent glass took shape. The leads, a necessary evil, were turned to good account by being given an artistic function—



From design by William Willet

THE SPIRIT OF THE WATER LILY

to form the framework of the design. But medieval religion tolerated art only as her handmaiden. Mere beauty of color, meaninglessly decorative, was not enough; the window must tell a story, for the glory of the saints and the edification of the faithful. With figures to draw and faces to characterize, the craftsman felt his material inadequate. He had recourse to painting, at first only to give detail in the face or to help the modeling of the drapery, but finally, as the downward path grew steeper, without discrimination. A questionable blessing in the shape of large rolled and cast sheets of glass gave the brush free field; oil painting and mural painting, then in the flush of their power, swept all the lesser arts in their train. Then came the Renaissance when all things Gothic were held in scorn as the work of barbarians. From the sixteenth century the art fell into decay. The vandalism of the Reformation destroyed much of the finest work of the past; the false ideals of the mural painters on glass forbade adequate replacement.

It should have been obvious that the axioms of stained glass are as wide asunder as the poles from those of oil painting. The primary object of a stained glass window is to transmit light, modifying not obscuring it. There is no room for the realism of the opaque painting, no possibility of solid figures. Perspective and distance are equally out of the question. Imitation must be limited to suggestion. Glass, again, is a less neutral medium than oils. A blue which would harmonize perfectly with a red on canvas is a fatal neighbor in glass, seeming to over-

spread the red, changing its hue and almost its shape. An even more essential point is the often neglected consideration of the relation of the window to its surroundings. An easel picture stands by itself; a stained glass window is an integral part of the architecture, and should be subordinated to the general effect.

Half a century ago this art awoke from the long slumber into which it had fallen. Gothic in its first birth, it shared in the resurrection of all things Gothic brought about by the medieval-mad romantic movement. The homage paid the past was often only too faithful—slavish imitation of eccentricities of drawing or leading, naïve in the thirteenth century, ridiculous in the nineteenth. England especially profited by the study of early work. William Morris preached many chapters of his gospel of honest craftsmanship in windows that were beautiful harmonies of color. Westlake and Holiday did notable work, much of it to be seen in this country. The leading practitioner of the revived art was Sir Edward Burne-Jones, successful chiefly in charm of design and skill of draftsmanship. His coloring, however, is more neutral and subdued than either early example or today's taste approves. Of late years perhaps the most notable, though not the most commendable, innovation has been the work of that daring artist, Frank Brangwyn. His windows are too pictorial, but have a breadth and sweep of line and a rich vitality of undeniable attraction.

Across the Channel stained glass windows are especially in demand for private houses. French artists, however, still fail to realize that the glory of glass lies in the crystal sheen of translucency, not in the false



From design by William Willet

THE WISE AND THE FOOLISH VIRGINS



MR. WILLET AT THE EASEL

beauties of surface paint. The passing vagaries of French oil painting have all been re-echoed in glass—straining after naturalism, echoes of Watteau shepherds and travesties of Japanese landscapes, wondrous fantasies where symbolist-clouds and poster-women run riot. Heretic though she is, France has contributed in one important way to the modern tendency to discard painting even in figures. A Parisian artist has recently succeeded in obtaining very fine flesh effects by using layers of plain and colored glass fused together with powdered glass fluxed between.

Americans may be justly proud that the most notable share in the revival of the art has been taken by this country. The advance has been in two directions, one parallel to the Burne-Jones movement in

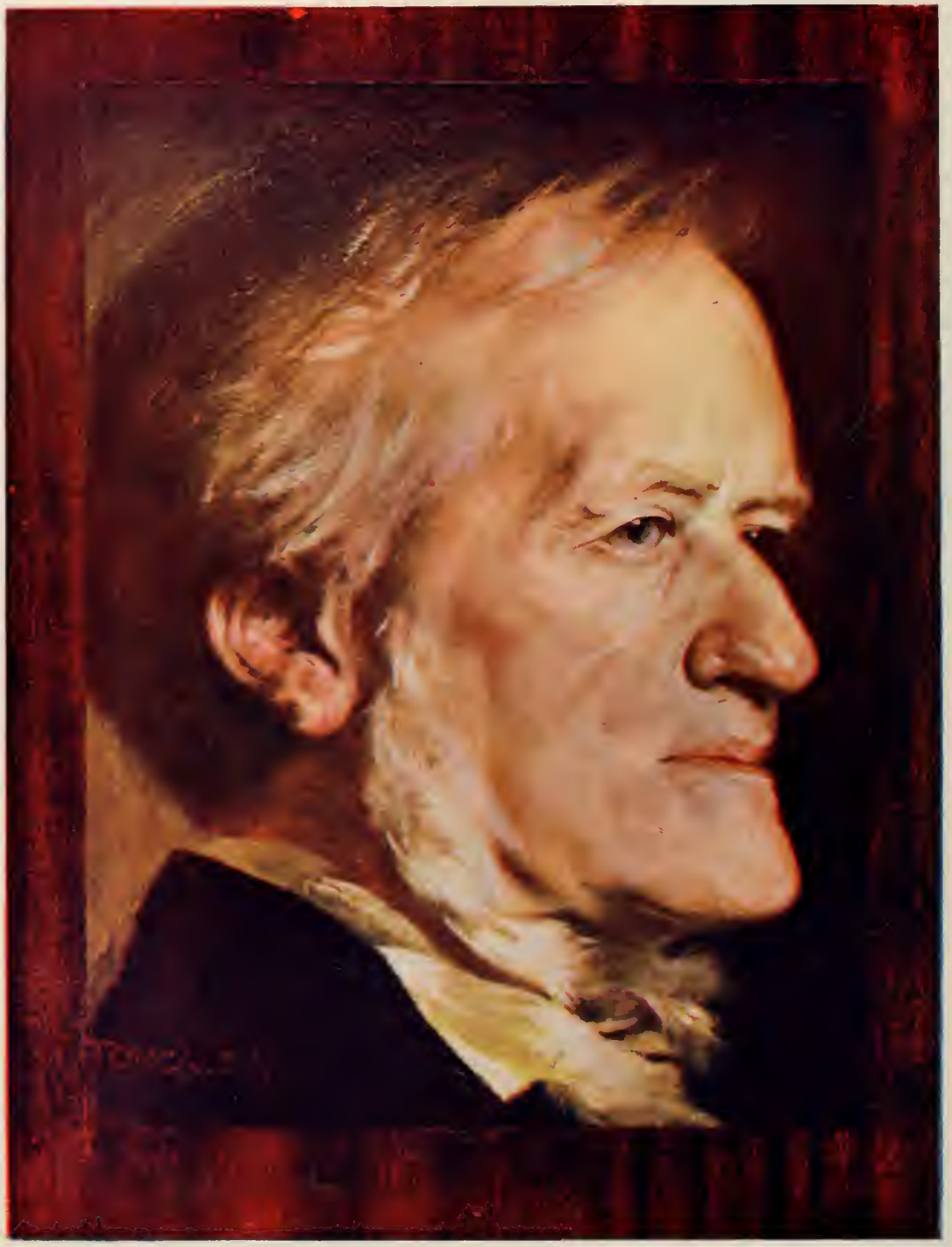
England, the other along a path unblazed before. The more original development was the earlier. When, a quarter-century ago, John La Farge and Louis C. Tiffany, with their co-workers, endeavored to revive the art, they found themselves compelled to recreate it. They had resolved to discard as far as possible the use of painted glass. Unpainted, the glass they found to their hands was crude and weak in color. There was nothing to do but begin at the beginning and make glass to their liking. By reverting to the old process of making it in small quantities, and using heavier charges of colored oxides, they produced glass infinite in variety and rich in happy accidents of color. Opalescent glass, with its changing hues and vivifying power, was an opportune invention. For drapery effects they adopted the plan of rolling molten glass flat and twisting the edges with tongs, so that when cooled it showed a wide variety of flowing curves to choose from. Still another technical device was the use of plating, superposing one shade on another, thus opening the way to endless combinations of color.

This wealth of material was turned to artistic advantage. Windows aglow with rich, radiant color made the crude futilities of painted enamel henceforth impossible. But there was danger in the very richness of effect. It tempted towards reliance on color alone and disregard of form. Too often the result has been careless drawing, to which not even the blaze of color can blind us. This glass shows to best advantage when used in purely ornamental work, like the early mosaics. For figure design it seems, in other than master hands, too vivid and realistic, lending itself to pictorial and poster effects.

The present tendency in American work is to return to the methods which produced the glorious windows of the old French cathedrals. Antique glasses, imported from France and Germany, take the place of the newer American glasses, which, for all their first brilliancy, are often found less durable. The most prominent representative of the new school is Mr. William Willet, of whose work some recent examples are given here. Like many other workers in stained glass, Mr. Willet began as a portrait painter, but was impelled by his instinct for design to turn to decorative work. It is this feeling for design, joined with a subtle appreciation of color, that makes his work notable. It is not the least of the lessons that may be learned from a study of the cathedrals of Chartres or Rheims, where each window is felt to be a part, not a whole, built for its place in the complete design.

The design for the *Spirit of the Water Lily* memorial window, in the home of Mr. George I. Whitney, of Pittsburgh, shows exquisite draftsmanship and mastery of symbolism. There is a haunting fascination in the face and figure of that young girl, on the brink of the unknown waters, pressing on without fear or hesitation, gazing in rapt, mystic reverie into the future. In the *Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca* the artist had more scope for color, both in the gorgeous raiment of the chief actors in that old-world idyll and in the ornamental accessories.

The finest work of this new school is undoubtedly the window recently erected in the Third Presbyterian Church at Pittsburgh, depicting the parable of *The Wise and the Foolish Virgins*. The background is the marble stairway leading to the palace where the marriage feast is being celebrated. On the right are the five wise virgins, their lamps all trimmed and burning. First goes Faith, followed by Joy and Peace; Pity and Surprise mourn the blindness of their foolish sisters. The five foolish virgins Mr. Willet has daringly typified by two figures—Remorse standing erect, and her dejected sister prostrated at the bend in the stairway. The masterly composition and the drawing of the single figures, the charm of the distant landscape bathed in silver moonlight, the glory and harmony of color, make this window one of the most notable of recent times. It bears brilliant witness to the vitality and promise of American art.



From the painting by Hermann Torggler

RICHARD WAGNER

WAGNER AND HIS MUSIC-DRAMAS

BY GUSTAV KOBBÉ

At the Metropolitan Opera House the other evening, just before the curtain rose on a performance of *Tannhäuser*, one of the attachés of the establishment remarked to me that there seemed to be a good-sized audience "for an old opera." Yet this "old opera" was the work of a composer around whom but a quarter of a century ago there was still raging one of the fiercest musical wars ever waged, a man whom I myself had seen bustling about Bayreuth, and had heard making speeches before the curtain of his own theatre.

But the attaché of the Opera House was right. *Tannhäuser* is an old opera, older than many operas that are now considered old-fashioned—by twenty years older, for instance, than *L'Africaine*—and older than *Rigoletto* and *Trovatore*. *Tannhäuser* was produced in Dresden in 1845. But though it has been before the public fifty-eight years, long enough to be ranked as a classic, no one thinks of it as such, or otherwise than as a work belonging to the modern school of music. Who, while listening to a performance of *Das Rheingold* or *Die Walküre*, can believe that they were composed in Zurich, the former as long ago as 1854, the latter in 1856? To realize how far in advance of his age Wagner was, consider that when *Tannhäuser* was brought out Mendelssohn still was composing those polished platitudes that made him for a long time the most popular musician in Europe, and that he considered himself called upon to give the *Tannhäuser* overture at a Gewandhaus concert in Leipsic "as a warning example"; and that when Wagner was completing the score of *Die Walküre*, Schumann, who declared that Wagner was "not a musician," still was living. *Die Walküre* is approaching its semi-centennial. Yet it is new every time it is heard.

So is everything of Wagner's, from *Tannhäuser* to *Parsifal*. His works stand just as much apart today as when they were first composed. Half a century has passed over some of them; Wagner himself has been dead twenty years; yet his music-dramas still form the most advanced, and the most realistic, profound, and powerful expression of emotion in music which we have. As I write today, the most exciting topic in music is the impending production of *Parsifal* at the Metropolitan Opera House. People are not coming to see it from all over the country simply because it is the first performance of the work outside of Bayreuth, but because they know that, although it was



Illustrated Dramatic News, London, 1877

WAGNER COMPOSING



Copyright by A. Dupont

DAVID BISPHAM AS KURWENAL



Copyright by A. Dupont

ERNEST VAN DYCK AS TANNHÄUSER



Copyright by A. Dupont

JEAN DE RESZKE AS TRISTAN



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ERNEST KRAUS AS SIEGFRIED



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LILLIAN NORDICA AS ISOLDE



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LILLIAN NORDICA AS BRÜNNHILDE



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JOHANNA GADSKI AS BRÜNNHILDE



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EMMA EAMES AS ELSA



THE MUSE

FROM THE DRAWING BY FANTIN-LATOUR

brought out as long ago as 1882, they will hear a work as fresh, as new, as up-to-date—if I may be pardoned the expression—as if it had been composed but yesterday by a genius the equal of Wagner.

He is to-day just as modern and just as commanding a figure as when he reached the goal of his ambition, and saw the doors of the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth open for the first performance of his *Ring of the Nibelung*. Of all the composers who have been heard since Wagner's death only Richard Strauss appears to have obtained anything like a hold on the public. As with Wagner's music, his will not down, no matter what the Philistines say and write against it. In the technique of composition Strauss is Wagner's worthy successor; but his music does not thrill us like Wagner's, because he is not as lavishly endowed with the divine gift of melody. Every music-drama score of Wagner's is a weave of melodies—or leading motives, if you prefer that term—and it is woven with unerring skill about the drama that is being enacted upon the stage.

It is almost superfluous to point out that Wagner is the author of the dramas which he set to music. What he wrote are not librettos, or "books of the opera," in the ordinary sense. I believe it was Voltaire who said that what was too stupid to be spoken was sung. Wagner's dramas are proof against that sneer. They are real dramas. Written in alliterative, unrimed verse, the language sometimes strained or involved, they nevertheless abound in poetic imagery, and, what is more to the point, they fairly palpitate with dramatic energy. I am of the opinion that, stripped of their music, they still would be found to be effective acting plays. For these dramas are founded upon the primal impulses, the basic passions of our race. Siegmund and Sieglinde are borrowed from mythology. But you watch them in the first act of *Die Walküre*, that wonderful act in which only three characters are introduced, yet which does not flag in interest for an instant, and you say to yourself: "These are my ancestors. This is the stock from which, in ages past, I have sprung. I understand their actions, their impulses. Barring the blood relationship, which is mythological license, there are men and women today who are meeting the same problem in the same way and, blinded to fate through their love, are going to their doom."



The London Hornet, 1877

WAGNER IN 1877



Kikeriki, Vienna, 1883

PURSUED BY CRITICS ALL HIS LIFE



THE RHINE DAUGHTERS (The Rhinegold)
FROM DRAWING BY FANTIN-LATOUR

Wagner also shows his skill as a dramatist in the wonderful atmosphere of reality which he creates as soon as the curtain rises. Leaving his Meyerbeerian opera *Rienzi* out of consideration, his plots, with the exception of *Die Meistersinger*, are legendary or mythological. Yet we feel that we are looking upon life—a life recalled from a remote past, but as real as our own. With Brünnhilde's first barbaric "Hojotcho!" we are ready to accept her as a reality; while, as for Wotan, if he sometimes is a good deal of a bore, are there not still plenty like him? Or take the purely human story of *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*. Does it not perfectly reproduce the medieval life of that city with rare fidelity lightened by delicious humor?

Character drawing is another strong point of Wagner as a dramatist. Every figure on his stage stands out from the rest. The moment Hundung enters, his towering form, his forbidding manner, his sombre visage cast the shadow of coming tragedy over the scene. Your instinct tells you that it is through him Siegmund will meet his doom. Take, for the opposite extreme, Hans Sachs in *Die Meistersinger*. What an epitome of kindly humor and whole-souled philosophy! Then the stage settings which form such perfect surroundings for the action, they too are Wagner's creation, and are as minutely and graphically described in his stage directions as if they were parts of a novel.

Moreover, the fact that underlying each of Wagner's dramas there is a moral significance, that in each of them some problem of existence is philosophically worked out without detriment to the dramatic action, adds vastly to their effectiveness. Tannhäuser is saved from Venus, who is typical of evil passions, through the love of a pure woman, Elizabeth. Woman's insatiate curiosity wrecks Elsa's happiness. Brünnhilde's self-immolation, and the return by her of the fateful Ring to its rightful owners, the Rhine daughters—causing thereby the race of the gods to pass away and the human era to dawn upon earth—is Wagner's dramatic summing up of Schopenhauer's Renunciation of the Will to Live. Through the four music-

dramas of the cycle, from the theft of the Ring by Alberich to its return by Brünnhilde, the action works up to this climax, which is the final scene of *Götterdämmerung*. From first to last it advances with the portentious, undeviating tread of Greek tragedy.

Isolde's "Love-Death" is a revival of the ancient creed by which a soul at death recommits itself to illimitable space, there to meet and to be reunited with its kindred soul—in Isolde's case that of the dead Tristan, upon whose body she expires. In *Die Meistersinger* we have new ideals contending with, and finally triumphing over, the old. The former are typified in Walther von Stoltzing—Wagner himself; the latter in the old-fogyish Mastersingers, and especially in the malignant Beckmesser—Wagner's enemies; while Hans Sachs, who occupies middle ground, represents that enlightened conservatism which accepts the new without discarding what is worth preserving from among the old.



ASCENSION OF SANTA AND THE HOLLANDER
FROM DRAWING BY FANTIN-LATOUR (The Flying Dutchman)

Finally *Parsifal* presents us, in the form of drama wedded to music, Wagner's confession of religious faith. For this reason Wagner did not call his last work a music-drama, but a "Stage-Consecration Festival Play." The difference, however, is in name only, since *Parsifal* is in every sense a music-drama. It is nót his masterpiece, as some, doubtless carried away by the rapturous atmosphere of Bayreuth, have claimed. Compared with the *Ring*, it lacks virility; compared with *Tristan*, passionate expression. But even so, it is a marvelous creation for a tone-poet in his declining years.

In it he again gives us a drama, effective as such, yet turning upon a moral problem; full of the atmosphere of reality, and with characters instinct with life. Again and again it has been argued that Wagner has not in this work put Christ upon the stage, nor Mary Magdalen, nor the Last Supper. But if Christ and Mary are not specifically named in the cast, and the Last Supper is not so called in the stage directions, no one can see the performance of this work without recognizing Christ in the character of Parsifal, the Magdalen in Kundry, and the celebration of the Sacrament of the Holy Communion—even to the passing



THE EVENING STAR (Tannhäuser)
FROM DRAWING BY FANTIN-LATOUR

around of the squares of bread, the pouring out of the wine, and the partaking of these by the Knights of the Holy Grail—in the last scene of the first act and in the finale of the third. If Kundry, in the third act, washing the feet of Parsifal and drying them with her hair, is not Mary of Magdala anointing the feet of the Saviour, then why is the scene made directly applicable to the life of Christ by being called the "Charfreitag Zauber" (Good Friday Spell)?

No, Wagner's Parsifal, "enlightened by pity" and then redeeming the Brotherhood of the Grail from the consequences of their leader's sin, is the Saviour symbolized on the stage. Kundry, at first the seductress, then the penitent, is the Magdalen. The two scenes which I have referred to are nothing less than the Sacrament of the Communion. Having said as much, let me add that I never have heard these symbolic representations criticized as blasphemous, or even as irreverent, by any one who has seen a performance of *Parsifal*. On the contrary, the work visibly presented on the stage is calculated to deepen one's faith.

Wagner the dramatist, as distinguished from Wagner the composer, hardly has received his deserts, and that is the reason why I have thought it wise to call attention to the underlying truth, beauty, and realism in the dramas that form the foundations of his scores. Whatever the defects in diction, the drama is there in every case. It penetrates the mask of words, it makes itself felt even irrespective of the music.

This great man—for in spite of personal foibles he was great in all that pertained to his art — never sacrificed an ideal for the sake of gain. An exile because of his participation in the Revolution of 1848—the multiplicity of his activities was simply marvelous—and in the midst of grim poverty, he worked on scores which he knew to be so at variance with generally accepted canons that he never expected to see his music-dramas on the stage. He brooded long and faithfully over each work before he took up its writing and composition. Weissheimer, one of the conductors of the Opera at Mayence, was an intimate friend of Wagner, and saw him almost daily when

he was living in Biebrich, across the Rhine from Mayence, in 1862, and engaged in the composition of *Die Meistersinger;* and he relates that during a visit of Hans and Cosima von Bülow, Wagner explained to them in detail his plans for *Parsifal*, adding, with deep emotion, that it would probably be his last work.

"Tears came to Mme. von Bülow's eyes," writes Weissheimer. "There ensued a pause. I went softly out upon the balcony and Hans von Bülow joined me, whispering the prophetic words: 'However slight the hope and however slender the prospect that his plans will be realized, you nevertheless will see that he will reach his goal and complete *Parsifal*.'"

Remember, this was in 1862. The poem of *Parsifal* was not published until 1877, the music of the first act was not sketched out until 1878, and not until 1882 was the work produced at Bayreuth. But Von Bülow's prophecy was realized. If, however, Von Bülow's words were prophetic, so were Wagner's. *Parsifal* was his Ultima Thule. For early in 1883 he died in Venice. The woman who wept at his bier, who cut off her long blond hair that he had loved, and pillowed his head upon it before he was lowered into his last resting place, was that same Cosima, daughter of Franz Liszt, who had been moved to tears twenty years before in that little room in Biebrich.

The fact has been overlooked that it is since the success of Wagner's music-dramas upon the stage that the revival of interest in folk-lore and legendary literature has occurred. *Das Nibelungenlied* is read in our own schools, not only in translations, but very frequently in the form of stories from the Wagner music-dramas of the *Ring*. Thus these Wagner dramas are becoming, in a way, as much a part of our literature as his scores have become a part of our great and rich musical heritage from abroad.

He was a German of Germans among composers. His revival of the old German epics did much to stimulate German national pride and patriotism, and to make the new German Empire and German unity something more real than a mere compact among princes. Germany's victory over France he celebrated with the *Kaisermarsch*, in which the Protestantism of the new realm was symbolized by his use of Luther's hymn, *Eine Feste Burg ist Unser Gott*, as the main theme. Wagner was in fact, like Bach, a Protestant among composers. In his music-dramas it is always a purely human sacrifice, not churchly absolution, which brings salvation. As in the old sixteenth century ballad, so in Wagner's drama, Rome rejects Tannhäuser; it is Elizabeth who saves him.

There was something deeper than mere words, something far more profound than mere bars of notes, in whatever Wagner wrote or composed.

Gustav Kobbé





RELIEF MAP MODELED BY THE SURVEY

Our National Survey

THE ROMANCE OF SCIENTIFIC PIONEERING

By H. FOSTER BAIN

The much-needed Reclamation law, enacted by the Fifty-seventh Congress, has been justly characterized as "the most important constructive legislation since the Reconstruction period." It marks the beginning of serious effort on the part of the general government to reclaim by irrigation the vast arid region of the west, the great national reserve which constitutes about two-fifths of the land within the United States.

General charge of the work is entrusted to the Secretary of the Interior, and he has consigned the reclamation service to the Geological Survey, a corps of scientific men primarily organized for scientific work. In doing so he has carried out the apparent intent of Congress, as evidenced by previous laws charging this bureau with the gaging of streams, the survey of reservoir sites, and similar duties. The money available for the reclamation service amounts to between three and four million dollars a year. The placing of the expenditure of such a sum in the hands of a body of men selected without any political bias is a radical change in American administrative methods. It is the largest trust that science has ever had in America, and the Geological Survey is on trial before the public. That bureau is given every opportunity to attain success. The funds are ample, public sentiment is favorable, and the law is liberal in tone. If the experiment proves a success, it may be the forerunner of a general movement by which the collective business of the people, as carried on by the government, shall be altogether taken out of partisan politics—a plan for which there have been many advocates.

The Geological Survey is the outgrowth of the ownership by the general government of extensive tracts of unoccupied land. Its work was at first confined to the "public domain," but now covers the whole country. Its principal work is defined by law to be the making of a geologic map of the United States; but before a geologic map can be made, some sort of a base must be available in order that mistakes shall not be made in representing on the map the rocks and veins. The making of this base-map is in the hands of the topographic branch. The map is being made piece by piece in the form of atlas sheets. When completed the entire map, if the sheets were joined, would be of imposing dimensions—about half the size of an ordinary city square.

Field surveys are necessary in each "quadrangle"—the name given to a square degree of the earth's surface. In order that the various sheets may fit together these surveys must be made with great care, for a mile on the ground is represented by only an inch, or a half-inch, on the map. The entire system of mapping is controlled by careful triangulation and by many determinations of latitude and longitude. Since triangulation involves making long sights from high points,

mountain-climbing is a regular part of the topographer's work. Of thirty mountains in the western States above fourteen thousand feet in altitude, the heights of all but three were first determined by the present Geological Survey, or by its predecessors. Far up above the timber line, up indeed where the snow never melts, the topographer sets up his instrument and waits while the minutes become hours, and perhaps the hours days, for the fortunate rift in the clouds or the brief minutes of clear sky at early sunrise or late sunset, when the far distant peaks will show above the valley mists.

Within the great triangles, which are thus accurately laid down, lines are measured, levels are run, and finally with the plane-table the whole area is carefully traversed and the details are plotted. The topographic map, as published, is that actually made on the ground, the field sheets being merely inked in and lettered by hand. The reproduction of the work is mechanical. In this way the greatest accuracy is obtained, and all possible errors in copying are eliminated.



IDEAL SKETCH AND CORRESPONDING CONTOUR MAP

The finished map shows not only the roads, towns and land lines, the streams, lakes and seas, but also—by lines known as "contours," and usually printed in brown—the position and shape of each hill, and the distance above sea level of every point within the area. The relation of such contour lines to the landscape is shown in the figure below. Each contour represents a line connecting all the points which are of the same altitude, and the altitudinal interval between contours is invariable on any map, though it may differ on different maps. As a result, steep slopes are shown by many contour lines near together, while the lines representing gentle slopes fall farther apart. In the illustration the sharp terrace along the stream is represented by three nearly parallel contours, and from the figures it may be seen that the terrace is a hundred feet high.

A good topographic map serves not only the geologist, but from it the hydrographer figures the storage capacity of the lake which might be made by constructing a certain dam; the engineer determines the length of a proposed canal; the railway builder determines the approximate location of his line without the expense of making a preliminary survey. So well recognized is this value that, in several instances, railway and mining companies have volunteered to pay the entire cost of making such maps in specific areas, when official funds were not immediately available. Of the 3,025,000 square miles of the United States, about thirty-one per cent.—929,712 square miles—have been so far surveyed, though not everywhere on the same scale.

Upon the completed topographic map the geologist spreads colors to represent the areas underlain by the



Photograph by Chapman

CINCHING UP FOR A DAY'S JOURNEY WITH THE PACK TRAIN

rock formations; and on the edge of the map, or on a separate sheet, he makes diagrams or "cross-sections," as they are called, which show the thickness and dip of each bed and the general structure of the region. By custom, and by agreements brought about through the Congrès Géologique International, the colors and symbols used on all official maps are the same, so that one does not need to know the language to read a German, French, Italian, or even a Japanese map. Blue, for example, is the color used for carboniferous rocks, which happen to be coal-bearing in most parts of the world. Green is quite as uniformly used for cretaceous formations.

The uses of a geologic map are very numerous. By means of such a map and the accompanying structure-sections the deeper copper mines of the Lake Superior region were located far out beyond any known outcrops of the copper-bearing ledge, and in perfect confidence the mining companies spent in some instances one and even two hundred thousand dollars in sinking big working shafts to the ore. So regular is the dip of these particular beds that the engineers' estimates have time and again been found correct within a very few feet. In the South African gold field the mines known collectively as "the deeps," which will be yielding gold years after those located on outcrops have been abandoned, were in the same way located by means of geologic maps.

Some years ago when the Northern Pacific Railway was selecting coal lands in the densely forested regions of Washington, the geologist in charge, having measured and calculated the dip, said: "Jim, take your drill crew over to section thirteen and see if you don't find coal about the middle of the section." Jim, who knew the geologist had never visited section thirteen, went off on what he considered a wild-goose chase. When he arrived on the ground the deep cover of undergrowth and soil, effectually precluding any examination of the rocks, increased his



SILVERTON AND THE SAN JUAN MOUNTAINS

SOME OF THE MOST NOTABLE RECENT WORK OF THE SURVEY HAS BEEN DONE IN THIS REGION

disgust. He set to work, however, and in a short time the drill went into a good bed of coal, hundreds of tons of which have since been used to haul trains across the mountains. After that experience Jim would have drilled upward into a cloud if the geologist had told him to do so, in absolute confidence of tapping anthracite.

Of course, it is not always possible, even with the best geologic map in hand, to locate mineral thus accurately, for the rocks themselves often change within very short distances. In many cases it is only possible to discriminate the areas within which ore will be found—if present at all—from those which offer no encouragement whatever for prospecting. This has been done with notable success in the Lake Superior region. Much of the iron land of that area is completely covered by swamps or thickets. In the early days there were no roads, and all the travel was by means of canoes through the numerous lakes of the region. Over the portages the canoes were carried on men's heads and the camp outfit on their backs. It happens, fortunately, that much of the iron is magnetic or is associated with magnetic minerals, and that the remainder is found only in connection with certain rocks which are fairly constant in each district. In making the surveys, the country was laid off in half-mile squares and mapped by tramping along each boundary line. First came an axman, who cut a path through the brush; next a compass-man, who kept the direction by means of a compass set by the sun, and the distance by counting his steps; last came the geologist, who broke off pieces from each rock ledge and recorded its location. He also made at short distances observations with a dipping needle—a compass which points downward toward any body of magnetic mineral. The rock samples obtained in the course of the survey were ground down to thin sections and examined under the microscope. From the whole series of observations were plotted certain narrow belts within which the iron was predicted to occur. Although these belts were in places only a hundred feet or so across, in all the drilling which has since been done no ore has ever been found in the surveyed areas outside the belts indicated.



A NORTHWEST BOUNDARY MARK

The use of the dipping needle is, unfortunately, possible only in locating magnetic minerals. Contrary to popular opinion the common ores of gold, silver, copper, lead, and zinc have no magnetic properties. In locating ores of these metals the geologist must carefully plot all outcrops both of vein matter and of country rock, and then from measurements of the dip and strike of the rock calculate the position of the vein in the covered territory. This work naturally takes him into the roughest country, since it is there that the most outcrops occur. Long tramps, dangerous climbs, and much hard physical labor are all in the day's work. Camp life under a wide variety of conditions, and travel in many curious fashions, fall to his lot.

Probably no division of the Survey has more picturesque, albeit exacting and dangerous work, than the Alaskan. Between the lines of the official reports one may read many a tale of danger and heroism, and occasionally some member of the corps gives a vivid picture of the incidents of the work. The trip of the Brooks party in 1902 from Cook Inlet to Mt. McKinley—which, with its twenty thousand feet of altitude, is the highest mountain in North America—and on to the Yukon at Rampart, was the longest cross-country survey ever made in Alaska. Every one of the eight hundred miles traveled in those one hundred and five days had its peculiar



CAMPING OUT—40° BELOW ZERO

hardships, if not danger. The little party made its way without guides, and with no glimpse even of natives except at the crossing of the Tanana, through the low-land swamps with their terrible plague of mosquitoes, through Rainey Pass, along the front of the great Alaskan Range, over a beautiful high plateau with its herds of mountain sheep and moose—so tame that even the shot of a carbine failed to put them to flight—down to the Tanana, and finally through the dense thickets between that stream and the Yukon. Many were the mountains climbed, for the party must survey as well as explore, and many were the swift, icy rivers forded or rafted. In one week five were crossed by rafting and six by building bridges. Several times the topographer or the geologist became separated from the main party, and made a lonely bivouac under the spruce trees. Once the leader was lost from the party for two nights and three days, living in the meanwhile on hard-tack, ptarmigan (shot with his revolver and roasted over an open fire) and a little rice boiled in a tin can. In the latter part of the journey the horses began to succumb to the hardships of the trail and the endless attacks of mosquitoes. One by one they failed, and were shot, until, when the party caught the last steamer of the season going down the Yukon, only eleven of the original twenty pack-horses remained.

Probably no other hardship of the northern work equals that due to mosquitoes. The soft blanket of damp moss offers an ever-present breeding ground, and night and day they harass both men and horses. Building smudge fires and blanketing the horses afford only partial relief; and at times the horses go mad, charging off through the wilderness, oblivious of trees and branches, until utterly worn out they hopelessly drop their heads and patiently endure the suffering. The men, more fortunate than the horses, are able to protect themselves to some extent by using mosquito-proof tents, heavy gloves, and hoods of mosquito netting; but in all instrumental work, and in many other occupations, they must work with hands and feet exposed to the biting of the insects. It is said that "strong men, after days and nights of almost incessant torment, at last break down and weep with vexation."

There is, however, a pleasant as well as a disagreeable side to the life, and Mr. Brooks has given a charming account of how George, "whose great ambition in life was to cook" and who "could not regard anything as fuel which did not require splitting with an axe," achieved the following, in one of the most inaccessible points on the continent, with nothing better than green willow for fuel:

Pea Soup

Mountain Sheep à la George

Rice Potatoes

Mince Pie Stewed Apricots

Johnny Cake

Tea Cocoa

All the pluck and daring of the explorers was called into requisition in the course of another of the Alaskan expeditions—that of the Peters-Schrader party in 1901. The topographer in charge, W. J. Peters, proved himself so well fitted for northern exploration that he was chosen, on recommendation of the National Geographic Society, to take charge of the scientific work of the Ziegler Polar Expedition. This was quite as noteworthy a piece of exploration as any other made in America, and it reflected the highest credit on every member of the party. Starting from the White Horse in February, they traveled with dog sledges ten hundred and fifty miles to Bergman, near the Arctic Circle, camping on the way in light canvas tents, though the thermometer at times registered forty degrees below zero. In June, when the ice in the Koyukuk broke, a little river steamer carried them up the river to Bettles. From this point was begun a journey of three hundred and fifty miles by canoe up John River, across the Endicott Mountains by a five-mile portage to the Anaktuvuk, and down it and the Colville River to the Arctic Ocean. This part of the journey was accomplished by August 18, topographic, surveying, and geologic observations being carried on along the entire course. From the mouth of the Colville a coast survey was made some hundred miles to the west. Since the season was then nearly gone, it became necessary to drop the work at this point and push for home. A trip of four hundred and fifty miles to Cape Lisburne was made along the coast in native sailboats made of skins. As the Cape was rounded the hearts of the party were cheered by the sight of smoke near the shore. The boat was quickly turned toward it, and soon the smoke was found to come from a belated steamer coaling for the final run to Nome. Thankfully the surveyors



ROUTE OF ALASKAN EXPEDITION OF 1901

THE MAP OF ALASKA IS SUPERPOSED ON THE UNITED STATES TO GIVE A CONCEPTION OF RELATIVE DISTANCES



OVER ALASKA'S ICY MOUNTAINS

climbed on board and said good-bye to the natives who had brought them so many miles along the wintry coast. In a few hours anchor was weighed, and then began the long return journey, terminating at Seattle, October 19th.

In the course of this exploration four hundred and thirty-two miles of linear surveys were made, an important mountain range was crossed for the first time, and twenty-six hundred and forty square miles were mapped. A graphic representation of the length of the journey is given in the sketch map on the preceding page.

Not all the work is exploratory. Much of it is in the relatively settled portions of the United States, and in developed mining camps as well as in those just discovered. The annual output of the mines of this country is now worth more than a thousand million dollars, and it is part of the work of the Survey to stimulate this development. To this end complete statistics are yearly collected from all of the sixty thousand producers, either by personal visit or by correspondence. The mines themselves and the mining camps are studied with the greatest care. The Mother Lode, the Comstock, Leadville, Butte, Cripple Creek, Bisbee, Tonopah, and very many



A SURVEY PARTY CROSSING THE PRAIRIE

others have been surveyed or are under survey by this bureau.

While the work is directed rather to the discovery and formulation of the general laws governing the origin and occurrence of ores than to the location of particular beds, it has often been of the highest practical and immediate benefit. In Cripple Creek the president of one of the largest mining companies stated last year that the survey made in the early history of that camp did it more good than any other one thing which had ever happened—and in Cripple Creek, in the language of the West, "there's something doing all the time."



Photograph by Johnson

HYDROGRAPHER USING PLANE TABLE



IN THE GUNNISON CANYON

A SIX-MILE TUNNEL IS PROJECTED TO DIVERT THE WATERS OF THE GUNNISON RIVER FOR IRRIGATION

Another pleasing recognition of the practical value of the work was the naming of one of the largest ore-carriers on the Great Lakes the *Charles Richard Van Hise*, in honor of the chief of the division which studied and mapped these bodies of iron ore, the greatest in the world.

Not only the topographers and the geologists, but the hydrographers as well, come into contact with a wide variety of conditions of work and of interesting problems. For the present the hydrographic branch is mainly engaged in preliminary studies of the water resources of the country, and in making estimates of the cost of the various engineering works by which these resources may be turned to account in affording suitable water for city supply, in the generation of power, or for



IN THE CRIPPLE CREEK DISTRICT

A MINING PRESIDENT SAYS THAT THE SURVEY MADE OF THIS CAMP DID IT MORE GOOD THAN ANY OTHER ONE THING WHICH EVER HAPPENED

irrigation. It is necessary, first of all, to know how much water is available; and to that end the energetic chief engineer, Mr. Newell, has for several years been establishing hundreds of gaging stations along the streams of the whole country. At these stations the depth of water is determined day by day. It is necessary also to measure the rate of flow, in order to calculate the amount of water which is going past the station. One method of doing this is by means of the current-meter, to observe which the hydrographer has often to work from a swinging platform hung from a cable stretched across the stream.



Photograph by Lippincott

DRIVING CASING FOR DIAMOND DRILL

At points where it is proposed to use underground waters it is often necessary to put down drill holes, and a number of complete drill outfits are kept busy in this work. The water which such a well will yield is occasionally determined by a pumping test, in which a steam pump in connection with a measuring weir is employed.

Though so recently established the reclamation service has already begun the construction of certain large dams, and has under consideration among other projects a six-mile tunnel for diverting the Gunnison River in Colorado, so that the waters may be used in irrigation. In the planning and carrying out of these great works the officers of the service will have unexampled professional opportunities, not only because of the size of the works themselves, but on account of the freedom given the engineers in planning and building them. The supervising engineer will report to a board of consulting engineers, each of whom is thoroughly familiar with the difficulties of such work, instead of having to win, as in private work, the approval of a board of directors largely unfamiliar with his difficulties, and concerned mainly with completing the work at the lowest possible cost.

It has been estimated that ultimately sixty to one hundred million acres, which are now worth perhaps fifty cents an acre, will be converted by irrigation into farming and orchard land worth from fifty dollars to five hundred dollars per acre. The law carefully provides that this shall be sold in small lots to actual settlers, so as to accomplish the main purpose of the whole work—homes for our rapidly-increasing population and opportunity for the young men and the children equivalent to that which the older generations enjoyed.

The topographer, geologist and hydrographer make their observations and collect their data throughout a wide field, but field work covers only a portion of the activities of the Survey. The study of the material collected requires extensive laboratories, and its proper presentation necessitates a



MAJOR J. W. POWELL

DIRECTOR OF THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, 1881-94

force of photographers, draftsmen, artists, engravers, and printers. Photographs taken in the field must be developed, and enlarged or reduced, and blue prints and drawings must be reproduced. So perfect is the work of the photographic laboratory that black and white prints of large size are furnished at any time within fifteen minutes of the receipt of the drawing or blue print.

Geologic maps make difficult printing. Minute areas must be carefully depicted or the map loses its chief value. The Survey maintains its own map-printing establishment, and maps are made on which are printed as many as twenty-eight colors. Some appear only in very small dots or hair-like lines, but each must register perfectly.

The laboratories of the Survey are equipped not only for the analysis or assay of every rock and common mineral, but for making determinations of the most minute quantities of the rarest elements. In them also rocks can be manufactured artificially, which is one way of determining the exact conditions under which rocks are formed in nature. At present the whole series of feldspars is being made up and crystallized; and it seems likely that results of high scientific value will come from the experiment.

From the foregoing view of the present working-organization one naturally takes a retrospective look at the history and personnel of the Geological Survey. As has been mentioned, it is the outgrowth of the ownership by the people at large of extensive tracts of unoccupied land. As early as Jefferson's administration, and at his suggestion, Congress appropriated money for the exploration of the Great West. The Lewis and Clarke expedition was the first of a long series sent out to determine the extent and character of the public domain. Up to 1867 these expeditions were, in the main, military or geographical reconnaissances. A geologist was attached to the party to make such a report as circumstances might permit. At the close of the Civil War more systematic study of the western country was taken up, and was continued through the era of Pacific Railroad building. A number of separate organizations were created to carry on this work. Of these the principal ones came to be known as the King, Powell, Wheeler, and Hayden Surveys. Starting under different auspices, and with somewhat different purposes, they eventually came into conflict, with the result that there was much confusion and some duplication of work. In 1878 Congress referred the whole problem of the exploration and survey of the Territories to the National Academy of Sciences, with instructions to report a plan of operation. The plan formulated by the Academy, and adopted by Congress, involved the consolidation of all the existing surveys into one organization under the name of the United States Geological Survey.

By appointment of President Hayes, in March, 1879, Clarence King became the first director of the Survey. He was a man of parts, an experienced executive, and a mining engineer of the highest reputation. While Mr. King's greatest reputation is founded chiefly on his work as a mining engineer, he made many highly important contributions to pure science. In his early years he discovered the first glacier found in the United States; and a short time before his death he published a paper in which the estimate of the earth's age, as deduced by Lord Kelvin from terrestrial refrigeration, was given greater precision. In 1872 he exposed the great Arizona diamond fraud; and it is said that "his prompt action and unshakable integrity alone averted a financial disaster which threatened to rival that of the Mississippi Bubble." For one year he devoted to the new survey all his well-known talent and energy, and then, having organized the work, he resigned to enter the more lucrative field of private practice, a field he occupied with distinction until his death in 1901.

Mr. King was succeeded by Major J. W. Powell, the intrepid veteran of the Civil War, so well known for his daring exploration of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado — a nine-hundred-mile passage through the fearsome unknown, under-

taken and carried through in the face of difficulties comparable only to those met by Stanley when he disappeared into the Dark Continent to find Livingstone. Major Powell, like Mr. King, had been director of one of the organizations which were merged in the present Survey, and he brought to the work highly trained executive ability as well as a deeply philosophic mind. His peculiar talent lay in the ability to classify facts, and so carefully did he arrange the work of the Survey in all its departments, even to the form of accounts, that its growth since has been through natural development rather than by radical change. Under his long administration, extending from 1881 to 1894, the work of the Survey grew greatly both in scope and in the confidence of Congress. It was in this period that its field was extended from the West to the whole of the United States, and that studies looking toward the assumption by the general government of the duty of irrigating the arid lands were taken up. These irrigation investigations and projects proved to be in advance of public sentiment, and the ensuing conflict did much to embarrass him in the last years of his administration. In 1894 Major Powell retired from the directorship to concentrate his energies on the more congenial duties of superintending the Bureau of Ethnology, with which he had been connected since 1879. He remained with that bureau until his death in 1902.

The successor of Major Powell, Charles D. Walcott, the present director, has grown up in the service, having joined the corps as assistant geologist during the first field season of the present organization. He was long known mainly as a paleontologist—one of those whom the Philistine sees devoting their lives to "counting the stripes on a trilobite's tail." But this young paleontologist has shown himself to be an executive of the highest order. His ability, called into service in the reorganization of the National Museum, has been further recognized in his selection for the secretaryship of the Carnegie Institution. Under his administration the Survey has grown very rapidly in scope, in number of workers, and in resources. The Alaskan division has been organized, the divisions of hydrology and hydro-economics have been established, and the reclamation service has been founded. The corps now includes nearly seven hundred employees, and all, except temporary assistants, are under civil service rules. The total annual appropriation at present amounts to $1,377,470, aside from the funds available for the reclamation service. The attractive features of the service have drawn to it some of the most experienced American engineers, and



GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO
FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING POWELL'S DARING EXPLORATION



Photograph by Moore

CHARLES D. WALCOTT

PRESENT DIRECTOR OF THE SURVEY



A DIRECTOR IN EMBRYO

many ambitious and capable young men, who see here an opportunity for permanent and agreeable work.

It has been common for many years to bewail the fact that America has made no contributions to pure science. An impartial review of the facts of the case would probably show that American contributions to pure science have been, and are now, of great importance both in number and in quality. The reverse appears true because of the great number of applications of science to practical purposes made in this country. Be that as it may, the chemical and physical laboratories of the Geological Survey illustrate excellently the effort made throughout the work of the bureau to add to knowledge of the fundamental laws of nature, as well as to apply them. As a result of the many analyses made, important refinements in methods of analysis have been developed, and out of the work have grown also Mr. Clarke's papers on the constitution of the silicates; those of Mr. Barus on the compressibility of liquids and the mechanism of viscosity; those by Mr. Hallock on the flow of solids, and the various papers on high temperature observations which afford almost the only data for the study of certain phases of volcanic action. The hydrographic branch is not only concerned with building dams and digging canals, but studies in detail the flow of underground waters, from both the practical point of view, as exemplified by Mr. Darton's work on the artesian waters of the great plains, and from the scientific point of view, as illustrated by Professor Schlicter's mathematical investigations.

In the geologic branch not only formations are discriminated and mapped, but the whole basis upon which correlations may be made is fully discussed in a series of correlation essays more complete than anything previously attempted. In the pre-Cambrian work Mr. Van Hise has mapped iron ores, and has produced a treatise on metamorphism which is the first comprehensive attempt to determine the principles of that difficult subject. From the practical study of igneous rocks a serious attempt to build up a classification, on a quantitative chemical basis, has recently been made, and of the four joint authors of the system three are, or have been, Survey men.

From the study of mining regions resulted the simultaneous formulation by Messrs. Emmons, Weed, and Van Hise of the doctrine of secondary enrichment.

This was at once a curious psychological phenomenon—three independent discoveries of the same thing—and a law of very great scientific and practical value.

In attempting to map and interpret the boulders and drift which the glaciers scattered over the northern portion of the United States, Professor Chamberlin has been led from the smaller problems of the glacial period to the general one of all past climates. Thus he was led to consider the early condition of the earth; and he has not only thrown serious doubt upon the nebular hypothesis, but by constructive work of a high order has developed the alternative meteoroidal hypothesis.

At first the work of the Survey was confined to the so-called public land States and Territories of the West. Later its work was extended to the whole of the United States; and in the recent era of expansion it has at times been called upon for work outside this country. Thus, Mr. Cross has made studies of the volcanoes of Hawaii. Mr. Hayes accompanied the Nicaragua Commission, and later, with Messrs. Spencer and Vaughan, was detailed for geologic reconnaissance work in Cuba. So closely did geologic work follow the skirmish line in the Philippines that Mr. Becker was actually under fire. Mr. Willis is now exploring China under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution, and Messrs. Becker in South Africa, Emmons in British Columbia, Weed and Hill in Mexico, and Lindgren in Australia, have made observations of great importance while examining mines, on leave of absence. Under the law controlling the Survey, no member can have any personal interest in mineral land, nor execute private surveys. This, while a wise provision, entails occasional hardship; and from time to time members of the force, tempted by an offer of two or three times their official salary, have resigned to enter consulting practice. In general the attractions of the service, with the opportunity to make technical studies under the most favorable circumstances, have proved stronger inducements than the increased pay, and a thoroughly loyal corps has been brought together and maintained.

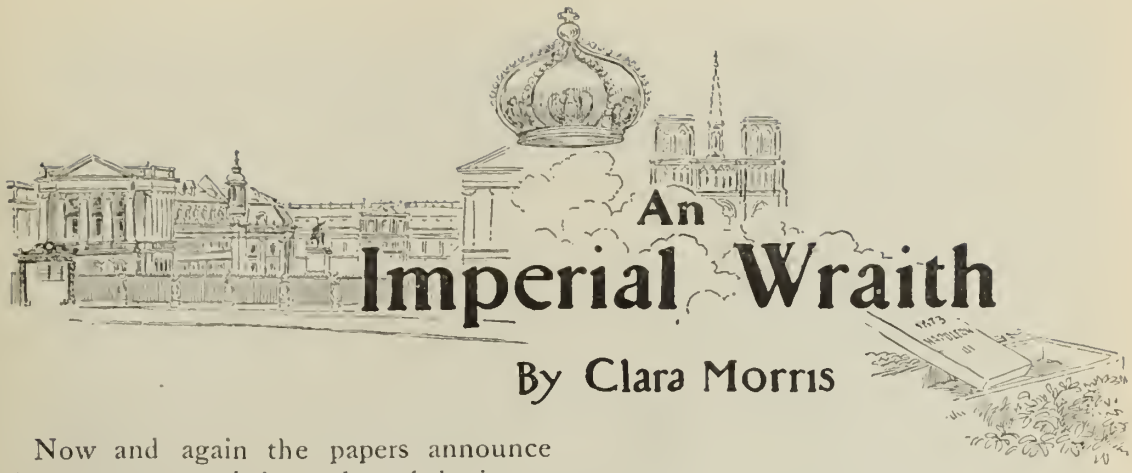
The study of the earth has always been stimulated by two fundamental passions of humanity—cupidity and curiosity. The first we dignify by calling it the desire to develop our natural resources; the second is the foundation of science, the mainspring of the effort to increase the sum of human knowledge. In the service of these primal instincts the geologist travels on foot through the villages of the East, by horse across the Ozark Mountains, by wagon train over the prairies, on pack-mules high up in the Rockies and the Cascades, with a naptha launch among the islands of the Alaskan archipelago, with dog sledges over the limitless snowfields of the frozen North, in a frail canoe down the swift Alaskan rivers, in risky native sailboats along the barren coast, in the iron bucket of the aerial tram simulating the eagle's flight to the high rocky ledge where some mine pours forth its wealth, or in rubber coat and with candle down into the deep places of the earth. From the sheltered valleys of New England to the barren sandy wastes of the Painted Desert, from the palmetto groves of the South to the icy capes that look off over the lonely stretches of the Arctic Ocean, the plane-table and the hammer are carried by these pioneers of civilization and science.





From the painting by Winterhalter

EUGÉNIE AS A BRIDE



An Imperial Wraith

By Clara Morris

Now and again the papers announce that to some startled member of the imperial Hapsburg family has appeared that "ghostly woman in white," whose dread presence always signifies death or disaster to a Hapsburg. Less frequently we hear of the appearance of "the black-robed ghost" of the Hohenzollerns—presaging death to one of that imperial family. But there is another ghost in Europe—imperial, too—whose occasional appearance causes no thrill of dread; whose trailing draperies of crape drag after them neither misfortune, shame, nor death; but pallid, silent, tragic, she haunts the city that saw her triumph and her fall. This third imperial ghost is Eugénie, whose stately head has been thrice crowned—for has she not worn the crown of Beauty, the crown of France, and, alas, a crown of Sorrow?

Whenever I see her name I recall the funny, bristly, old Frenchman, ex-soldier, who used to be over in Fourth Avenue, and whose greatest boast was that, standing sentry at the gates that day, he had been the first one at the palace to hail her Empress, on her return from that almost incredible drive to Notre Dame.

For a favored few this old man built such riding habits as no tailor in New York could approach, furiously declaring each to be the last; vowing it did not pay him, and he would only work on liveries and uniforms. Still, I ventured there. Though I had been warned, "He will not hear you out!" still I ventured. And surely the stars in their courses must have fought for me, for even as I entered the hallway I faced an unusually fine picture of Eugénie, and, knowing nothing of the old man's weakness, I said: "Oh, what a lovely picture of the loveliest head in the world!"

The old man, who had frowned at me, suddenly sprang forward, caught my hand, pressed his bristly white mustache upon it, and cried: "To zee zanctum! A-ah! to zee zanctum!" "Madame!" and at that cry his wiry, black-eyed, little madame had hurried forth and received an order, "Open zee zanctum—at once, please!" I was too nervously anxious about my own affair to wonder at this order, and while still upon the stairs I faintly asked if he would please make me a habit; and with his shoulders at his ears, with his eyes upturned, with the extravagance of his nation, he declared: "Mademoiselle, I will make you zee habit Amazone while I shall live! I will make zee habit of your father an' your mother!" And then I was waved into the sanctum, and I said, "Oh!" and stood still, and he said "A-ah! a-ah!" and skipped like a young lamb.

The walls, the mantel, the tables, the desk—look where you would, you found pictures, and yet pictures, of his adored Empress—never "Ex" to him! Taken alone, with the Emperor, with the Prince Imperial, with both of them! Some funny to the laughing point, for many were taken in the early days of photography and while the fashion in street dress would have made



From the painting by Flandrin

THE LAST EMPEROR OF FRANCE

the angels weep. Two, though, were in riding habit, standing, and oh, showing such sweeping lines of beauty, from splendid shoulder to slender foot, fine and true as the lines of an Etruscan vase. In one large picture she wore the crown; and there was a haughty sadness on her face, such as may have been there when the Castiglione made the third obeisance before her, while with bold eyes she paid her homage to the Emperor alone.

There were souvenirs of many kinds in a locked cabinet! From among them he brought me a large gold locket, and opening it reverently he showed me a morsel of heavy white satin with a stripe in it, and some silver brocading. Tears were in his eyes as he murmured, "Her wedding-dress, mademoiselle! Oh, yes, it is one true scrap—zee you here!" and he produced a list of names of those through whose hands the bit of satin had passed to his. "And now she wears that!" said he, pointing excitedly to a bit of black crape in the opposite side of the locket, with the one word "Chiselhurst" engraved beneath it.

Ah, that pathetic scrap of Beauty's wedding gown! It was like finding a faintly glimmering trace of almost impalpable powder shaken from the wing of a butterfly!

Another picture, taken in very early married days, was gentle in expression; but it, too, was very sad; and I asked: "Do you suppose she was grieving for the lover she had lost?" The old man flung wide his arms and cried: "Ah, I see, mademoiselle has zee love for my Empress! Yes—yes! or why shall she remember zatt—while all the world else forget it—eh?" And he excitedly rubbed his head the wrong way until each short white bristle stood straight on end, and made him look like an angry old cockatoo.

Then swiftly he returned to my question, and told me that he did not believe that the beautiful Eugénie had grieved simply over the loss of her lover, since she was rather cold to her adorers, but that she had suffered cruelly from her sister's treachery—that sister whom she had admired, whom she had loved to the verge of idolatry! and that the wooing of an Emperor might well be as a balm to her hurt pride. "But for the heart?—well, I do not know! It was vère true that zee Empress was sad—aye, even for one little minute—one leetle, l-e-e-t-l-e minute on that ver-y day of her wedding!"

He said that from the first the people had been won by her beauty, but when they had brought the immense sum of money they had raised among themselves—the price of the splendid jewels they wished to confer as their wedding gift—she had lifted her stately head, and all her face was gentle as a little child's as she entreated those in authority that not one jewel should be bought for her, but that the money should go back to them in the form of a great hospital, to be built as soon as might be, where in sad and suffering hours they might find free shelter, rest, and care, and so be reminded of her love for them! She had her will, and the common people bowed down and worshiped her, their vanity flattered by her beauty, their hearts touched by her thought of them—while quickly the Emperor saw the political value of the gracious act, and smiled on it and her!

And so the old man went on with his rhapsody. Those market-women! Did mademoiselle know of those creatures, who never yet kept in when they wanted to get out, or kept out when they preferred being in? No? As in the hate they make of themselves a terror, so in the love they made of themselves a nuisance—on that great day of wedding! As the bride wears no jewel of their giving, they appoint a committee to select and purchase some flowers, and to see that they reach the palace promptly, to be a greeting to the Empress! After that—well! they surge, they shout, they are everywhere—particularly where there is a cordon to be broken! And through all the thunder of the cannon, the chiming of the bells, the blare of the trumpets, the snapping of the flags, the trampling of the horses, the shouting of the crowds—through all and everywhere were heard, high and

shrill, the piercing cries of *les dames des halles*, drunk with joy and maddened with excitement!

Then the roar in the distance increased in volume, and presently at the palace gates was seen the splendid procession, like a great serpent dragging its glittering length slowly back; and when in the imperial carriage the people caught a glimpse of that white loveliness, from thousands of throats there came first a long A-a-ah! like a sigh—then broke the hurricane of vivas!

And she was superb! No shrinking—no *gaucherie!* Smiling but stately, she might have been the daughter of a hundred kings! So, robed in white, half veiled in lace, all fragrant with orange blossoms, with the glitter of diamonds and the milky gleam of pearls crowning her lovely brow, she entered the palace a bride, and the Empress of France!

And those market-women? They boiled over! They yelled and pushed and crowded into the palace gardens. They screeched and screamed, "The Empress!" "L'Impératrice!" until at last a window opened and Eugénie stepped out on the balcony. Ever eager to please, she held in her hands a great mass of the violets the market-women had sent her. An officer was at her side at first, but she stopped suddenly and the gentleman went back—perhaps her train or veil had caught on something—so for a moment she stood alone, and in that moment like a mask fell down all the smile—the light! The very life seemed to go out of that so perfect face! One instant she leaned her head wearily against the window frame, the eyes cast down like a beautiful Mater Dolorosa—and then her sadness creeps, chill-like, over every one, as might a puff of damp air from a tomb!

Many crossed themselves and said low, "It is an omen!" And then, all suddenly, an old fishwife shrieks out at those of the committee: "Pigs! Idiots! It is the flower of sorrow you have sent her!" While quick another raves out: "It is the color of mourning that you send the bride of our Emperor! Violets—purple violets—to a bride! Pigs! Idiots! Devils! It is an omen—a sign of evil!" And then the fight begins! Oh, mon Dieu! they are terrible! They tear each other like wild beasts! The soldiers, the gendarmes, they try hard to make order. They fail. Then a voice above us, clear and gentle, says, "Oh, gendarmes, don't hurt them!"

The idea that any soldier on earth could hurt a *dame des halles* was so funny that everybody stops the fight to laugh! Then they laugh and laugh, and wipe off the blood, and slap the gendarmes, and say, "Don't hurt us, messieurs—don't!" and they dance and shout; and the beautiful Empress, she stands by the Emperor and bows, and throws some violets to the people who are not of the market-women stamp, and all cry, "Vive l'Impératrice!" And she smiles and smiles, and so retires! But that old witch was right—aye, though the violet was the flower of the Bonapartes, it was the flower of sorrow, not fit to send a bride. It was an omen, and, given at the Tuileries, it pointed to Chiselhurst!

And ascending the throne had not affected the memory of the Empress in the slightest degree, the old man declared. Many stories he told tending to show her kindly remembrance for the friends she had risen so far above. One was amusing. It was the case of a young woman whom a reckless father had dragged down from elegance and comfort to that cruel state of poverty where effort is made to keep up appearances in spite of an empty stomach. Through one in her personal service Eugénie had gently and deprecatingly suggested that she would like to do something for her former friend—to make her a gift perhaps—for the sake of old times. She must have been greatly taken aback by the almost frantic eagerness with which the young woman seized upon the offer. Oh, yes, yes! wrote she, she had a wish—one great overwhelming wish! If that could be gratified, she would never ask anything of anybody again—never! Poverty? Anxiety? Bah!



From the painting by Winterhalter

THE EMPRESS IN IMPERIAL ROBES

They were nothing! Life could give no greater joy if, for one transcendent moment —in her own street, standing before her own home—she could see one of the imperial carriages!

And that was why, one week later, every resident, man or woman, in that street so narrowly escaped death by apoplexy; for, said my excitable old man, it was about three of the afternoon when a splendid equipage had appeared in the street. Some had declared to him it was "a chariot sustained by clouds," but he had preferred the more conservative version which placed great stress upon the beauty of the horses. This marvel of painted crowns, and coats of arms, and glittering glass and varnish, stopped suddenly before No. —, and down to common earth there stepped a superb creature, with silken calves and splendid raiment, who advanced haughtily and placed in the trembling hands of the almost groveling concierge an envelope of such size, such whiteness, and such perfection of seal as had never been known in Rue —— before. Then the vision returned to his place; there was a whirl, a glitter, a splendid blur at the corner, and the imperial carriage disappeared, followed by shrieks of laughter from the upper chamber of No. —, where the favored young lady was laughing and choking her way through as pretty a fit of hysterics as ever tortured nerves brought to woman. When she was calm enough, she opened the note and read: "Your wish is granted, my friend. An imperial carriage stops at your door. It is empty, *chérie*, but in that respect it is like too many imperial honors!"

One might think that this old man, being French and of the common people, was exaggerating the beauty of the Empress; yet one whom the world regarded as bitterly cynical, who had been secretary of our legation at Paris, described her to me in this fashion:

"There were few women of high social position at that time who looked their best by daylight; but Eugénie, always beautiful, was never so radiantly lovely as when riding or driving in a blaze of sunlight. The world well knows how she favored all Americans at her court; and it came about by chance, and by her gracious condescension, that once I escorted her to her carriage and stood a few moments at her side. And now I see her as clearly as I saw her then. She was greatly addicted to wearing all the varying tones of lavender; but one shade of mauve—a pinkish mauve —she seemed passionately fond of. She wore it that day. The sun was shining brilliantly; the air seemed full of that *gaieté*, that suppressed excitement, peculiar to Paris. The Empress' gown was of a transparent stuff women call 'organdie'—a white ground with a wonderfully natural-looking flower on it. At home in America we call it 'blue flag,' but in France they call it 'fleur de luce' or 'fleur de lis,' *symbole de l'honneur virginal de la France!* Then this thin flowered stuff was worn over an under-slip of mauve silk—there seemed to be yards and yards of it; it billowed all about her and fairly filled the open landau.

"Her slender little feet rested on a cushion, and they were gleaming in mauve silk and narrow-strapped, open sandals of black satin. From the vague, rosy-purple mass of drapery the clear lines of her stately body rose; round waist, superb shoulders, queenly head, the pale blond hair crowned with a bonnet composed entirely of violets, a great bunch of violets upon her breast; and over all a tent-like sunshade of mauve satin, flounced all over with white lace, lined with white silk; while cunningly between mauve-outside and white-inside was stretched a pink silk inner lining, so that when the sunlight struck fairly upon the parasol an evanescent pearly-pink tint fell upon the fair face beneath it. And when the great open landau rolled swiftly toward the Bois, it was as if the carriage was full, filled with the plumy extravagance of the lilac's bloom —the poignant perfume of violets massed beneath the loosely petaled opulence of the purpled fleur de luce! From this tremulous mass of perfumed bloom her lovely

face smiled forth, as though the prodigality of Spring had been personified in her!"

And this from a bitter and hardened man, who had seen her many times and knew her comparatively well! Both men were much moved when they spoke of the terrible misfortune and sorrow that had come to the beautiful woman, little dreaming that she was yet to sink to lower



Photograph by Downey

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

depths of anguish; for at that time, though uncrowned and widowed, she still lived, loved, hoped, and aspired in the person of her princely son, that promising young Louis!

Ah, poor Beauty! She was an unhappy woman in spite of her seeming spectacular success! She knew well it was not from love alone that the Emperor had lifted her to his side. Wife and Empress she was, but none the less was she his cynical revenge! She felt that he was flinging her as a beautiful insult into the indignant faces of those imperial and royal parents who had declined any matrimonial alliance with the French Empire, and had curtly refused him the hand of even the very plainest princess in their plain ranks. So he had returned to France a rejected suitor, knowing all Europe was laughing at him.

Well! all Europe laughed with him in his marriage and at those who were compelled to acknowledge the young Empress! But it must have been a little bitter to the bride! A woman of many mistakes all her life long, a proud and haughty spirit, she soon knew herself a wife betrayed. Neither saint nor stoic, she resented the outrage passionately at first; then suddenly became indifferent; then abandoned utterly and



Photograph by Downey

THE EMPEROR IN EXILE

forever all hope of domestic happiness, and gave herself up, heart and soul and mind, to political ambition!

Her acquirements were inadequate, her temper too swift, her heart too tender! She was vain, religious, excitable—these were the strange qualifications of the woman who hungered to act as Regent of France. Yes, a woman of many mistakes and bitter sorrows, but of such flawless



Recent photograph by Downey

EUGÉNIE IN ENGLAND

beauty that it will live in poetry and story. So should that sweetest incident of her life, as reigning Empress, when England's Queen and Prince Consort—as guests of the Emperor and Empress—were crossing to Calais in a yacht. The handsome Prince Consort had to make a bit of a speech, and the plump, pink and white little Victoria trembled so perceptibly with fright for him that she hid her hands beneath the table—when, forgetting all formality, all etiquette, the lovely Empress slipped her hand under, too, and in a moment five icy little fingers were clinging to the warm ones, and never let go until the speech came to a successful close. Then joy reigned supreme, and from that moment a tender bond of sympathy united the hearts of those two women, so highly placed as to be isolated by their very grandeur—a bond that never weakened through all the years of widowhood, when each dared whisper to the other of the husband and the son waiting in the dim beyond. Widows both—one the powerful sovereign of a mighty empire, surrounded three generations deep with her descendants; the other, then as now, alone, pallid, tragic, crownless, throneless—Eugénie, the Imperial Wraith!

What We Are Buying at Panama

By Frank H. Taylor

In undertaking to complete the Panama Canal, the United States is purchasing a property which has thus far involved its owners in enormous losses. Nevertheless we take it over in the calm belief that, by virtue of our improved machinery and the ability of our engineers, the two oceans will be joined at the Isthmus of Panama within ten years, resulting in a reduction of the maritime distance from our Atlantic ports to our Pacific ports of ten thousand miles, and a saving to the commerce of the world of an annual sum equal to the entire cost of the work.

The world is familiar with the story of the old French canal company, organized in 1883, which, backed by the capital of two hundred thousand stockholders, expended six years of ineffectual and deadly toil upon the Isthmus; then failed in 1889, and transferred its rights and the wreckage of its visible property to a new company in 1894.

The public is less familiar with this second company, which has, with a relatively small capital, preserved as far as possible the physical property as it received it, and has continued to employ a force varying from nineteen hundred to thirty-five hundred men, in order to fulfil the conditions of its concession from Colombia.

Even less clearly has it been set forth thus far what Uncle Sam has actually bought or contracted to buy. Let us take account of stock. These are the items:

30,000 acres of ground at terminals and along the route.

2,431 buildings, including offices, quarters, storehouses, shops, hospitals, and terminal sheds.

An immense collection of dredges, tugs, barges, excavators, cars, locomotives, and other machinery and appliances, not considered of much present value.

Work done by the old and the new French companies, with an estimated removal of about 36,000,000 cubic yards of material at a cost of a little more than $88,600,000, this sum representing about sixty per cent. of the entire Isthmian outlay, according to the French canal report of 1900.

Maps and drawings, and the records gathered by the French engineers, valued at $2,000,000.

The Panama Railway, including three steamships.

For these several items the second, or new, French company is to receive $40,000,000. Twenty-four millions of this amount, less obligations, will be turned over to the old company, which had spent at the time of its collapse nearly $250,000,000, largely in promotion.

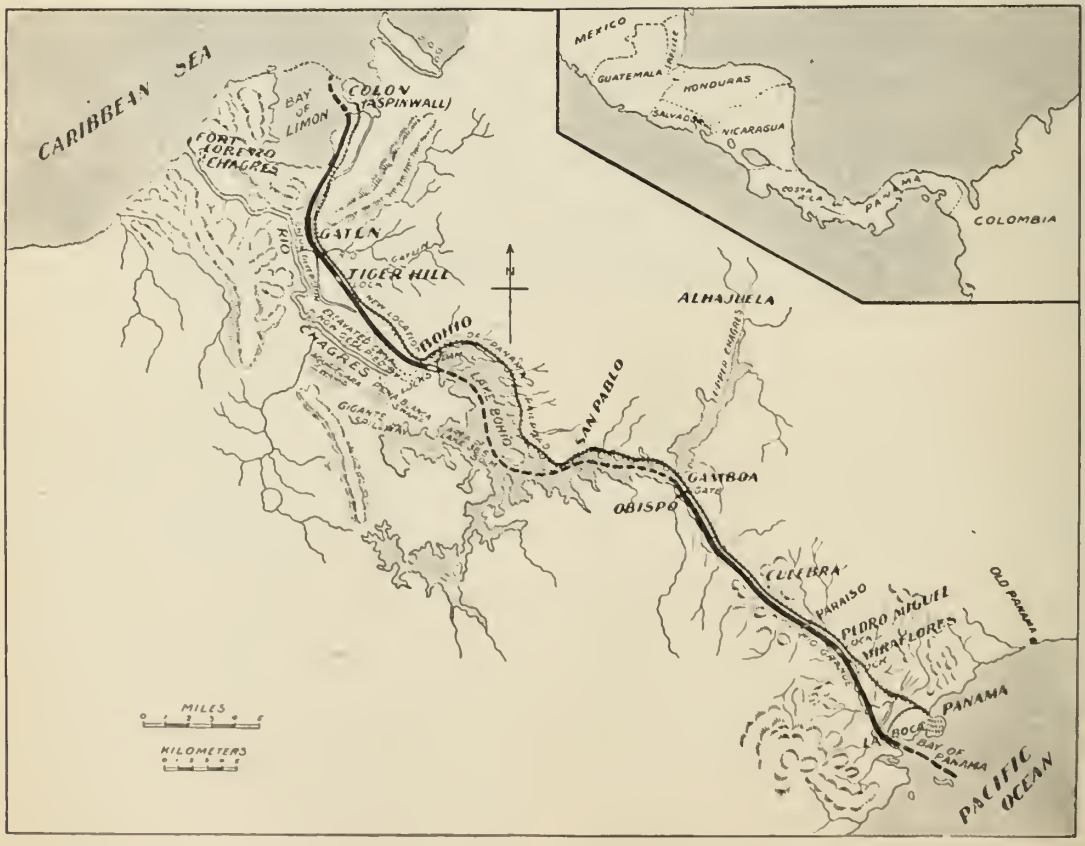
The Republic of Panama is to receive immediately $10,000,000, and annually, after nine years, the sum of $250,000. The United States receives from Panama the grant of a strip of land five miles wide upon each side of the canal. We are also to become sponsors for the continuance of good order throughout the new republic.

The total excavation yet to be done is estimated at about 95,000,000 cubic yards, not including the work at the Bohio dam and the Gigante spillway. The completion of the canal to a depth of thirty-six feet from ocean to ocean, a distance of forty-nine miles, is expected to cost about $145,000,000. Vessels will navigate this

channel at a rate, including lockage, of four miles per hour. All sailing craft will be towed not only through the canal, but upon the Pacific side for a long distance out to sea.

The aggregate probable tonnage—as compiled by Professor Lewis M. Haupt, member of the Walker Commission, from numerous authorities—is placed at about 10,000,000 tons. Of this business he believes that twenty per cent. will consist of coal. It is estimated that seventy-five per cent. of the whole interoceanic traffic will be from points north of the meridian of the canal to other points north of the same meridian. To what extent the canal will prove profitable, above the cost of administration, cannot now be stated. The Suez Canal, under British control, repays its cost every five years.

As the visitor to the Isthmus approaches Colon he notes that it is set upon a small island along the eastward curve of a deep bay, around which are broken groups of hills. It is only by favor of moderate weather that this so-called port, exposed as it is to the open sea, can be reached. If a norther breaks, craft make haste to get away seaward until it is over. The rambling, palm-dotted town is built upon land belonging to the Panama Railway Company. It is better known in America as Aspinwall. This place came into being coincidentally with the railway, as its Atlantic terminal, nearly fifty years ago. It is a sad little spot; even its solitary monument—a fine figure of Columbus, presented to the town by the Empress Eugénie—stands as a reminder of bankruptcy and death. The railway, sweeping out of town southward, soon finds the sinuous, treacherous Chagres river lurking in its dense thicket of swamp, and keeps company with it for some twenty-two



MAP OF THE PANAMA CANAL AND THE PROPOSED LAKE BOHIO



A TYPICAL SCENE ON "THE DITCH"

miles. Coming in from the north, at Obispo, the Chagres is low and feeble in the dry season, but a devouring lion when in flood. More than any other factor in the problem, the Chagres and its vagaries must be reckoned with. The railway crosses the Culebra summit, the spine of the Isthmus, and winds down to the coast at Panama, coming to an end at the costly new La Boca iron pier, one thousand feet long, from which a ship canal extends out to deep water.

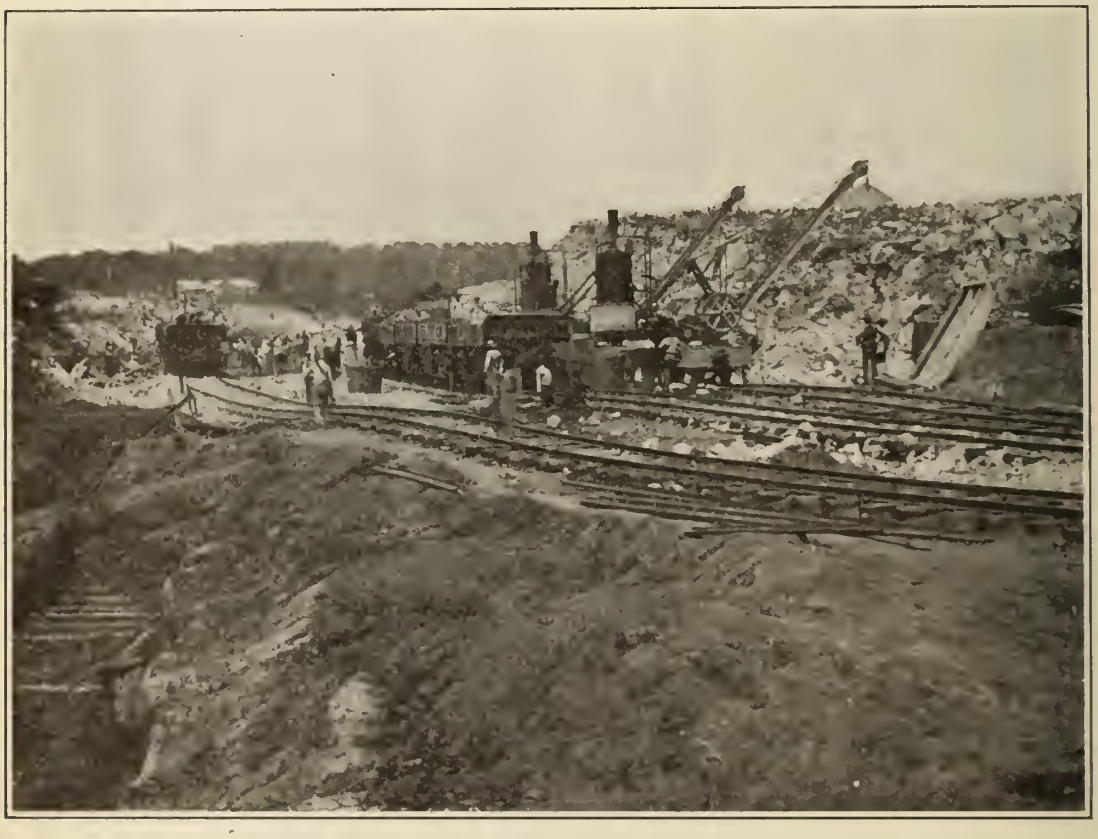
Panama—picturesque, dirty, and deadly—dates back to the wild days of Morgan the pirate, who, somewhere about the year 1671, burned Old Panama, five miles eastward; whereupon the inhabitants migrated to this small peninsula, because the guns of the buccaneers could not reach it.

One may still hear fearsome tales of the work of death among the forces of the railway builders, where every tie is said to have cost a human life. A certain contractor sent four hundred laborers down from New York; ten only lived to return home. Hardly less greedy was the destroyer among the canal diggers in the eighties. It is now, and always will be, one of the most dangerous regions in the world, especially for a prolonged stay of the unacclimated visitor; although this statement has been denied by some recent writers.

The ditch which extends inland from Colon through the lowlands fifteen miles—or as far as Bohio—and the chain of scars upon the ridge, wrought there by the French, are in the same direction and in close company with the railway. Comfortable launches run upon occasion up and down the ditch. It is pleasantly bordered with dense tropical foliage, and is supposed to be twenty-nine feet deep; but there are many places where the silt from the river has flowed in and so filled it that even rowboats must pick their way. The sum

to be applied to this section of the canal is about $12,000,000. At Bohio, at the foot of the lake to be created, are to be located two great double locks, having a combined lift of ninety feet, estimated to cost above $11,500,000. When the French arrived at this point of difficulty, they drilled for a foundation until they came to clay, and "let it go at that." The American commissioners drilled to a depth of one hundred and twenty-eight feet below sea level before they came to bed rock. Upon this must be set the vast masonry wall across the pass, which is to hold the gates of the locks in their place. In the face of such a piece of work all figures are but hazards. The *Comité Technique*, an international body of engineers of the highest authority, after unbiased and exhaustive studies, strongly recommended the "two-lake project." If this is eventually adopted, it will mean the building of a dam a short distance above Alhajuela, and the creation thereby of a second lake, for a more perfect control of the waters of the upper Chagres. Eminent engineers hold strenuously that it is possible to convert the turbulent Chagres "from a menace into a most useful friend," and to make it supply all the water that can possibly be needed for public traffic for centuries to come.

Lake Bohio, which will result from the barrier of the wall and its locks, will furnish a fine inland anchorage and deep water for a dozen miles. A sum of nearly $3,000,000 is to be used here. This inner lake, nearly as large as the upper bay in New York harbor, and about midway between the Caribbean Sea and Panama Bay, will be the natural meeting-place of steamers. The passage of the waterway—consisting of a central lake and a canal at each end extending to the sea-coast—will require altogether from ten to twelve hours. Ships starting from either termi-



AT BOHIO

nus early in the morning may traverse the whole route by nightfall; those starting at noon can anchor at twilight in the sheltered lake, ready for an early morning start. Guard gates at the head of Lake Bohio are designed to preserve its level, irrespective of the Culebra section. The summit division begins here; the deepest cutting is at a point five miles southeast from the gates, where the bottom of the canal will be two hundred and eighty-six feet below the natural surface. Here, in the famous Culebra cut, more men, money, and effort have been expended than upon the entire balance of the route. Of the 43,000,000 cubic metres which it was necessary to remove, the French were able to displace but 1,000,000 metres each year. This will partly explain why their machinery, much of which has been kept in fairly workable condition, is not regarded as of any value. The Americans expect to move 5,000,000 cubic yards each year. The cutting is done along a series of double-tracked benches; and all goes well unless, as has frequently happened there, a landslide occurs. Electricity, generated from the upper waters of the Chagres River, will probably supplant steam power.

At the Pacific pair of locks, known as the Pedro Miguel locks, conditions for a foundation are better than at Bohio. These also will be double locks, having four chambers with a lift of forty-two feet each. They are to cost a little more than $9,000,000.



NEAR OBISPO

A final lock at Miraflores, one and a third miles below Pedro Miguel, will drop ships to the sea level, with eight miles to run down the Rio Grande valley to open sea. At the Pacific end the canal has been excavated about four miles inland. It is a curious fact that when a ship, coming from the Atlantic Ocean, reaches the Pacific, it is twenty-two miles further east than when it started at Colon.

At La Boca, the river mouth upon the inner bay at Panama, a channel has been cut three miles seaward through the coral rock, which here forms the shallow bottom of the bay. This work will necessarily be enlarged and carried to the thirty-six-foot line.

Among the vast number of conditions presented in reports by the Walker Commission, and orally by its members for the consideration of Senator Morgan's committee, the testimony of Professor Haupt regarding Panama Bay is most interesting. He stated that this great body of water, which is situated just north of the thermal equator, is in the region of calms so constant that the occasional sailing ships which visit this region require from two to three weeks to reach the open sea and find a breeze to send them upon their errands. Practically there are no clearances of sailing craft from Panama, for this reason. The usual and most economical course for a sailing ship, *en route* from Panama Bay to San Francisco, is southwestward as far as the Galapagos Islands upon the equator, then westward fifteen hundred miles, then shaping a reach direct for destination.

The large modern fore-and-aft sailing vessel is the most economical of carriers, and especially desirable for the transportation of petroleum to China and Japan, as it reduces the danger of fires. But if a ship of this class must be towed hundreds of miles seaward, and drift nearly two thousand miles further, before getting any nearer San Francisco than when she catted her anchor, it argues a serious objection to the Panama route as compared with that of Nicaragua, where — at Brito — these conditions of calm are not usual. The argument has less force when applied to carriers bound for China or the Philippines.

Generations which have come and gone have been stirred by the prospect of an Isthmian waterway. The idea is older than our civilization. It was urged by a Portuguese navigator in 1550. Nearly eighty years ago the Nicaraguans petitioned the United States to assume the task. In 1829 the Netherlands proposed to try it. In 1838 a concession was granted to a Belgian company. The subject has been discussed and urged in nearly every court of Europe. New Grenada granted permission to build a railway across the Isthmus in 1849; and it was finished by American capital in six years.

In 1849, too, the Hise treaty was signed, and Cornelius Vanderbilt formed the American Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company. Walker and his filibusters killed off this enterprise. Secretary of State Lewis Cass closed a treaty for a Nicaraguan canal in 1857. Between 1851 and 1864 Frederick M. Kelley, a wealthy New York merchant, exploited a Darien route, expending a fortune in his efforts. In seven years from 1870 constant engineering expeditions went out, came home, and made reports. In 1884 President Arthur submitted another treaty; it was pigeonholed by our Senate the following year.

The French movement began with a concession carried to Paris in 1875 by Lieut. Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse. The De Lesseps were drawn into the project. The senior De Lesseps, coming to Washington, was informed by President Hayes that whoever might build the canal America must control it; but this was not made public in France. Four great New York banking houses were heavily subsidized. The Isthmus was attacked blindly. In 1885 many trained writers predicted French failure. It was estimated that Culebra hill would absorb the labor of fifty years. The bubble burst three years later.

This enumeration teaches that a treaty does not necessarily imply a canal. But the prestige of the richest and most aggressive of the nations, the honor of its dominant political party, and the future reputation of our ultra-energetic Chief Executive now depend upon a joining of the seas across Panama. The world is already watching the moves made by those who are playing the game. It will be unsparing in its derision if they fail to "make good." Americans do not fail. The annals of our past achievement cry



THE CUTTING AT PARAISO

out against such a possibility. When the great events of this new century are catalogued by the historian of the future, the creation of the Panama canal by the North Americans, as a contribution to the welfare of the world, will be near the top of his page, and written in bold, enduring sentences to the lasting glory of the generation which accomplished it.

When the work is done, and when the first laden ship glides safely and speedily through this jungle-bordered channel, the rate sheets of the world's commerce will be re-written. A new world will be opened to the hustling American drummer. The influence of the temperate nations, the example of their peaceful methods of conducting and perpetuating their governments, will fall upon the hot-blooded but receptive people of the Latin republics, and will, in time, end their cruel and wasteful epidemic of revolutions. The schoolbook and geography will reach remote plantations under the shadow of the Andes, and be found in the thatched huts of palm-crowned isles. Our doctors, whose skill and research have banished yellow fever from Cuba, will safeguard the workers upon the great canal against the ravages of one of the most deadly climates in the world, and will thus teach the people of tropic ports that it is possible for them to exercise sanitary control over one of the most serious obstacles to their prosperity.

The prejudice of the Spanish-speaking nations toward the aggressive people of the North, which has prevailed from the beginning, will dissolve as the full import of this world-work becomes understood by them; and, in the fulness of time, Central and South America will concede to *Los Estados Unidos del Norde* that confidence and good will which should naturally bind together all the Americas.

Frank H. Taylor



"I'LL NOT BEG, AND I'LL NOT DENY!"



CONTRARY TO PRECEDENT

A Story by Susan Keating Glaspell

I

In spite of the tight feeling in her throat, the tingling of her hands, the awful humming in her head—the dreadfulness of it all—she was conscious of a desire to laugh. She caught herself thinking it was like a play, and a rather cheap, melodramatic play at that. It flashed through her mind that some time she would make a story of it, only it was such a highly-wrought situation, so wild, that she did not believe she could dispose of it to any of the best magazines. There flitted before her blurred vision the cover design of a periodical which might take it; and then she grew very sick, while something seemed hammering it into her head, into her heart, into every bit of her, that the future of her dreams and toils was sinking to black nothing.

A half-hour before she had come there more light of heart, more full of hope, more joyful than she had ever been in all her life. And now joy and hope and happiness would never come flooding into her heart again. The sun would shine, the trees wave, the birds sing, and yet—oh!—it was strange.

The coldness of her hands was spreading down to her feet, her throat was getting tighter, the buzzing in her head louder. And it was all growing funnier! She could feel herself about to give way to a long, loud laugh when she heard the voice of the woman saying:

"I think I had better give you some whiskey."

She rather resented that, and so she sat up and said in so quiet and even a voice that it frightened her: "Oh no, thank you. I don't need anything of that sort. I'm going now."

But she did not go. She merely slid forward in her chair, grasped one hand in the other, thinking whimsically that perhaps there was some law of physics whereby two cold hands could warm each other, and then she looked around the room.

"You have a beautiful home," she said, after the manner of one making a simple observation.

The woman looked at her keenly, a touch of alarm in her face. "You have seen it many times before," she answered.

"Oh yes," said the girl vaguely, "before."

Then she rose and stood in the arch between the library and the hall and looked all about. Despite the hammering at her head, the sick feeling that was all over her, it came to her again that it was like a play. Her mind was running a good deal to plays just now because she was hoping that after awhile some one might want to dramatize her book. And so she looked all about, and considered that the scene would be very effective. The shades were drawn just right, the colors were good, and the house was so rich and quiet and beautiful. Even the costumes were right, she thought: the woman in her wine-colored morning gown, and she—the girl—in her white linen shirt-waist suit, and her little black hat with its pert sort of quill. Yes, that was surely correct.

She walked to the door and opened it. The woman came and stood there beside her, and they looked out at that vista alive with the sounds and smells of the spring. Two of their friends drove by in a runabout, and they both nodded and smiled at them. The girl even waved her hand, wondering as she did so whether it would ever grow warm again. "I suppose they think we're deep in what we'll wear to the dance tonight," she said with a short, sharp kind of laugh.

The woman walked out on the porch and gave a twist to a vine which was climbing up a trellis. The girl stood there looking at her, thinking that everything of tragedy of which she had read in books was wrong. At crucial times people acted just as they did in the commonplace hours—really they acted more so. And that would be a good feature to bring out in the play. The tragedy of the play must be very quiet, very conventional, and commonplace.

She leaned against one of the big pillars of the porch and looked at the woman. She had never thought it a hard face, and it did not look hard now; not hard, but unfathomable, inexorable.

"There are a number of things I might do," she began, speaking in the musing way in which she was wont to discuss the possible actions of people in her stories. "I might fall down on my knees and beg—beg of you not to take my future from me, just when it was opening up to me like this, and after I had worked and worked—you know how I have worked," she concluded simply.

"But I'll not beg," she went on. "I don't like that idea at all. And I'll not reason, though there are things which might be said to you as a reasonable woman—our being friends, you know, and your making it plain you intended all the time to turn on me when the hour came. It takes the sincerity out of everything you've done, doesn't it?"

The woman turned, a trifle of appeal in her attitude. "I am going to trust you to understand that after you have thought it over," she said.

"But I'll not beg," said the girl, not following this new drift, "and I'll not reason, and I'll not deny."

"I should think not," said the woman, making the first call upon her great gift of sarcasm.

"I could make a good denial," said the girl calmly. "I was thinking of it there, when you told me what you were going to do. You have no idea how many things I thought out all in a minute, and how clearly they all came to me. I could say they were literary love-letters, couldn't I? They're really very impersonal as I remember them. I could say I gave them to your husband to look over—that I was fixing them up for publication. There's a publisher I know very well who would say I had had correspondence with him about them."

"You are very shrewd," said the woman quietly.

"I could be if I wanted to; but I don't want to. Some way I haven't heart to do anything of that sort. I don't care anything about denying them. I did write Mr. Kramer some love-letters. I wrote them—let me see, I'm twenty-five now, and I wrote them when I was eighteen; that was seven years ago, wasn't it?"

The woman turned back to the climbing vine and made no reply.

"It's queer about love-letters," pursued the girl. "You take a girl of my—well, we'll say temperament, though I hate the word, and there comes a time when it's as necessary to write love-letters as it is to breathe."

Her companion flashed her a quick glance betokening an appreciation of just the thing implied. That had been the great

bond between them, the way they were able to get at each other. "I think that's quite true," she said.

The girl laughed. "Now aren't we queer? It isn't at all logical for you to admit you understand that."

"I do understand it though—perfectly."

"Well, anyway, it's true. And as a matter of fact I didn't write those letters to your husband at all."

"No, you wrote them to a creature of your ideals," and the woman smiled bitterly.

"Not that so much, but I wrote them to the man most—I don't mean available—most eligible, I guess, for them."

They both laughed a little, and then the girl turned and walked down two steps. But after a minute she turned about and faced the woman.

"Do you know what I think is the hardest thing in life?" she said, tensely now. Nothing but the singing of the birds, the rustling of the trees, the strange, sweet sounds of the spring, broke the silence. "It's having to pay for things that are all used up!" she said passionately. "It's living through things, and then when you've outlived them, and are up, up higher, you know, to have to go back then, *then*, and answer for them. You wouldn't mind it much at the time, when they meant something to you, when they're worth it, but when they're away off, outlived, forgotten, then to have them come back and stand in the way of things that are vital—it's hideous!"

She walked back, then, and leaned once more against the pillar of the porch. "You're older than I am, you've lived more, in a way," she said, looking at the woman almost confidingly, "won't you tell me why it is they can't ask us for the price of our bread when the taste of it is still in our mouths? When the strength of it, you know, is still in our blood?"

The woman snapped off a piece of vine and threw it to the ground. "I must go in now," she said, the same jerkiness in her voice there had been in her hand, and, as the door closed behind the figure in the wine-colored morning gown, the girl knew that the woman had gone because she had been afraid to stay.

And the woman stood in the arch between the library and the hall, just where the girl had stood a little before, and she said to herself: "When she looks like that, talks like that, I almost care for her! I," she whispered, passionately, "I—*care* for anyone!" And she put her hands to her face and tried to hold back the sobs.

II

They had been much together in the past year—Mrs. Kramer and Christine Holt. People said it was nice for Christine, which may be interpreted that it was nice for her to have a friend with a house like Mrs. Kramer's, and who could do the things for her which Mrs. Kramer could do. For Christine herself did not live in a beautiful house, she did not live with people who could do nice things for her, or who cared to. That was why they said it was very nice for Christine. There were only a few, only one or two, perhaps, who could look a little farther and see what the companionship of a girl like Christine had meant to a woman like Mrs.. Kramer.

The woman herself was one of the few who put the obligation on her own side. She knew how much it had been to her life to know such a girl as Christine, and she was quite candid now as she sat with her hands clasped in her lap, looking out at the tops of the trees which she could see from her bedroom window. She was absolutely frank in admitting the obligation. Christine had come close to her, and had taken some of the restlessness, the bitterness, from her life in the past year. And now she——

She rose sharply, and stepping into an alcove of the room returned after a minute with a small package. A very small package it was, for it contained in all but six letters. She did not open any of them now, but just sat there holding them, the contact seemingly giving her strength of purpose. And yet her face was much troubled. It seemed a big storm was gathering in her heart. "My bitter, hateful life!" she sobbed out at last; and then she leaned her face against the window, her mouth drawn in lines of pain.

It was a long time afterward that she went over and sat down at her desk. She spread a writing tablet out before her, she dipped her pen in the ink, and then she sat there, motionless, looking down at the white sheet. At last she began to write:

"I know you are wondering about it—wondering, if not in a personal, at least in an impersonal way. You are trying, after that way you have, to analyze the situation, to get at my motives, to form a new estimate of me in this new light which has come upon me. I know that is what you are doing, and so I will help you a little. I wish I could tell you what kind of a girl I once was. I was something like you temperamentally. I grew up believing in such a lot of foolish, beautiful things. I grew up among my ideals, and there was no one to tell me that some day those ideals would fall

upon me and crush me. When I was eighteen I met Charlie Kramer—just at the age you said you met him. There is no need for me to try to tell you what this first, great, short-lived love of mine meant to me. You have said it in your letters, and said it better than I could say it now. Yes, Christine, he made the songs of the birds more sweet, he made the stars of the heavens more numerous and more beautiful, he made the quiet of the night more quiet, the hush of the dawn more holy, the whole world more full of beauty and goodness and love. I know that letter of yours by heart, and it was true not only of you but of me. I think it has the note of the universal. I lived in the clouds, in a dream, in a holy something that was wrapped round and round me. I idealized until my feet never so much as touched the earth. Life was a poem, love was from God—oh, I was absurd, and I was happy to the full extent of my capacity for happiness; and if you can form any true estimate of the kind of girl I was you must know that that capacity was great.

"Such was the I that married Charlie Kramer. Isn't it part of the great irony of things that a girl to whom love was a sacrament should be given to a man who looked no higher than the clay? To me it was for eternity; to him it was a thing not to outlast the passing fancy. Oh! you don't know, Christine, no one knows, God doesn't know, what I suffered. I was shocked, repelled, sickened, deadened! It seemed that the heavens had tumbled down, that the color of the world had changed to muddy grays—that the curves had gone out of everything. I awoke to find myself in the real world, alone in a country that was alien to me, and the memories of my girlhood would rise up to smite and jeer at me. I had nothing—not memory, not hope, not God—nothing! I sometimes wonder what it would have made of me if I had been a stronger character, less of a dreamer and more of a woman, and I wonder what kind of a life I would have worked out for myself had I married a man who had understood—who had cared!

"But the woman I am is more vital to the present situation than the woman I might have been. I had no children, and I was not great enough of soul to let love live on without a specific thing at which to direct it. There was nothing to do with it, and so it soured within me, and got into my blood and poisoned me.

"And because I was not great I made up my mind that some one must suffer for it. That idea began growing up in me almost at the first, born of my disappointment, the outgrowth of my shattered ideals—this stern, never-to-be-changed, primitive idea that

some one must suffer for it. The only thing in the world which I believed in, as the grim years dragged on, was this idea of retribution, that I—I—must put my finger on something that was quivering flesh and give it pain. I could more easily give up my life than put away that one idea which throbs within my shriveled heart.

"I think you know Charlie Kramer too well to ask why I do not fix upon him as the target for retribution. You cannot bring suffering, Christine, where there is not capacity—the fine, high-strung kind of suffering, the kind I must exact. Suffering of the highest type must come from someone with a soul. He has had many so-called affairs since those early days of our married life. But they were not the kind of women you and I are, Christine—they did not know what love meant, and so they did not move me in the least. Then one day I heard him say to one of his men friends: 'That little Holt girl is home from college—going to spend her vacation here. Jove!—but that girl has a way of looking at a man.' I went upstairs, very slowly, and I sat down by the window and looked, unseeingly, out across the tree tops. That shriveled heart in me was very much alive now. It was like a great something ready to spring upon its long awaited prey. It wasn't his voice, it wasn't anything he did, it was something within myself, something I suppose we must call intuition, which told me that you—poor little you, Christine—were the bit of quivering flesh upon which I was to work my idea of retribution.



"JOVE, BUT THAT GIRL HAS A WAY OF LOOKING AT A MAN"

"I knew you saw a great deal of him that summer, in a more or less harmless way. I knew that he made love to you, and that he made you care for him: he has the gift of feigning the things that are highest, and making the best of us feel—until we have cause to know otherwise—that he knows and understands. And then you went back to college, and you wrote out your heart to him in six beautiful, passionate letters. Oh poor little Christine—he was so unworthy of those letters! I came upon him one day reading them over, smirking fairly—a great, vulgar smirk of vanity—because a woman had written them to him. I watched him put them away, and then I went and took them.

"I think I had something of the cunning of the maniac about it—I waited, I said nothing. I could have waited years and years for the right time to come. When I began cultivating your friendship last year it was because you had a certain gruesome fascination for me. You can understand, can't you? When I saw that you resented my advances, and knew it was repugnant to you to think of being friends with me, I fairly rejoiced, for I saw you were made of the kind of stuff that is capable of suffering. And then, Christine, as time went on I grew very fond of you. In my way I have been sincere. My friendship has been real. It could be real, because it is something so utterly apart from this idea of retribution which you, Christine, are to help me work out. Don't you see how it all shaped itself to my ends? You began telling me about this man—about Oscar Fairchild. I knew that he was the love of your maturer years, that your love for him was the greater love of a woman's rounded soul—the calmer, more enduring love which follows the early-day romance. I understand all about that; I know the way in which you care for him; I know that it is not inconsistent with anything which may have gone before.

"And all the while you talked to me about your book. I knew you were putting your whole life into that book. And so when you came to me this morning and said that the publishers with whom you had most wanted your book to find favor had accepted it, I told you if you did not write them recalling your book, if you did not turn it over to me, relinquishing it forever, that I would read those six unfettered letters to the man for whom you cared. You can have your book, or you can have your love; you cannot have them both. In making you choose I am subjecting you to the finest kind of suffering a woman like you could be asked to endure. My hour has come; someone is paying, dearly. I think you can see it is something quite apart from the fact that we are

friends. I seem to have two sets of feelings about it. The one is the part of me which might have been a mother. I am longing to stand over you, to protect you, and to help you. I suffer with you when that mother-set of feelings takes hold of me. But the other set is the real me, Christine; not the me which might have been, but the me which is. Nothing you could say, nothing I could say myself, nothing which could happen, could change this idea of making someone pay for the suffering I have endured, and that logical someone is you.

"I wonder which you will take? I confess I do not know. If I knew you less well I would say that you would recall your book. But I know that book has been your life, Christine. And yet, will you be brave enough, sacrificial enough to say that you will live without love? Will you be willing to lose, not merely him, but his faith in you? There is one thing which I think your understanding of human nature will tell you. There is no chance that he will listen to the letters, and then go to you and say, 'Christine, you were young, unguided; you did not understand; we will let it go.' Men are not like that, Christine, as I think you know.

"Isn't it all strange—and awful! But my life has been strange and awful. It would be different were I a greater woman. I do not know that you will ever see this. I do not know that anyone will ever see it. But I am glad that I wrote it, for it has made things more clear to me; it has helped to put me right with myself.

"You're thinking about it now, Christine—your big gray eyes looking far into space. I'm sorry it had to be you; you had no mother, you have been lonely, and—and yet, Christine, you are the logical one, and *someone* has got to pay!"

III

Within an hour after she reached home Christine Holt wrote a letter to her publishers, recalling her book. It was the primitive woman of her which did it, that essentially human in her heart which called out for love as the thing she could not do without. She thought very little about the book as she wrote the letter, except in a half-impersonal way that it was an awful thing, and unjust.

Her great idea was to get the letter off, to get the reply, and have it all settled up. The one thing in the world which really mattered now was that Oscar Fairchild should never see those awful letters which she had written so long ago. Words from them, sentences from them which she would have supposed she had

forgotten, came up to torture her now. She ran out and posted her letter, and then she came and paced back and forth in her room, her face flushing hotly as floods of those awful memories would rush over her with all their tormenting vividness.

She sat down in a chair and covered her face with her hands. She was ashamed!—it seemed the very humiliation of it would madden her. That part of her life had been as something which had slipped away from her, something in the past which supplicated for tolerance. And now it had stepped into the present, stepped in as a grim and hideous thing which was to lay its hand upon the future. Was that the way it was in life? Were the things of yesterday—the forgotten, the outlived—forever stepping in to put their mark on the things of tomorrow?

It was so close and desolate in her room that she got up and put on her things, saying to herself that she would take the Ninth Street car. Taking the Ninth Street car meant getting to the woods, and many times when characters in the book would not behave, or when things at home made her a little more unhappy than usual, Christine had taken that Ninth Street car.

As she sat in it now there came back to her that strange sense of the outward commonplaceness of things that were tragic. She supposed she looked just as she had looked yesterday; in spite of the fact that so much in her life had changed, her hat was pinned on just as straight, her jacket pulled down with the same care against wrinkles. It was strange that when the heart beneath that jacket was beating so passionately she should think of such a thing as wrinkles. To the people in the car she looked just as she looked yesterday, yesterday!—when the world was all bright and beautiful.

There was something which always seemed to go from the soul of the woods into the soul of Christine Holt—something big and tranquil, something which wrapped her round and round with peace, and breathed over her a spirit of quiet. She sat down on a familiar log now, leaned her head against a tree, and letting the sounds and odors of the spring sweep in upon her she waited for that adjustment, that calming something which she was sure would come to her out there in the bigness and the quiet. At last her face cleared to something that was half a smile. After all, she was to have him. The fact that she was giving up her book, relinquishing all of that for which the book stood, failed to come to her with the sharpness she might have anticipated. She was too tired to think about it. Tired!—she was so utterly tired that if Oscar Fairchild were there she would put her head down on his breast

and lose the consciousness of everything in the world save the rest, the solace, that was in his presence. He was like the woods—big, and soothing, and steadying; and Christine, poor little Christine—she was full of conflicts.

It was that which made the emptiness, the bitterness, in the life of Mrs. Kramer. She had no one to mean to her what the woods meant, and mean it in its human sense. Strangely enough it was pity, not resentment, which rushed into the girl's heart at thought of Mrs. Kramer, and plainly as though she had seen it upon those sheets of paper, she could read the story of that life.

She did not dwell upon it, though, for it was her own life, the turbulent, far from happy life of Christine Holt which crowded into her consciousness, and asked for judgments. The first thing she could remember about her childhood was that one day a little neighbor girl had put her arms about her and hugged her very tight and cried out: "Oh Christine—I love you so!" And Christine had jumped up and down in great joy, and she had skipped all about the yard, and laughed and danced, for she was so happy because the little neighbor girl loved her. Though she had not known it, that was the thing Christine had wanted all the time, and no one before had ever said: "Oh Christine—I love you so!"

And in the years which followed, the years of her awakening womanhood, there were few, pitifully few, who said it. They said she was a strange girl—some saw, even then, that she was a talented girl—but there were no understanding, loving eyes to look within Christine's heart and see the great waves of love which were wanting to pour themselves out upon some one who was waiting for them.

It was in the fullness of her girlhood's bloom, after a lonely childhood, a childhood so full of strange fancies as to leave her heart crowded with unspoken things, that Charlie Kramer came and talked to her of love. He frightened her at first, but he gave her the first glimpse of a world of reality akin to the world of dreams, and because she was hungry for the things he said she read into them beauties which were not there. She had thought she was living a poem, while in truth—she could see it quite plainly now—she had risen to no greater heights than the breaking of a law.

It was hard for her, though, to force herself now to a real sense of the wrong done—a wrong for which she must pay. She could remember that, when writing the letters, she would sometimes forget all about Charlie Kramer. They were as the mere letting out of things pent up within her heart, and she had been conscious

when she posted them that he would not know just what they were about. Then there had come the awakening, the turning on of the glare of reality, the disappointment—half humorous and half bitter—the living away from it, the growing beyond it. And it was now, with her opened eyes, her fuller understanding, her nicer appreciations, now in this hour of her maturity, that she was asked to give up the future in payment for the blindness of the past!

She went to bed early that night, for she thought exhaustion might bring sleep, and it would be blessed to forget all about it for a time. But the quiet of the night only quickened her perceptions, and as she lay there staring up into the dark there was a restlessness, a soreness of spirit, which had not been upon her out in the woods. The thought of Oscar Fairchild was not the balm to her now that it had been then. It did not seem now that if she could only put her head down upon his breast nothing else would matter. Other things *would* matter! The thing which stood out biggest of all in her consciousness now was her book. She was alive with memories of other nights when she had been restless, unhappy; and she knew it was the book which had been a solace to her then. The book was as something which was born when she herself was born. Even in her lonely childhood the book had been part of her life; not as a book then, but as strange fancies which took her away from the things which were not lovely.

She was sitting up in bed now, her large gray eyes peering out into the dark as though it held the story of the future years. It was with a great rush of hot blood to her cheeks there came to her the thought that she had bartered her book for happiness. That thing which had been all in all to her, which had redeemed, glorified her life, she had kicked into the dust just because she wanted that gift of love—rest.

Her throat was growing very tight. After all, would the sacrifice of the book be of any avail? Would that love which had stood for peace, for a beautiful, serene kind of happiness, ever be again to her what it had been before? Would joy come to her after she had sold her very soul to gain that joy?

She threw back the covers, a kind of dry sob in her throat, and, slipping out of bed, stole over to the other side of the room. Pulling open a drawer of her desk, she took out a copy of the manuscript of her book. Then, with the feel of it, with the consciousness that it was there, she broke down. She pressed the sheets of paper tight against her face, and cried as she had never cried before in all the years.

When the sobs had spent themselves she was more calm. She stood there patting the sheets of paper much as though she were soothing an injured child. "Christine will stand it!" she murmured passionately. "Christine will stand it all—and you, you shall have life, and triumph, and power. You've earned it, you ——"

She sank to her knees then, her head falling to the chair which always stood beside her desk, her face still resting against the sheets of paper. With that acute flash of vision which comes in crucial hours she could see the years stretch out before her. She could see herself unloved, uncomforted, could see herself tired, lonely; but withal she only pressed those pages of her book tighter to her burning face. It seemed to the girl that she had been true to the best that was in her, to the things which something told her in this solemn hour of the night were the highest things of all. The book was her beliefs, her sentiments; it was her soul, herself; and no matter how other things shaped themselves it must live, must work out its destiny.

At last she put the book away. She stood there irresolutely for a few minutes, and then she slipped on a dressing gown and crept stealthily downstairs. They were all asleep, they would not know—and then it would be all over.

"The Western Union? Yes, I have a message. You got the address? 'Please disregard letter you will receive from me dated twenty-second; I accept your terms, and thank you for them.' It's Miss Holt. Yes, Christine Holt. No, charge it to me. Thank you."

"They'll call it one of the eccentricities of genius," she told herself almost gaily, as she crept back into bed. And then



"I ACCEPT YOUR TERMS"

the gray eyes closed, the healthful flush of youth came to her cheeks, and Christine Holt was in that land where problems and sorrows enter not.

IV

It was chilly that May evening, and Mrs. Kramer ordered a fire in the library. While it was being laid she made herself busy about the room, putting away books that had been left upon the tables, giving a touch to a picture here, adjusting a shade there, doing things as one who is seeking the calm of occupation. She left the room then, and when she returned she carried in her hand a small package done up in yellowish paper and tied with bluish cord. This she placed upon a table near the fire, and after looking all around the room sat down. The hour in which she was to turn the balance, to work out the idea which had become flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone, was very close at hand. She was waiting for Oscar Fairchild, and when he came she would open the small package which lay on the table near her.

She was thinking now that she would have been much disappointed in Christine had the girl given up her book. She would not have been Christine had she done that: she would have been the normal, average woman, and she would have been less brave—and Mrs. Kramer loved bravery.

The girl's attitude all through had been full of a daring which Mrs. Kramer liked. Christine had never made allusion to what had taken place between them, and she had gone on much as usual. She had made no move to indicate that she thought a mitigation of Mrs. Kramer's attitude possible. She had talked freely about the bringing out of her book, of her hopes for it, and her great impatience to see how it looked in print. She said she was even now thinking of another book—a book which she thought would be harder to handle, but of greater possibilities. For the other book was to be the life of a woman, and the first book had been the life of a girl. That was the nearest Christine had come to speaking in words of the new forces which had entered into her life. And she spoke of Oscar Fairchild just as she had always spoken of him. She told that he was coming to see her, and that they were making plans to be married very soon.

But there was a difference in Christine, a subtle difference which the older woman was quick to discern. Not alone in her general attitude, but in the little things—in the modulations of her voice, in the poise of her head, the clasp of her hand, Christine

gave evidence of a something held back, a force, a power in reserve, a sort of masterful acceptance of the inevitable. She had that optimism of rare souls which lies in making the best of destiny. She would sip from the cup of joy every drop which she could claim, and when the cup was taken from her she would not cry out.

With Mrs. Kramer it had ceased utterly to be a matter between her and Christine; everything of the personal, the specific, had gone out of it. It was not merely an idea with her—it had become a religion; and she had that devotion to it, that zeal in its execution, which religionists have had all through the ages. The fact that there was ruthlessness in it, that it must cause suffering, was no more an appeal to her than it has been an appeal to the zealots of all time. Her cruelty grew out of her belief, and it was made adamant by her devotion.

Then Oscar Fairchild was standing in the door, and she rose and held out her hand. She had met him before, but she looked at him now with another interest because of the nature of the interview that was before them. She looked at him wondering what he would do and say, wondering how he would take it all. She thought, as she looked into his face, that here would be a test of the stuff that men are made of. For in Oscar Fairchild she had the normal, average man of the better sort. He would do very nearly what the natural, primitive man would do. He would not rise to the great heights of the exceptional. He would stand on the wide, sane plane of the average.

Her conviction as to that grew more settled after they had sat there talking for a few minutes. He had come there to see her as Christine's best friend, had come because he would know and be liked by the friends of the girl he was to marry. As he talked Mrs. Kramer smiled a little. To the man Christine was different and apart from all the other women of the world. And he held her so, not because of a fact that Christine actually was different, but because he loved her; and, loving her, it was the normal, average attitude.

And then, in a sense, Mrs. Kramer lost sight of him as an individual, as Christine's lover, and she looked over at him as representative of the type of normal, average man. Regarding him as such, she was possessed of a keen desire to know, in actuality, what he would think of things.

So she began telling him how she liked to think out stories, how she thought she had a little gift for seeing them, though she

could not construct. She thought of them, of course, in connection with Christine, thinking that perhaps sometime Christine might write them.

There was one in particular, she told him, which had lain in her mind for a long time. She was going to tell it to Christine before long, but she was not sure of part of it, and she wanted a man's point of view upon it. She said, with a half-embarrassed laugh, that in the crude telling it would sound much like other stories of that kind, but that he must consider it with a view to the touches, to the artistic, sympathetic treatment which Christine could give it so well.

The woman leaned far forward in her chair, then she clasped her hands tightly together, looked over into Oscar Fairchild's clean, open, honorable face, and began, unconsciously at first, pleading for Christine. He looked at her strangely; he had not supposed her to be a woman of such intensity. And he had not known before that she had a very wonderful face. He did not know, he had no way of knowing, that he was getting a glimpse, not of the woman who was, but of that woman who might have been. And he did not know—how should he know?—that it was the first time since she had gone into her long sleep that the other woman had sprung out into the heat and glare of life.

Then she had finished, and she looked long into his face, her eyes continuing, reiterating, the things her lips had said. Her words seemed still to throb through the room; the very air was vibrant with the soul-power she had thrown into them.

"You tell it wonderfully," he said. "Christine should have heard you this time, for I do not believe you could ever tell it just like that again: the starved, lonely life the girl had led, the way love came to her in answer to a real need, and then the way she felt the insufficiency of what had been given her, and grew out of it, and developed into that kind of woman—you put it splendidly, Mrs. Kramer. I admit that you raise it clear out of the vein of the commonplace; and yet, do you know"—he laughed, as in anticipation of what she would term his priggishness—"I don't just like the idea of Christine writing a story of that kind."

"Why?" she asked sharply; "don't you want her to write of life?"

"Of life, of course; but of the other phase of things—of the kinds of things, Mrs. Kramer, that you could read to one person, or to two persons, without—well, without hurrying over a little of it, you know."

She turned away from him, then, and looked into the fire. "And what do you think of the man in the story?" she asked at last. "Do you think the average man, the man in real life, would have been great enough to understand—to feel that her soul was not tarnished?—was none the less great?"

"To care for her just as though such a thing had never happened, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Well," he said, after a minute, "that part of it will pass all right in a story. We expect the idealization of things in books, don't we? Actually, of course, it would have made a tremendous difference."

"He would have turned against her?" she asked, with a strange timidity.

The man hesitated: "I don't just know. I think he would."

She glanced at him then with a fierce impetuousness, as though she would sound again the old plea against the injustice of men to women. But with her very lips hot with protesting words there came to her the sense of their utter futility, and she turned and looked with strange white face into the fire.

She had failed. She had made her plea, made it unpremeditatedly, made it with all the soul and power that was in her, and she had failed. And now—now—?

There was one minute, a minute of such kind as stands out from a whole lifetime of years, when that idea which had molded her very soul was wavering. But before she could reach for the package and throw it into the fire that minute had passed, and the passion of years, the passion for retribution, for making someone pay, had come back into its own.

She reached over and took the letters. She sat erect in her chair, as one about to open a subject, but even then she did not speak. For in the fire she was seeing strange visions. She could see the suffering faces of women, she could see the white hands reached out in imploration, and she could see the open, bleeding hearts. And back of the women were the faces of the average, normal men—the good men, the honorable men, the men who would not understand. She saw that women suffered because of the two kinds of men who made up the world—the men like Charlie Kramer, who dragged all that was best in them into the dust; and the good, normal men like Oscar Fairchild, who made women suffer because they did not, would not, understand.

She checked a sob in her throat, and the man looked at her in

silent wonder. He knew that she had forgotten him, that she did not want to talk. He supposed she was thinking of something in her own life, something suggested by the story she had told so eloquently. Perhaps—yes, undoubtedly, that was it—the story was the story of her own life. Christine had told him that Mrs. Kramer was a strange woman, and so he settled deep in his chair and waited for her to break the silence.

And the woman lost everything else in this awful sense of the suffering which the world must bring to women. It was not herself now, it was not Christine, it was women—the suffering faces, the white hands, the bleeding hearts which she could see in the fire. Her heart went out in one great throb of pity for women, women who must suffer, women who must lose their ideals, women who must be misunderstood. If there was only something to do about it, some way to relieve, mitigate it, some way to bring compensation! She put her hand to her head. That word—compensation! It was crowding upon her, surrounding her, pushing at something in her. It crowded and crowded, it was making her dizzy, it was pushing at those props which she had builded up for herself during all the years. It was as though a terrible war was going on about her; compensation and retribution were pitted in a terrible, dizzying war of words. The years of the past were crumbling; the props were shaking. Where was she going? What should she do?

She heard the man stirring in his chair. She knew he was about to go away. "Wait!" she said with a fierce imperativeness, and then she held her face in both her hands and looked into the fire. Something was coming to her—something was to be born from out this conflict of words. There was another word fighting for a place in the fire, and the other word—the other word—

The man sat there and waited in wondering silence, while the woman looked into the fire, her face tragic with strange conflict.

V

Christine waited for Oscar Fairchild that night with a strong sense of her hour of surrender being close at hand. All the while she had been with him in the past few days she had been alive with the feeling that she must crowd in the joy, that no hour must go unfilled with something vital, that she must live enough to give her memories for all the years that were to come. Sometimes she would forget, and would sit there near him wrapped in a quiet content; and then something would rouse her, and every nerve of her



"WAIT!' SHE SAID, WITH A FIERCE IMPERATIVENESS

being would call out that she must hurry, that every minute she lived now must be a minute to be remembered. That great struggle to hurry happiness—that, and the sense of insecurity, of something hanging over her, had left her very worn.

And yet Christine Holt came very close to being beautiful that night. The little tired droop of her mouth, the wistfulness that was in her face, the appeal of love which shone from her eyes—all of that, and then the resolution, the strength, which was back of it all, made it a face not easy to forget.

She wondered why he did not come; and then, in anticipation, she lived through the nights of the future years, nights when she would listen for the step which might have brought him to her, for the voice which might have sounded in her ears—would listen, only to remember, and suffer anew the pain of relinquishing. And then she did hear his step in the hall, and she sat up very straight and told herself she must hear it well, that the memory of it might be all there was for her during the years of the barren future. The sound of the door as he opened it, the very way in which he stood there with his hand upon the knob and looked at her—she forced it all down deep in her memory, for she told herself she would have need of it in the years that were to come.

From the first moment of his coming toward her she knew that something had happened. And then when he just stood there looking at her in a strange, new way—did not come and put his arms about her, just stood there and looked—she felt that she quite understood.

Her first impulse to rush toward him—to tell him that it was not so bad after all, to force him, yes, force him, to understand—was not obeyed because she had no strength. She wanted to move, to speak, but she was powerless, stricken; and so she just stood there and held her hands tightly in each other, and the thing she found herself hoping was that he would say nothing absurd. She wanted to remember these last words as long as she lived, and how could she feed upon memories that had been tinged with the ridiculous?

"I spent an hour or two with your friend, Mrs. Kramer," he began, his voice plainly indicative of something unusual to follow.

Christine was conscious of her old hideous desire to laugh. But she backed to her chair and sat down, and then she said quietly: "She told you things about me?"

"Yes," he said. He too had sat down, and he had turned half way from her and was looking straight ahead.

A lump came in Christine's throat. He was taking no heed of her; they were far away from each other now. He did not know that she was pale, that she looked tired, and different. This, then, was the beginning of the future.

"She said things to me," he said, his voice throbbing as though the emotion was more than the words could hold, "which made everything—you, life, all of it, seem different."

The girl clasped her hands tight to her forehead. "Oh, I suppose so," she said, "I suppose she did."

No words fell in response to her commonplace, and in the heavy silence which followed Christine's mind groped out for her book. It was a strange thing that she had begun the new book that very afternoon. For some reason she had felt it would not do to wait another day, and she had written steadily for five hours. That, perhaps, was one of the things which had made her so very, very tired.

She was glad that the new book had been given birth: it was a little something upon which to lean, something upon which to call. But it was insufficient. And so she pressed her hands more tightly upon her forehead, and hoped he would not be long.

The man walked over to the window and, raising the shade, looked out into the night. "Christine," he said, turning about at last, "shall I tell you all about it?"

"Whatever you wish," she replied, and wondered drearily how the words got past the tight place in her throat.

"You see," he began excitedly, "I supposed when she sent for me that it was to talk about you—about the life you and I were going to have. I was glad to go; I thought it would be personal, you know; but I didn't dream—I didn't dream," he repeated, "that she would say things which would put a new light upon everything in the world."

There was a silence which Christine felt she must break with a scream.

"The first of it wasn't so strange," he went on more quietly. "We talked of a number of things—of you, your work, and all that. She even told me a story which she said she was going to give you to write some day, and she asked what I thought of a part of it. And then, when she had finished the story, and when I had told her what she wanted to know, she seemed to forget all about me. She sat and looked into the fire; so strangely, Christine, that I could not have spoken had I tried! I looked at her face, when I dared, and it half frightened me, it was so unlike anything I had ever seen.

I could feel that something was going on back of it all, that something was—oh, I'll not try to tell it, for I don't begin to understand, but I could feel that I was in the presence of a bare soul, though I don't know why, or any of that. At last I felt I wanted to go, but she would not let me, and then she sat there, looking into the fire, and the silence—it was like the silence of another world. Finally, Christine, she jumped up and faced me, her face positively glorified, and she cried out, her voice ringing like a bell through the room: 'It's the joy must pay!—it's the joy!—the joy!'

"She saw that I did not understand, and so she came over close to me, smiling as though she had just found out something. I tell you, Christine, it was not the face of the woman I had seen when I came in there an hour before. I can't tell it in her words, I don't suppose I can make it clear at all, but she told me I must be very good to you, Christine, good to you—not just in the usual way, not merely true to you, but that I must keep your heart young and full of joy, that I must never shake your ideals, that I must care for your queer little fancies, for the poetry that was in your soul. She said above everything else I was to keep you from ever growing bitter.

"And then at last she said to me, so strangely, I tell you I'll never forget it: 'I want you to promise that you will put so much joy into the life you two are going to live, so much of pure, glorious, God-given joy, that it will make up for all the suffering that could possibly have been crowded into the life of another.' Wasn't that strange? Wasn't it? Why, Christine, darling, you're crying!"

He took her in his arms then, and with her head upon his breast she sobbed away the hateful memories, sobbed out the joy and the thanksgiving.

"I didn't mean to," he said, kissing her hair, "I didn't mean to, little one. I might have known it would upset you, you feel things so. But someway this had gone so deep with me that I wanted you to know it too."

"It is a strange idea," he mused, after Christine had grown quiet and lay there very still in his arms, "a strange and beautiful idea which she has conceived. She believes that the joy of the world must pay for the world's suffering; that one who has been made to suffer must in turn cause joy—cause so much of it that the joy will compensate, and will leave the balance of the world still in joy's favor. Isn't it wonderful, Christine?"



THE BEST NEW THINGS FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

Mark Twain for President

The interview flourishes in America and France, the only two countries which have developed it into a literary form. Mr. William Archer has been experimenting elaborately with it in England, which will doubtless soon practice the art more generally. That Italy has scarcely learned the rudiments is apparent whenever the interview is attempted. Mark Twain and his family arrived in Florence a few weeks ago, when he was promptly tracked to his hotel and subjected to this modern instrument of torture or delight. The result would bring a smile of gentle pity to our journalists, so little did the American humorist appear, so much was it routine Italian sentiment. The dark-haired daughters were turned into blondes to fit the picture in the visitor's fancy, and the humorist, with his love of familiar dialect, was made to talk radiantly about "the sunny kiss of the Florence Hills." The Italian talked much of the time himself, but in the course of his long and poetic screed he casually admitted one element of news. Mark Twain is to run for President. His trip is for the purpose of learning a language spoken in America by a vast body of voters, the number being rapidly increased by the enormous immigration from Southern Italy. He hopes to gain the Italians especially, and enough others to secure election, on the platform that the best of life consists of a little laughter and a little love. We suspect the Italian of adding the love, but Mr. Clemens was evidently correctly quoted for the issue, which would be the gay in politics against the tedious. Having divulged this candidacy to American readers, we expect the party leaders on both sides to consider Mr. Clemens seriously. Mr. Jerome, in the last New York campaign, attacked Mayor Low for deficiency in humor, and for being unlovable. An observer remarked that Mr. Jerome might love something else—his wife, for instance, hired girl, or dog. His other requisite for a successful politician will certainly be supplied when Mark Twain is fairly launched in his struggle toward the White House. Either Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Roosevelt would do for his opponent. As each of them is stronger in other virtues than in humor, the issue of what is most important in a statesman would be fairly raised.—*Collier's Weekly.*

The Dormant Parental Conscience

Indirectly, the churches will do much to amend the present deficiencies if they can awaken the dormant parental conscience. Since biblical, and even since Puritan, times there has been a manifest decay, among heads of families, of the sense of responsibility in spiritual matters. First the father transferred his own share of parental duty to the mother, and in many cases it has afterwards been passed over *en bloc* to an outsider. In England one of the most lamentable features of the present educational controversy is the suspicion of



Photograph by Lyonde *Courtesy of John C. Winston & Co.*

CARDINAL RAFAEL MERRY DEL VAL

NEW PAPAL SECRETARY OF STATE

insincerity in the arguments of so many Anglican clergy and country squires, who, while anxious that the children of the poor should have the privilege of a full Christian education, send their own sons up to Oxford and Cambridge in a condition of amazing ignorance respecting the main events of scripture history; and the similar inconsistency of so many well-to-do Nonconformists, who, while loud in their protests against the exposure of the cottager's family to ultra-ecclesiastical influences, allow their own boys and girls to obtain much of their religious training from Anglican, and even Roman Catholic sources. In America no less mischief is done to the spread of true religion by the spectacle of the church member who demands that the State shall set up in every schoolhouse a light that has not yet been kindled within his own home.—*Herbert W. Horwill* in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

The Papal Premier

Monsignor Merry del Val is one of the eminent Churchmen—including Monsignori Chigi, Czacky, Granito di Belmonte, and Cardinal Vaughan—in whose company I dined at parties small enough to hear and see them well. The new Secretary of State at the Vatican is the least *homme du monde* of any of the Monsignori with whom I have been acquainted, if we take that term in a broad sense, though he is a man to shine in an aristocratic drawing-room, and could with advantage have figured in Disraeli's last novel. But he is the most cosmopolitan, perhaps, of all the Monsignori, and is equally at home in Ireland (with which he is connected by his mother), in England (also through her), and—through long periods of residence—in Belgium, Italy, Spain, and France, where he has family connections. The facility with which he learns languages is almost phenomenal, and he speaks and writes the tongues of the different countries I have named, including Flemish. His father represented Spain in Rome and London, where Monsignor Merry del Val came out at the Coronation as extra Nuncio. He had previously gone on a special mission to Canada, to settle some thorny matters, and succeeded through the help of Sir W. Laurier. Leo XIII took a fancy to Monsignor Merry del Val for his refinement, innate elegance, and Latinity. He and the present Pope were among the few who did not set the extremely sensitive nerves of the late Pope on an edge. It would be hard to say, on being presented to Monsignor Merry del Val, to what nationality he belongs. I have seen Spaniards like him, yet, were it not for his violet robe, I might have taken him for a High Church English clergyman. He reminded me of the Rev. Mr. Drew, son-in-law of Mr. Gladstone, but his eyes had Andalusian shape and color.—*London Truth*.

"No Thoroughfare!"

They took a little gravel,
And they took a little tar,
With various ingredients
Imported from afar.
They hammered it and rolled it,
And when they went away
They said they had a pavement
That would last for many a day.

But they came with picks and smote it
To lay a water main;
And then they called the workmen
To put it back again.
They took it up for wires
To feed the 'lectric light,
And then they put it back again,
Which was no more than right.

Oh, the pavement's full of furrows;
There are patches everywhere;
You'd like to ride upon it,
But it's seldom that you dare.
It's a very handsome pavement,
A credit to the town;
They're always diggin' of it up
Or puttin' of it down.

—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

A Catechism of Civics

What are the principal products of the United States?

Historical Novels and Health Foods.

What other necessities of life are raised?

Kentucky Rye and Scotch High Balls.

Where is the Corn Belt located?

It extends from the Chicago Exchange to Trinity Church in Wall Street.

Does the climate vary much in different parts of the Union?

Yes.

What is the mean temperature?

Where Uncle Russell Sage happens to be.

What is considered to be the hottest region in the country?

Zion City.

And the coldest?

John D. Rockefeller's safe deposit vault.

What common product is raised in the same proportions all over the country?

Babies.

Are there any exceptions to this?

Yes. Newport and South Dakota.

What are these babies used for?

In the South, to run the factories. In the North, to furnish new Educational Systems.

What are the principal industries of the inhabitants of the United States?

They grow trusts, buy stocks on margin, and manufacture South American revolutions.

How is the Trust Crop grown?

By magnates and the common people.

What is a magnate?

Almost any dishonest man who has money enough to keep out of jail.

And when the common people have gathered the Trust Crop, how are they paid?

In common stock.

Does this yield anything?

Oh, yes. When squeezed, it yields water enough to make good circus lemonade.

What are the principal trades of the United States?

Operating for appendicitis, writing advertisement poetry, and going out on strike.

According to the last census, what was the total population?

About seventy millions.

And how are these divided?

Into thirty-four million females and the rest Presidential candidates.

What is the color line?

It is an imaginary line drawn from the Tuscaloosa Institute to the White House dining-room.—*Life*.

When a Fuse Blows Out

One sees occasionally in the daily press an account of the blowing out of the fuse on an electric car. Now the greatest danger to the passengers in such a case lies in the possibility of some unexpected happening causing a panic. It is therefore most desirable that everyone should know what may be expected to happen on a car, and that the happening is not necessarily an indication of danger.

If a steam engine is overloaded, it will stop and refuse to work, although the full pressure of steam may impinge upon the piston, and not cause any danger. On the other hand, a motor, when overloaded, tries its best to do the work thrown upon it. If it can not run at full speed it will run at whatever speed it can. As the speed decreases, the current through the motor increases, and the motor adjusts itself to that speed at which the turning effort is sufficient to cause rotation and do the work.

The current which will flow through a motor when it is standing still is in almost all cases far in excess of that which the motor is designed to carry; and, indeed, in a well-designed motor a current dangerous for the motor will be reached before the motor has been stalled. The effect of this heavy current on the motor, if allowed to continue, is to heat the windings to a dangerous degree and destroy the insulation, possibly setting it on fire; and it is to prevent this occurrence, whether due to careless handling of the car or to unexpected causes, that the fuses are used. A fuse is simply a short piece of wire of such size that it will be melted by a current which, if allowed to flow through the motor for any time, will damage it. When a fuse blows, then, it simply means that one of the safety devices on the car has operated to prevent damage to the motor. The melting of the fuse opens the circuit and cuts off the current from the motor. To protect the car the fuse is enclosed in a fireproof box.

There is another device for accomplishing this purpose, which is known as the circuit-breaker. This is a switch controlled by an electromagnet, which opens whenever the current reaches a certain dangerous value. This mechanism is now generally installed upon electric cars in addition to the fuse. It is often placed on the roof of the platform over the motorman's head, where it is easily reached, and it is set to operate at a higher current value than the fuse, because the circuit-breaker acts almost instantaneously, while it takes a little time for the fuse to be melted. Now, a motor can stand for a second or two a current which would destroy it if applied for a longer period. The circuit-breaker, then, takes care of

heavy overloads, and the fuse protects the motor against those smaller currents which are dangerous if applied for a considerable time.

When a fuse blows there is generally a volatilization of the metal of the fuse and a slight explosion. These explosions usually cause a report and some smoke. When the circuit-breaker is opened it draws an electric arc in breaking the circuit, and as in this arc a considerable amount of energy is dissipated in heating the air, there may be here also something of an explosion; but in neither case is there any danger to the passengers when the apparatus is properly installed. The fuse and the circuit-breaker are safety devices, the operation of which indicates, not that there is danger to those on the car, but that danger to the motors has been averted.—*Electrical Review*.

Major Pond and Beecher

Major Pond was a sportsman, out and out, in the sense that he could play either a winning or a losing game; and if he were losing, would never whine, and always despised men who did. He used to explain, with much emphasis and considerable detail, that if he, so to say, sublet the lecture to any local agent, he preferred that it should be to a theatrical *impresario* rather than to some philanthropic institu-



Cartoon by Bradley *Courtesy of Chicago News*

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA!

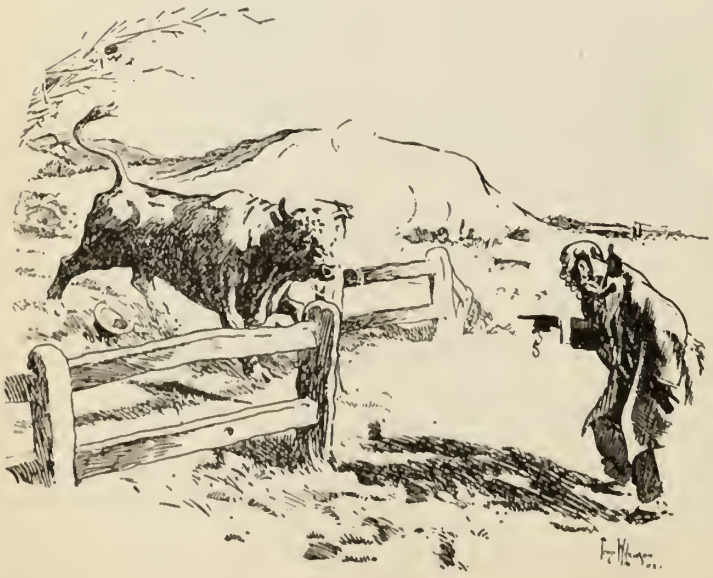
tion; because if the lecture were a great success and the philanthropists had made a haul, they would still try to knock off a dollar here and there, and if the lecture had barely paid, they would at once begin to plead for a reduction in charge, while the theatrical people, the Major declared, were accurate with their accounts to a cent, and even if they lost, never dreamt of complaining. "Win or lose, they knew it was in the game, and they took the situation like men. They've got their faults," the Major used to add, "those theatrical managers, but they ain't babies."

"You won't be discouraged by the house," the Major would sometimes say in the retiring-room. "The people have gathered pretty close to the front," and then one came to know that the house would be packed to the ceiling. But if there were a thin house, the Major would fall back on how his hero Beecher met that emergency.

"Not many present?" Beecher used to say. "Well, then, Major, they must have the better lecture, a quarter of an hour longer, and the finest I have." And the Major would add: "The greatest man I ever knew. Never was afraid and never complained." Beecher had taught his friend to be great in the same way, for I can bear witness, and still more the greater "stars"—for though we were all, according to the Major, "stars," one "star" differed from another "star" in glory—that the Major never complained. If the audience were thin, or the night were bad, or the lecturer were not well heard, or the profits were small, or the press unfavorable, never would the Major round on his "star." He always made the best of things, and had a cheery word, like the brave old fighter that he was. His pluck was unvarying and indomitable. You never knew when he was beaten, and in my experience he never was beaten.

Upon the long railway journeys he was the best of companions, for he had an inexhaustible store of reminiscences, stories of the old frontier days when he was an Indian fighter, pointing out from the car as we crossed the prairie the river bank on

LESSONS IN POLITENESS



BINKS (*who has been "assisted" over fence, politely to Bull*). AND NOW, WOULD YOU MIND THROWING OVER MY HAT AND UMBRELLA?



—*Punch.*

POLITE HUNTER (*whose lunch has suddenly been disturbed by lion, which, having devoured everything, seizes his cigar case, which he has dropped*). ALLOW ME TO OFFER YOU THE MATCHES!

which they had been nearly ambushed by the Indians; describing how he got Brigham Young's wife out of Salt Lake City and brought her to Washington, in the days when to leave the Mormon capital without a pass was almost a sentence to death; going over the famous singers and literary men he had conducted, with many a racy anecdote; or recalling the guerilla warfare, when, with a major's command of cavalry, he was fighting the Southern Irregulars, and when no quarter was given. But sooner or later he fell back on the great reserve of his conversation, which was Henry Ward Beecher. How that man could sway congregations of people from the pulpit or from the lecture platform as the corn waves before the wind; how patiently and bravely he endured shameful slander and confusion; how pure and big was his heart; how many and kind were his actions. Such themes the Major would speak on by the hour, till at last he could not contain himself longer, and would leave abruptly for the smoking-car to do his accounts, with a last word: "When the Almighty made that man, He broke the mould."—*Ian Maclaren* in *The Windsor Magazine*.

The Quest of the Local Color

O bear me away on the wings of the night
 And put me in touch with the stars;
For it's new local color of which I would write,
 And I think that I'll seek it in Mars.

I've scoured all the earth to its farthest demesne
 For some as-yet-undescribed spot,
And long have I fared, but yet none have I seen
 Not used long ago in a plot.

Did I try South America? Davis has that.
 The Isthmus? O. Henry's been there.
The Klondyke? Jack London, a fierce autocrat,
 Has gobbled the North as his share.

Kentucky belongs to the mountaineer, Fox;
 Wyoming was Wister's on sight;
And Parker has Canada's rivers and rocks
 Fenced in by his own copyright.

I ride through the mesas and ranges in vain
 In search of some spot in the West
Which might have escaped "The Virginian's" train—
 "Red Saunders" has gobbled the rest.

Lo, Duncan has left not a comma to write
 On the sad little Newfoundland isle,
And how can I dream of New England in sight
 Of Mary E. Wilkins's style.

I fly to the East, and 'midst races of men,
 With names unpronounceable, probe
Till bang against Kipling I come with my pen;
 For he claims the rest of the globe.

Then bear me away on ethereal swells
 And put me in touch with the stars—
But hold up a minute! There's Herbert G. Wells
 Already located in Mars.

—*Wallace Irwin* in *The Bookman*.

Respectable Gambling

The fact that the professional gambler is to a large extent a social outcast, plying his craft at night and behind steel doors and only then with the purchasable connivance of the authorities, is in itself a warning that not even the stupidest can fail to observe. Stock speculation, on the contrary, hangs out the banner of respectability—which a great many unthinking persons have somehow come to confound with morality—and, under its protection, carries on its traffic night and day, in city streets and village lanes, in parlor and boudoir, in store and in factory—in short, wherever it can find a single human being possessed of this mania for getting something for nothing. Men who would scorn to cross the threshold of a gambling house, gamble openly in stocks and are not ashamed to discuss their ventures in the presence of their own children. And with every facility for legalized gambling placed within reach of even the humblest purse, is it to be wondered at that when Wall Street ruins a man, it strips him of everything that he possesses—destroys his business, places a mortgage on his home, eats up the trust funds of which he was custodian, and leaves him naked to the world?

On the other hand professional gambling, by which I mean the kind that is not respectable and exists only through the corruption of the police, seldom does more than to relieve a man of whatever money he may have in his pockets and possibly as large a check as the house will accept. That men frequently lose large sums at faro or roulette is undeniable, but it is not often that those games take the roof from a player's head and reduce him and his whole family to beggary. Moreover—and this is something well worth noting—the cheerful loser in a first-class gambling-



The Sketch

ARTHUR WING PINERO

AS HE IS, AND AS MAX BEERBOHM SEES HIM

house may refresh himself free of cost during the hours of play and even solace himself, when all is over, with a really fine supper. And if perchance he has set a good example to his fellow-players by losing every cent that he has in his pockets, the house will always allow him a dollar or two for cab fare home.

But there is no free supper in Wall Street, no cigars or liquors to be had at the cost of the market while the ticker ticks out its tale of disaster and the tape festoons itself about the basket; and I really don't know what would happen if you were to ask the broker to whom you had lost your entire fortune to lend you the amount of an uptown fare on the Elevated Road.—*James L. Ford* in *Leslie's Monthly*.

What Would "Little Mary" Say?

There has been much discussion in London of late as to the hour the play should begin. London journals have treated the matter as it lately has been put on tongue and pen, as a result of remarks made upon it by Mr. Pinero at a dinner given by the Lord Mayor to the press. Mr. Pinero, at the dinner mentioned, put forward a plea for the theatre, declaring that the modern hour for dining is driving the hour for the play later and later. He insisted that "serious" playgoers should forego their dinners and take "high tea" instead, claiming that the lighter repast, aside from its economy of time, would the surer promote "high thinking." "High tea," it has been pointed out, is an evening institution of rural England, where early rising begets an appetite that must be appeased at midday, rather than of London, where late rising and the consequent business rush needs must postpone the heavy meal of the day until night. Mr. Pinero's proposal, as it definitely is stated, in fact would tend to work a revolution in the gastronomic habit if it should be acted upon—which is not probable. He courageously suggested that plays should begin at seven o'clock and end at ten, leaving time afterward for dinner—or for supper, as the Londoners call it—as a supplement to the intellect-inspiring brew that he names as the proper thing in the circumstances before the theatre.—*New York Dramatic Mirror*.

Behind the Scenes in Mission Work

I have heard it said, time and time again, that a man's soul—be he tramp or millionaire—is priceless, and it is because I believe it to be true that I am willing to brave your criticism. We have no scruples in speaking our minds about politics, labor affairs, commercial situations, or anything else that is of moment to us, but we are afraid to speak



Houston Post

AN (IM)PERTINENT QUESTION

COLOMBIA—"I'D LIKE TO SEE THE ORIGINAL OF YOUR DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE"
UNCLE SAM—"YOU CAN'T, MY BOY, THE INK HAS FADED OUT"
COLOMBIA—"I THOUGHT SO"

and to see straightly the things which are veiled by the mantle of self-made righteousness. Yet they are the most important matters, because they concern men's souls, and criticism is allowable because the cap need be worn only by those whom it fits.

The public side of mission work can be seen by all; the nether side is seen only by few. I have peeped behind the scenes and find that human nature is very much the same everywhere. When one has a good job he hates to lose it. Leaders of missions receive fair salaries and are expected to show results in return for them. Converts must be made, and that they are made can only be proved by the number of testimonies. This puts a premium on testimonies, and this is noticed by those contemptible rascals, the "mission sharks," a kind of men possessed of a certain glibness and familiarity with Bible texts. This narrows itself down to the deduction that they who speak well and often receive much encouragement, including bed-tickets, meal-tickets, and cast-off clothing, while the less gifted and less cheeky convert—although, perhaps, more sincere than the other—receives less. I am not speaking at random and am prepared to be challenged.

The fact of the matter is that the system is superannuated and needs revising. It has fallen into a rut and has become the refuge of a lot of incompetents, who, after failing at everything else, are put into this business, the most important in the world, by influential friends or tired relatives. The bright men among the evangelists cannot confine themselves to missions in the slums, but feel "calls" to speak to the masses *en masse*, and the slave of the slum has to be satisfied with the outpourings and converting experiments of mediocrities. —*Owen Kildare* in *Success*.



—*Punch*

BEFORE THE HEAD

FOURTH FORM BOY (*with recollections of a recent visit to the dentist*). PLEASE, SIR, MAY I—MAY I—HAVE GAS?

Kaleidoscopic Chemistry

Sir William Ramsay, professor of chemistry at University College, London, who, with Lord Rayleigh, separated helium from the air, in a lecture before the Royal Institution made the interesting announcement that his experiments with radium had shown that that element has the power of changing by some subtle process into another element, namely, helium. He described how a long search into the problem of what becomes of the minute particles with which radium is always parting was quite lately rewarded. Besides its other manifestations, radium constantly gives off an emanation which seems to behave in all respects like a heavy gas. It can be collected in tiny flasks, measured, weighed, and used to display the characteristic properties of radium, but it is not permanent. In about a month it entirely disappears. The question is, "What becomes of it?" Sir William has caught this emanation in the act of vanishing. He found that after it had been collected a couple of days its spectrum, which previously was entirely unlike any yet studied, began to display the typical yellow line of helium. In four or five days the helium grew brighter, and in another week the spectrum of helium was positively blazing in the hermetically sealed tubes that had been filled with the pure emanations or gaseous output of radium. In other words, one element had been literally seen to change into another.

This realization of one of the oldest of human dreams is very suggestive of transmutation. The problem might not be actually solved, but it was by no means



Photograph by Elliott & Fry

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY

absurd. Professor Ramsay calculated that if radium turned into helium and nothing else it would take 2,000,000 years to dissolve into gas, but if helium is only one of the substances given off the transmutation would be proportionally shorter. He is now investigating to learn precisely how much helium was produced from the radium, what happened in the change and how long it took. He pointed out that several groups of elements linked together by Mendeljeff's periodoc law showed a remarkable similarity of properties, tending to suggest that the accepted elements were not the final forms of matter, and that they were ultimately reduced into a few simpler forms. He asked if the world was on the verge of some great generalization, showing that all the so-called elements were merely elusive forms of one or two fundamental kinds of matter.

The price of radium has increased tenfold in the last six months, owing to the action of the Austrian Government, which



—*Leslie's Weekly*

A MATTER OF NECESSITY

MISS JOHNSON—NO, NO, MISTER JACKSON; AH AM IN NO HURRY TO CHANGE MAH NAME.

MR. JACKSON (*nervously*)—P'RAPS NOT; BUT AH AM IN A BIG HURRY TO CHANGE MAH LODGINGS.

had created a corner therein by refusing to allow further exports of refuse from the uranium oxide works at Joachimthal. As a result, the nominal price of radium is about $250,000 for one-fifteenth of an ounce.—*Electrical World.*

In the Appendix

Dr. Lines, the new Bishop of Newark, has a keen sense of humor, and has enlivened many a dinner with bright talks. At a recent Chamber of Commerce dinner he carried off the anecdotal honors with the following story:

"At the time of King Edward's recovery from his threatened fatal illness with appendicitis," he said, "thanksgiving services were held all over the kingdom. At one of these the services were to close with the singing of a well-known hymn which happened to be in the back of the books used in that parish.

"'Let us close the services,' the rector said, 'by singing the hymn, "Peace, Perfect Peace"—in the appendix.'"—Newark (N. J.) *Evening News.*

Red Tape by the Mile

There is red-tape in the methods of the American War Department, but for gorgeous complication of system, a recent illustration in the British army eclipses all records on this side the water. An officer had occasion to use a screw-driver, just a plain, ordinary twenty-five-cent screw-driver. In a moment of rashness he decided not to buy it on his own account, but made formal application for the implement from the supply of the Government stores. The request for a screw-driver was read, approved, indorsed, by one officer after another up the long ladder—whose rounds were festooned with red-tape—until it reached the topmost seat of authority, whose action was final. There the application was solemnly considered and started back on its downward path through the various official channels, until it reached the audacious officer.

He was informed that screw-drivers were supplied only in boxes of tools, and not singly. He was not daunted, but, with admirable persistence, filled out another form, requesting the box of tools, in order that he might obtain the screw-driver. After the same weary round of delay and formality, this application came back. Its indorsement stated that boxes of tools were only supplied to carpenter shops. The patient officer scratched his head, and set himself down again to fill out a blank application. This time he asked for a carpenter shop, and a month later received word that a duly equipped and appointed carpenter shop would be supplied him.

Three months from the time he had happened to want a screw-driver he received a carpenter shop. Through an oversight in packing, there was no screw-driver in the box of tools.—*Collier's Weekly.*

"Bearded Like the Pard"

Among bearded celebrities in the political world, the veteran politician, Earl Spencer, has carried his flowing beard very high for a great number of years—through many ups and downs, and as a member of various Governments. His beard was first cultivated at a time when beards were not in fashion; and, moreover, it was of a hue that, in



familiar phraseology, might be termed "carroty"; but his huge moustaches have a graceful and dignified twist that gives an aristocratic appearance to his face. The hair on his head is massive, and long, and well brushed, in mid-Victorian style, and to add to his lion-esque appearance, he wears a heavily furred top coat.

The most significant and the best-known beard in society, properly so called, was that of the Earl of Lathom, the late Queen's Lord Chamberlain. What lady is there, who was presented at Court during the late reign, but can recall to mind that large, flowing beard, the gorgeous, richly gold-laced coat with the wonderful rosette on the right hip, in which hangs the magic key; the white knee breeches and silk stockings and the large patent shoes and buckles, that together formed so prominent a figure on the eventful day. Apart from a glimmering recollection of Her late Majesty a vivid recollection of the struggle to get the right glove off in time, and of the panic when the train would not go right, there is nothing connected with the presentation at Court that *debutantes* of ten years ago remember more clearly than the well-groomed beard of the Lord Chamberlain.



The Kaiser's moustache, with its upturned ends, is interesting, and some people are asking whether there is any danger of its invading and conquering the British army. This would be the last straw—I mean the last hair—on the back of our military camel. There is a strong feeling even now, among army men, against German usages in the English army. There is absolutely no external difference now between the German and the English officer. The German cap, the long German frock coat, the tight trousers—every seam, every button of the costume is German. It only needs the German Emperor's style of moustache to complete the transformation.



There is a similar fascination to some men in having the beard cut in eccentric fashion. This is true not only of idle men, with nothing else to think about beside their personal appearance, but also of some of the busiest men in the world of commerce and of politics. I know a business man who works night and day and never has a minute to spare away from his work for any pleasure or idle companionship; yet he will spend two whole hours at his barber's having his hair and beard attended to.

As an illustration of what I mean, take Sir Donald Currie, a man well known in Parliament and a giant in the shipping world. What an amount of thought and time he must have expended daily on that beard, cut in a most erratic way, yet dressed with artistic care and tenderness. At seventy-five years of age his working-day was not limited to a few hours in the city. He was not ashamed to take a black bag with him to the House of Commons, to continue his work there with the



aid of a private secretary. Yet with all these weighty matters to occupy his time, he can spare some of it for attention to so light a thing as his hair, and once seen is remembered long.—*Harry Furness* in *Pearson's.*

A Newly Married Woman's Peace of Soul

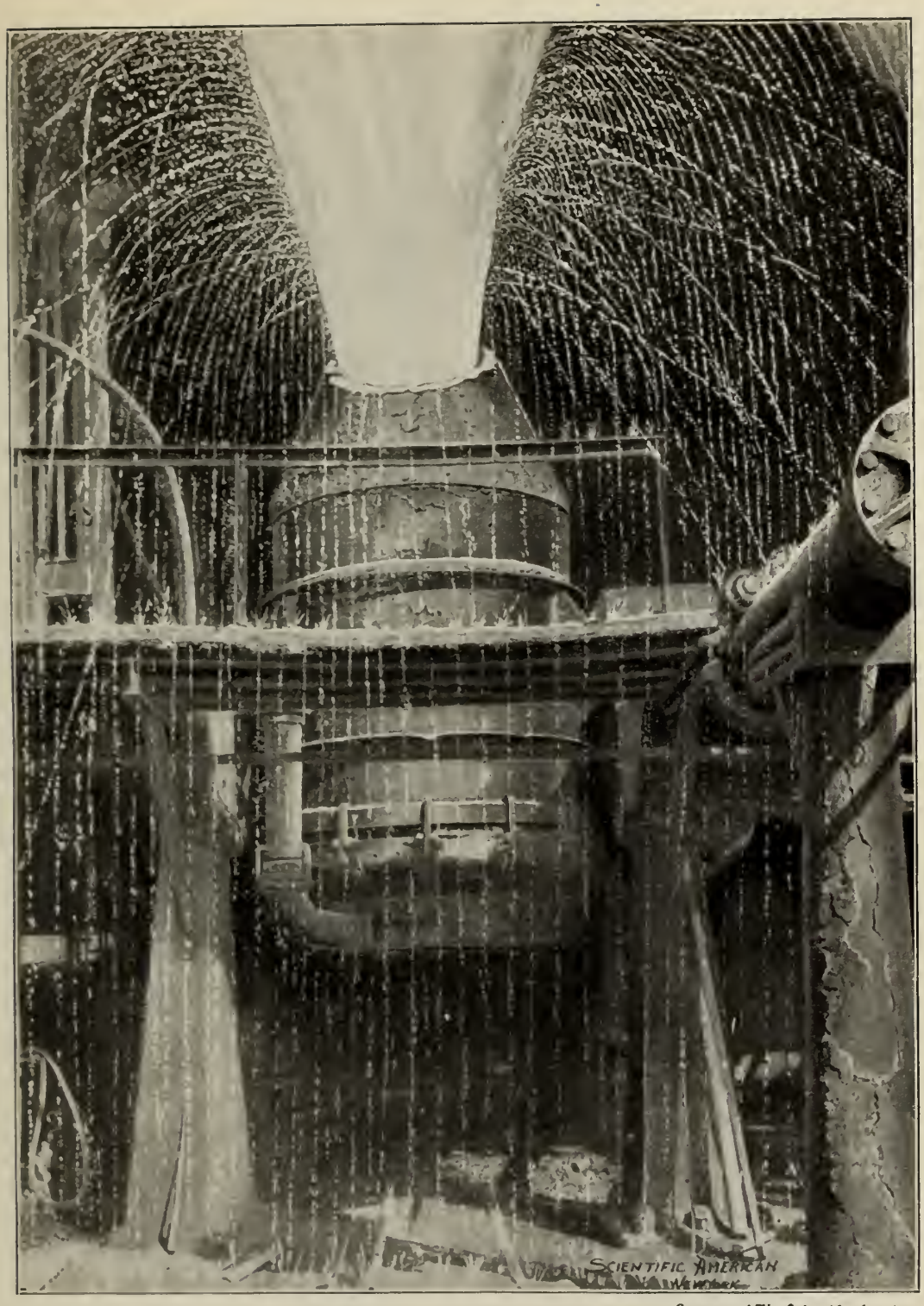
The basis of a newly married woman's peace of soul is trust. She feels that the responsibility is on her husband to make good the manly qualities with which she has endowed him, and because of which she has consented to become his mate.

Nevertheless, no woman emerges from her honeymoon with exactly the same estimate of her lover as before. If nothing else, she has seen his mental and moral characteristics in their undress, so to speak, and become habituated to their sublimity. We may be no less fond of a person whose anecdotes have grown familiar to us, and analogously a wife does not weary of her husband's qualities merely because they have lost the glamor of novelty. On the contrary she is apt to continue to adore them because they are his. Still she feels free to scrutinize them closely and—unconsciously at least—to submit them to the test of her own silent judgment. She discovers, too, of course, that he has sides and idiosyncrasies the existence of which she never suspected. Ordinarily she finds to her surprise that his attitude in regard to this or that matter has shifted perceptibly since marriage, so that, instead of being lukewarm or ardent, as the case may be, he has become almost strenuous or indifferent in his attitude. Hence she divines that during their courtship some of his real opinions and tendencies have been kept in retreat.—*From "The Undercurrent" by Robert Grant* in *Scribner's Magazine.*

Feeling the Pulse of Wall Street

In the five years I was in Wall Street in active newspaper work I had the good fortune to meet, time and again, all the leaders there, some now gone, some now living. Some were easy to "get at"; some difficult at first, easy afterward; some always difficult. In the "always difficult class" may be set down E. H. Harriman, William Rockefeller, and H. H. Rogers. Mr. Harriman was so because the attendant at his office invariably refused to take in the newspaper man's card; William Rockefeller, because he was never "in"; H. H. Rogers for the reason that before one could see him one had to run the gauntlet first of an attendant, then an acolyte higher up in the scale, and, finally, of a woman private secretary—the only female secretary, to my knowledge, in the office of a Wall Street leader, and one who by her sphinx-like demeanor and policy, if nothing else, earns the $10,000 yearly salary she is understood to draw. If any editor or reporter, past, present, or future, has been, is, or will be able to get any information from this secretary he ought to chronicle it as among the modern miracles.

When I was in the Street, and working as I conceive every newspaper man ought to work, free from the "combine," I had the good fortune to see Mr. Morgan many times, and to get from him, as exclusive, the only two expressions in respect to the stock market and its probable future given by him in five years. The last of these was the interview in which appeared the now-famous phrase "Undigested Securities." In this connection it may be well to correct a popular misconception as to the origin of this phrase. When I saw Mr. Morgan on this occasion he at first refused absolutely to discuss the market or its prospects, and it was only after recalling to him that his former statement to me had lifted the market out of the slough of despond that he consented to talk. Then ensued a fifteen-minute conversation, with Mr. Morgan interjecting semi-occasionally a reminder that the talk was for my personal guidance as a writer and not for publication. I took no notes, for I had learned by experience that financiers are wary of men who take notes—I mean newspaper notes. When Mr. Morgan had finished talking, and had answered several questions put by me to him, I said: "Now, Mr. Morgan, why shouldn't I publish this? You feel strongly on the subject. Why not let the public know your sentiments?" Whereupon Mr. Morgan, after a moment's hesitation and some discussion with me as to the advisability of the step, replied, "Well, my boy, if you can make anything



Courtesy of The Scientific American

A BESSEMER CONVERTER IN FULL BLAST

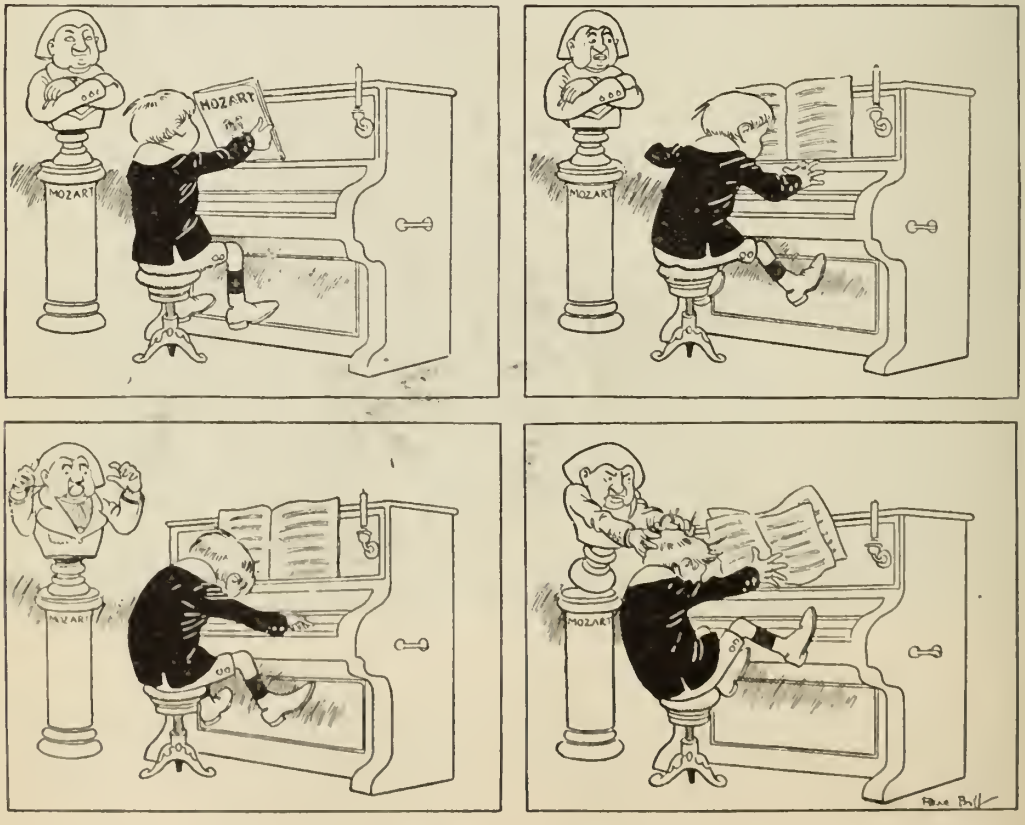
THE CONVERTER IS AN IRON, BRICK-LINED VESSEL IN WHICH CAST IRON IS MADE INTO STEEL. TEN TO FIFTEEN TONS OF MOLTEN CAST IRON, AT 1,700 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT, ARE POURED INTO THE VESSEL, AND AIR IS FORCED INTO THE MOLTEN MASS THROUGH FROM 150 TO 200 HALF-INCH HOLES IN THE BOTTOM OF THE CONVERTER. AS THE AIR RUSHES UP THROUGH THE METAL, IT BURNS OUT THE SILICON, SULPHUR, CARBON, ETC., AND THE COMBUSTION THUS SET UP RAISES THE TEMPERATURE TO ABOUT 3,200 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT.

out of it go and try it, and let me see what you can do." Whereupon I sat down and wrote a seven-page interview, which, before it came again to my hands, was read by Mr. Morgan *six* times, and was then passed on to Charles Steele, the legal member of the firm, to see, as Mr. Morgan said, "if it was legally expressed." As a financial writer I was flattered when it was handed back to me without a word or syllable changed.

And here I may say—and it cannot be violating a confidence—that the newspapers of the country and all others were in grievous error in crediting Mr. Morgan with the authorship of the phrase "Undigested Securities." That phrase I had first read in a financial article in the London *Times*, and it was the "patness" of the expression more than anything else that prompted me to see Mr. Morgan and ask him as to it and its significance, if any, from the American standpoint. Hence the incorporation in the interview of the phrase "Undigested Securities," a phrase that in the end worked more to the hurt than to the help of the stock market, though on the appearance of the interview on the following day prices opened up from one to two points and the whole course of the market was turned for some days.—*W. R. Givens* in *The Independent*.

Where Fanatics Flourish

This country appears to be exposed to fanaticism for reasons peculiar to the American people. It is the most conglomerate large nation on the globe. The freedom allowed and exercised, the incessant experimenting, the extraordinary genius of the people for free and full speech, the immense proportion of half-educated persons, the publication of all sorts of truths, half-truths, errors and chimeras, the importation of all sects in religion by immigrants from all lands, the method of carrying on political campaigns—municipal, state, and federal—by the press and the mails, by a house-to-house canvass, and by countless speeches under exciting circumstances, by alarming proph-



A SONG WITHOUT WORDS

ecies, attacks on personal and political character, and the scattering of distorted statements far and wide, might naturally be expected to generate fanaticism.

Here scores of communities of fanatics have been formed and have long prospered, several of them based upon ideas incompatible with morality. Here modern Spiritualism arose, and spread as in no other part of the world. Here Mormonism originated; a religion which, after the lapse of sixty years, in spite of the opposition it has encountered, shows elements of permanence, and sends out missionaries to all parts of the world. Here the spectacular Dowie exercises a despotism over his adhere which becomes grotesque when at his call they rise by the hundreds and furnis the testimony he needs, whether to the soundness of his views on the eating of por , his financial ability, his miraculous healings, or his being the special messenger who was to come in the spirit and power of Elijah. Here Mrs. Eddy succeeds in fascinating large numbers by a copyrighted system in which she claims to destroy disease without depending in the least on hygiene or medical treatment, and to eradicate sin and disease by steadfastly denying their reality. Her organization being perfected, she now rules by Delphic oracles and Sibylline leaves issued by a secluded personality, inaccessible to the many, though at rare intervals exhibited at state fairs as a passing show, to demonstrate her actuality. Her head is already surrounded by halos of mist and myth, and the exalted few who mediate between her and the world increase the effect by the under-breath reverence with which they speak or write of her. Hence, although she has been compelled by her failures and those of her followers to surrender the treatment of physical injuries to the surgeons and to cease from treating contagious diseases; and though through the whole land many of her devotees, having thrown away the learning and experience of mankind in treating diseases, are dying or making pitiful denials of their obvious debility, disease, or the natural effects of age, such of them as are in good health, and some who are not (many of them highly intelligent on themes and things outside this subacute fanaticism), smile and prattle on concerning the "errors of mortal mind" as respects Bright's disease, the "claims" of consumption, the "false belief" in bile, and the "delusions" of dropsy and dyspepsia.—*Dr. J. M. Buckley* in *The Century Magazine.*

No Escape

Boracic acid in the soup,
Wood alcohol in wine,
Catsup dyed a lurid hue
By using aniline;

The old ground hulls of cocoanuts
Served to us as spices;
I reckon crisp and frigid glass
Is dished out with the ices.

The milk—the kind the old cow gives
Way down at Cloverside—
It's one-third milk and water, and—
And then—formaldehyde.

The syrup's bleached by using tin,
And honey's just glucose,
And what the fancy butter is
The goodness gracious knows.

The olive oil's of cotton seed,
There's alum in the bread;
It's really a surprise to me
The whole durned race ain't dead.

Meantime all the germs and things
Are buzzing fit to kill;
If the food you eat don't git you,
The goldarned microbes will.

—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

The Wily Advertiser

Advertisements are sometimes spoken of as the nervous system of the business world. That advertisement of musical instruments which contains nothing to awaken images of sound is a defective advertisement. That advertisement of foods which contains nothing to awaken images of taste is a defective advertisement. As our nervous system is constructed to give us all the possible sensations from objects, so the advertisement which is comparable to the nervous system must awaken in the reader as many different kinds of images as the object itself can excite.

A person can be appealed to most easily and most effectively through his dominating imagery. Thus one who has visual images that are very clear and distinct appreciates descriptions of scenes. The one who has strong auditory imagery delights in having auditory images awak-

ened. It is in general best to awaken as many different classes of images as possible, for in this way variety is given, and each reader is appealed to in the sort of imagery which is the most pleasing to him, in which he thinks most readily, and by means of which he is most easily influenced.

One of the great weaknesses of the present day advertising is found in the fact that the writer of the advertisement fails to appeal thus indirectly to the senses. How many advertisers describe a piano so vividly that the reader can hear it? How many food products are so described that the reader can taste the food? How many advertisers describe a perfume so that the reader can smell it? How many describe an undergarment so that the reader can feel the pleasant contact with his body? Many advertisers seem never to have thought of this, and make no attempt at such descriptions.

The cause of this deficiency is twofold. In the first place, it is not easy in type to appeal to any other sense than that of sight. Other than visual images are difficult to awaken when the means employed is the printed page. In the second place, the individual writers are deficient in certain forms of mental imagery, and therefore are not adepts in describing articles in terms which to themselves are not significant.—*Walter D. Scott* in *The Atlantic Monthly.*



The Sketch

A MATTER OF OPINION

LITTLE SMITHERS (*who has taken a grouse moor in Scotland*): WONDERFUL HOW THE KILT IMPROVES A MAN, ISN'T IT?

"The Burden of Ethiopia"

To those who, among the passionate cries of the moment, have preserved the pride of independent opinion, the following view of the present situation may commend itself for serious reflection: The colored people originally brought here by force, are here to stay. The scheme to transport them back to Africa is absolutely idle. If adopted, its execution would be found practically impossible. To transport ten millions of negroes across the sea would require ten thousand voyages of ships carrying one thousand passengers each. The bulk of the colored population will remain in the South, where the climate is more congenial to them and where they can more profitably devote themselves to productive work. It would be a great economic embarrassment to the South if that working force disappeared from its fields. Under the fundamental law of the country they are no longer slaves, but free men. They have the aspirations of free men. According to the intent of the same law, they are also citizens and voters. Whether it would or would not have been wiser to emancipate them gradually and to withhold the right of voting from them, or to introduce them by degrees into the body of voters, is no longer



Photograph by Hollinger

THE HON. CARL SCHURZ

the question. Regrettable as this may be, we have to face actual circumstances. The fact we have to deal with is that by the recognized intent of the National Constitution they are as much entitled to the right of suffrage as white men are. It has been suggested that the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the National Constitution, embodying the provisions referred to, be done away with by further amendment; but leaving aside the question whether as a matter of right this should be done, I doubt whether a single well-informed man can be found in the country who thinks it possible that the required three-fourths of the States will ever consent to such a repeal. To discuss the visionary colonization scheme or the equally impossible repeal of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments means, therefore, not only to squander time and breath, but to divert the popular mind from the true problem and from the real possibilities of its solution. It must, to start with, be taken as a certainty that the negroes will stay here and that the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments will stand, and if they are to be made inoperative at all, it must be by means of a sort of tricky stratagem in flagrant violation of the spirit of the Constitution. Such stratagems are usually not approved by conscientious persons, and they cannot be resorted to by a people without a mischievous lowering of the standard of public morals and an impairment of self-respect.

This is evidently a political and social position which cannot continue to exist without constant and most unwholesome irritation and restlessness. Such as it is, it cannot possibly be permanent. The colored people will be incessantly disturbed by the feeling that they are unjustly deprived of their legal rights and have become the victims of tyrannical oppression. The thoughtful and self-respecting among the whites will be ashamed of that state of things, and dissatisfied with themselves for tolerating it. The reckless among the white population, the element most subject to the passions fomented and stirred by a race-antipathy, and most responsive to the catch-phrases of the demagogue, will understand it as a justification of all the things done to put down the negro, and as an incitement to further hostilities.

And here is the crucial point: There will be a movement either in the direction of reducing the negroes to a permanent condition of serfdom—the condition of mere plantation hand, "alongside of the mule," practically without any rights of citizenship—or a movement in the direction of recognizing him as a citizen in the true sense of the term. One or the other will prevail. —*Hon. Carl Schurz* in *McClure's*.

The Kind of Education We Need

There are two extreme views concerning the effects of education upon public morality. One is held by the advocates of secular schools; the other is held by the advocates of church schools. This sharp division of opinion is not peculiar to America. It is felt in every country where modern education and modern thought prevail. I do not believe that improvement is to be sought by substituting religious instruction for secular instruction, or by superadding one to the other as though the two were separate. I do not believe that you can prepare a man for citizenship by teaching a godless knowledge in one part of the school time and a set of religious principles in another—any more than you can prepare a man for heaven by letting him cheat six days of the week and having him listen to the most orthodox doctrines on the seventh. I believe that both in school life and in after life the moral training and the secular training must be so interwoven that each becomes a part of the other. The supposed antithesis between secular training and religious training arises from a misconception of what is involved in good training of any kind. People see the difference between bad secular education and bad religious education, and they assume that there must be a corresponding difference between good secular education and good religious education. This is by no means the case. When a master of a public school is occupied only with teaching facts and principles, and when a master of a religious institution is occupied only with teaching dogmas and observances, they necessarily work at cross purposes; but the mere learning of facts and princi-

ples is not the vitally important part of secular education, nor is the learning of doctrines and observances the vitally important part of religious education. The formation of habits of discipline and the development of ideals of usefulness is the essentially important thing in a good education of either kind. When we have grasped this truth we shall see that there is in the field of education the same harmony between the true needs of the world and the true needs of the Church which exist in every other department of human life.—*President Hadley* in *The Independent*.

"A Lath Painted to Look Like Iron"

Even among his own ministers I think it safe to affirm that the Czar is not looked upon as a capable man. Not long ago it was said of him that he seemed to have all the qualities of a charming woman. The repeated reports that he is going into melancholy seem intended to pave the way for his abdication or for his assassination or deposition. It is certain that the feeling against him has been growing, and whether his recent ukase will improve this seems a question. It may pave the way for his assassination, as the liberation of the serfs did in the case of his grandfather.

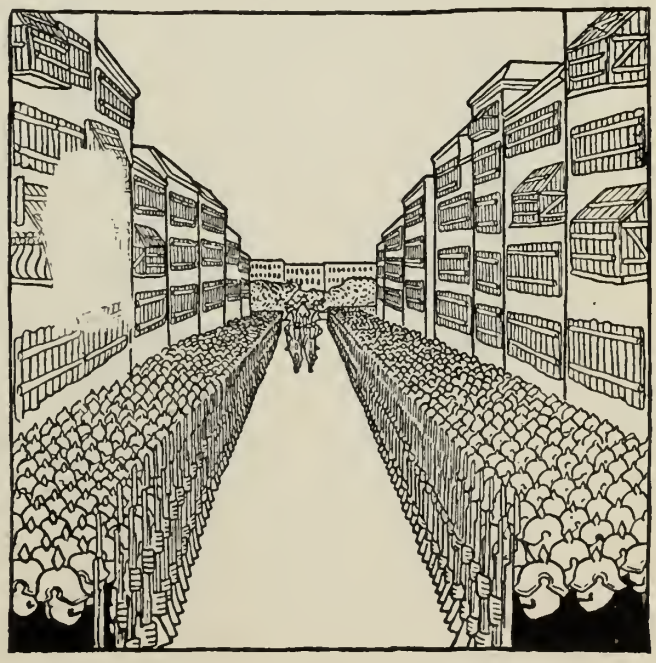
The constant state of apprehension of all men in high station is shown by the precautions taken by them. In going to call on one of the Czar's ministers at his house in the suburbs of St. Petersburg at the hour appointed by him, I was met as I left my carriage by his man. I followed him to the door, which he locked in my face while he presented my card. The minister then came to the door himself to receive me. And this minister was the only man whom I met in Russia who was not looking forward to a revolution inside of fifty years, the furthest limit set by any one whom I met.

Last summer the governor of the Province of Ufa was murdered, and not long ago the lives of the Minister of Education and of the Procurator of the Holy Synod were attempted, and within the last few months that of the governor of Tiflis, so that there are manifest reasons for precautions. Russia has advanced so far towards representative government that it is now the ministers of the Czar whose lives are sought instead of that of the Czar himself.—*N. T. Bacon* in *The Yale Review*.

Where our Organ-Grinders Come From

It was a strange sound which awoke me. Paradoxically, it was something very familiar, but the strangeness of it lay in that I was in Italy under the roof of a humble family in the little mountain town of Gualtieri-Sicamino, Sicily, and yet clear and sweet, very distinct in the air of the early morning, a boy's voice high up in the terraced vineyards on the slope before the town was singing:

"——— Who was it called them down?
'Twas Mister Dooley, brave Mister Dooley,
The finest man this country ever knew;
Diplomatic,
Democratic,
Oh! Mister Dooley—ooley—ooley—oo.



Simplicissimus (Munich)

"HAIL TO THE CZAR!"



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Courtesy of Life

SOME RECENT NOVELS

Then there broke forth the chatter of the men, women, and children who were gathering grapes, and had stopped to listen to an American song. The boy had been in America two years, his father had contracted consumption working on the New York subway, and the family had returned that he might recover in the balmy air of Sicily. One day the boy told me that as soon as he was big enough (he is eight years old) he was going to run away to America, because he could make more money selling papers after school than he could working all day in the fields in Gualtieri, and here he "never had no time for no fun."

The spirit of this incident is the spirit which today stirs all Italy, all Greece, all Syria, all Hungary and Roumania, and has spread deep into the hearts of the people of the whole of southern Europe. The eyes of the poor are turned with longing fancy to "New York." That is the magic word everywhere.

The people have no true conception of America, though Italy is flooded with books of views principally of New York and the Pan-American Exposition, and there is a brave effort made by the Italians in America to write home adequate descriptions of the new land. Once I was called upon to settle a most bitter and acrimonious dispute between two men as to what America was like. One, who had a brother in Wilkesbarre, Pa., thought it was all coal mines, steel mills, and railroads, while the other, whose cousin worked in a New York barber shop, maintained that America was all high buildings and railroads which run over the housetops.

When I say that ninety-four per cent. of the production in southern Italy is agricultural and that the one source of wealth is the cultivation of the soil, and the control of all this wealth lies in the ownership of the soil, it can be understood how and why the poor farmer, who has heard what conditions are in the United States, will borrow money at twenty per cent. for six months to get himself or a son over to America, in order to establish a foothold from which he can broaden a space of relief and liberty.

If the Italian government did not favor and encourage emigration for any other reason, it would do so because the millions of dollars that are sent back to Italy every year have renovated many of the country districts, really transformed them from squalor to beauty, have recovered bankrupt municipalities, and annually insure a great increase in the volume of paid taxes.—*Broughton Brandenburg* in *Leslie's Monthly*.

A Kick from the Kaiser

On the occasion of his visit to Castle Sigmaringen the Kaiser twitted me about my being a poet.

Said the Kaiser: "To me a woman who writes is a ridiculous being. Clever women are dangerous women, one and all, who ought to be muzzled before they can bite. But do you believe it is necessary to be a clever one in order to be a woman who writes? On the contrary women's cleverness consists in avoiding ridicule, and clever women care for their good looks. Now, *can* a woman who writes remain pretty? The gestures, the attitude of a woman scrawling away with all her might, rout every æsthetical effort on her part. Can a woman remain pretty when she is obliged to put on that particularly stern frown with which one pursues an idea or studies any serious and important subject?" The Emperor stopped, evidently waiting for a confused or spirited answer, then resumed: "Now you are very intelligent, much more than I could have believed possible in a woman who writes. You are actually as smiling, as cool, as unaffected as if I had not wounded your highest notions of womankind—perhaps your own self-love."

"I have no self-love, sire, but very firm convictions that nothing can defeat."

"Anyhow, you are very good-natured, and are neither pretentious nor forward. I am going to concede one or two points to you, though you do not seem to care whether I esteem pushing women or not. Music and painting may render a woman's existence very happy and beneficial to her family, and—well, I will allow that a woman is not quite unsexed by being a poet. Women are unreasonable; so are poets. Women are born to comfort and to enhance the joy of living; so are poets.

Well, a poet you may remain, without exasperating me completely."

"I thank your Majesty for his gracious permission." — *Hélène Vacaresco* in *The Strand.*

Theory vs. Practice

A fisherman invested in a tub so very old
A single drop of water in its staves it would not hold.
Said he: "'Tis very plain to me a vessel of this kind
Would make the safest fishin'-smack a fisherman could find.
What matters if a barr'l of brine should o'er the gunwale slop,
This ancient tub would keep afloat—it couldn't hold a drop."
Which as a bit of logic you'll admit is good and sound:
But when it came to practice—why, the fisherman was drowned!

—*Peter Newell* in *Harper's Magazine.*

Marvellous "Stunts" on Sleds

Those who have not experienced the sensations of toboganning, or witnessed a race, cannot possibly realize how intensely exciting such a run can be. As each corner is approached the rider imagines it must be his last. He feels as if he were being drawn to the side of the track and over the bank by an irresistible magnetic force, and yet he struggles on, while the pace quickens as he rushes down the track of ice, half insensible at times, yet instinctively doing the right thing at the right moment. The first sharp corner is successfully taken. On he flies towards a dreaded zigzag. A few vigorous efforts, a sharp dig with the toe-rake, a moment of fear and expectation, and once more he has the straight road before him. There is no time to think of the past success, for there are more obstacles to conquer. A nasty corner, the sharpest of all, is still to come. Here it is, only a few yards off. His rakes crash down, a strong muscular effort, a desperate shove, a shuffle, a short moment of suspense, and it is passed like a shot. Now for the final wild rush down the last straight run. A few seconds more, and the last corner is reached. A repetition of the last manœuvre brings him round. Yet a few yards, and he glides swiftly past the winning post.

It is, of course, neither possible nor desirable to make the track in one straight line; in fact, the number and the great difficulty of the curves form the chief attraction of the "Cresta" to riders as well as spectators. Some particularly interesting parts of the track are shown in the photographs on the next page. The rider begins his plunge down a dizzy grade at a terrific speed, passing on the way some very nasty corners close together about half way down the run, where he will experience some shaking and tossing; and reaches the great leap at the end, where the toboggan, if it is travelling fast enough, for a few seconds flies through the air with its occupant clinging to it. This is one of the most exciting moments even to the ordinary rider, whose leap will probably not be considerable. But what must have been the sensations of the champion leaper, who established the wonderful record of a sixty-six-foot jump! It will no doubt be of interest, to those who know toboganning only by hearsay, to know that the speed at this part of the course is sometimes as much as seventy miles an hour. Two well-known riders were once timed over the last fifty yards of the course; they covered it at the rate of sixty-seven miles an hour.—*A. Pitcairn-Knowles* in *Outing.*

"It is the First Step That Counts"

After all is said and done, the bottom of our political distress is social "skittishness" about the caucus. Ninety per cent. of the electorate feel that it is an uncongenial place. Class conceit will not mix there any more than it does in countries of aristocratic pretension. This is the great American problem—how to get all the electorate into the initiative. Right there men who have worked faithfully and practically for reform have found our weak spot. Considering that the caucus is the very fœtus of the body politic, it can be said that Americans have practically abandoned self-government.

The American sovereign must, for one hour a year, sacrifice his pride. Everything has been done by the workers to torture the "nicer" class away from their homes to the caucus and primary, but



Courtesy of Outing

THE "BUMMEL ZUG" BOB-SLEIGH ROUNDING A CORNER ON THE RACE TRACK



Courtesy of Outing

MR. SPENCE MAKING HIS RECORD LEAP OF SIXTY FEET

without success. From eighty to ninety per cent. are childish to the beginnings of law and government—the caucus and primary—which, in their limitations, are the natural hatchery and field of the "grafter." Permanent and cultured residents will not leave their well-garnished firesides, their libraries, social diversions, churches, and occupations to rub shoulders with their humbler fellow citizens in this only forum and fair field of the republic.

A democratic republic is not a success in our great American cities on account of the social diversities and mercenary motives, inherent in segregated human nature, that have always and in every land divided the people. All European governments are based upon the unreliability of the masses. A constitution cannot make companions of the gentleman and the boor. Our country at large, where the better class reach the government through the town meetings, is all right, but the cities and the minor politics that involve directly our peace are not under the control of the more conservative and competent citizens. Indeed, the absence from the caucus and the primaries of the scientists, authors, merchants, inventors, bankers, professional men generally, clergymen, builders, engineers, and all who make up the grandeur of the nation, is glaringly marked. Just the reverse ought to be the fact. Politics abhor a vacuum; where the good keeps out the bad rushes in. William T. Stead has flung to us the taunt that "the Irishman lands penniless at Castle Garden, and in a generation dominates." He dominates what Americans turn their backs on.

The way to cure all political evils, and for the most part social evils, is for all the voters to be in at the beginnings. The caucus should be made official and popular, and sustained by the precept and example of the best men. That is what makes our village governments models for the city governments in economy and decency. This we must do or continue to drift away from the design of our institutions. What was the use of dethroning our king, unless we were willing to take up his duty? As a government by the people must be by parties, the work of each party is outlined in the caucus. We are not yet morally developed for holy spontaneity. The primaries, conventions, and elections are only the perfunctory ratifications of plans of bosses, who are efficiently backed by their subsidized heelers in the caucus whose sway it is impossible to upset by any impromptu action of the people.—*William Hemstreet* in *Gunton's Magazine*.

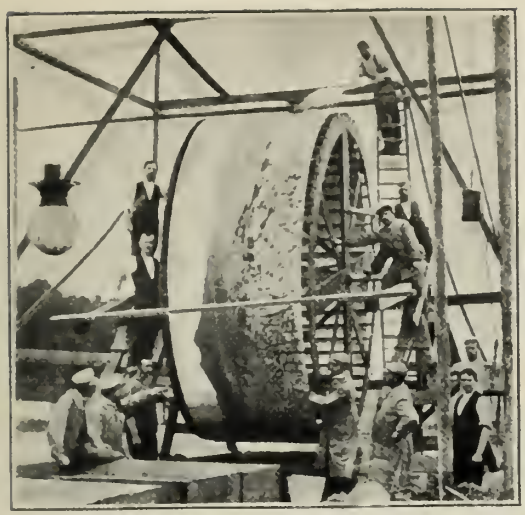
A Toast

Here's to the hostess who has worried all day,
And trembled lest everything go the wrong way.
May the grace of contentment possess her at once,
May her guests—and her servants—all do the right "stunts."

—*Francis Wilson* in *Good Housekeeping*.

Raising Plants Without Soil

The greatest of all Professor Nobbe's work is his remarkable discovery of a method for inoculating the soil with bacteria to make it yield richly where it lay barren before. In times past investigators of soil culture devoted most of their time and attention to studying the composition of various kinds of soil, to the improvement of fertilizers, and in suggesting new systems of drainage and water-supply. Professor Nobbe has gone a step further in advance, declaring that plants will grow, under certain conditions, just as well without soil as with soil. At first glance this may seem strange enough, yet there are trees from eight to ten inches in circumference at the base of the trunk, growing in clean water, without a sign of soil of any description. They stand in rows just back of the Forest Academy and near Professor Nobbe's greenhouse. Each tree is suspended in a large glass jar surrounded by a green-painted case. When this case is opened one may look through the glass and see the roots of the tree hanging there in clean water. The oldest of the trees was planted, or rather the seed was immersed in water, in 1878, and it has grown to full size without ever touching soil. Leaves and blossoms have come in the spring, and in the winter the water and the roots have frozen solid all these years, and the tree still thrives. Indeed, some of its seeds were immersed in water, and trees of the second generation have



THE HUGE PRINT REVOLVING UPON A WHEEL 15 FT. IN DIAMETER, RECEIVING FINAL TREATMENT WITH WATER AND DEVELOPER.

FEEDING THE PHOTOGRAPH THROUGH THE FIXING TANK WHICH IS 45 FT. LONG, 6 FT. WIDE AND 3 FT. DEEP, AND IS FULL OF SOLUTION.



The Sphere

THE LARGEST PHOTOGRAPH IN THE WORLD

VIEW OF THE BAY OF NAPLES, ENLARGED FROM NEGATIVES, 9×11, BY THE NEW PHOTOGRAPH COMPANY OF BERLIN. THE VIEW IS FROM THE CASTLE OF SAN MARTINO. THE WORK WAS CARRIED OUT ON A DARK NIGHT IN THE OPEN AIR. THE PHOTOGRAPH IS TO BE EXHIBITED AT THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR. IT IS 39 FT. LONG AND 5 FT. HIGH.

been grown to considerable size. Then their seeds were immersed, and there are now growing small trees three generations removed from the soil—certainly a clear proof of Professor Nobbe's assertion that actual contact with soil is not essential for plant growth. In order to produce such results, however, it was necessary to keep the trees supplied with artificial food. This Professor Nobbe prepared in his laboratory—a certain definite amount of chlorate of potash, sulphate of magnesium, phosphate of iron, phosphate of potassium, and a nitrate. A small quantity of this mixture was dissolved in the water of the jars every four weeks, and thus the trees have been kept flourishing all these years, showing that there was no element in the soil necessary to plant growth that man could not manufacture at will.—*R. S. Baker* in *Harper's Magazine*.

To Entertain a Friend

But how shall we entertain the visiting friend? Chiefly by letting him alone. Only the featherweights feel that they must be talked to all the time, shown about, "entertained." Such a person would complain of being forlorn if left alone with the nightingale in the Forest of Arden; of being desolate if set down among the "marble brede" in the gardens of the Vatican. Let such persons perish of their own emptiness. Give the guest the freedom of the house and the gift of stillness if he wishes it. Let h'n follow his heart's desire. Let him find something to do for himself. So shall he find joy, and leave behind him a pleasant memory when he goes, some mark of his individuality; even as old Montaigne, gallantly visiting every prince along his route, always left his coat of arms behind him for remembrance.—*Edwin Markham* in *Good Housekeeping*.

"The Five Notions"

He has drummed his creed in *The Times*,
 He has made the government squirm;
He has done new crimes with the same old rhymes
 And the flopping of feet infirm.
But make ye no truce with the anapest, the metre
 that walks like a worm.

I have notions five in my pack,
 As I plod on the poet's way;
Five notions in all which come at my call,
 And every one sure to pay.
There's the Briton who lives at home,
 And the Briton who lives abroad,
The Briton at sea, and God, and me—
 Three Britons, and me, and God.

I

Oh, the good 'ome-lovin' Briton likes 'is own especial hearth;
 'E's domestic and 'e loves 'is fi-er-side;
So 'e sends an army roamin' over all the bloomin' earth,
And 'e ships 'is little navy into every bay and firth;
 'Cause 'e loves 'is 'ome, but likes to 'ave it wide, wide, wide;
'Cause 'e loves 'is little island, loves the country of 'is birth,
 And other people's place o' birth beside.

II

Chinamen are but heathen, niggers are not of God;
Germans are Dutch and the French not much, and the Russians beastly odd;
But the man of worth over all the earth is the Briton that goes abroad.
No doubt but we are the people and we say acceptable things,
But foreigners speak with a foreign speech and bow to their foreign kings.
Our blood is thicker than water, and our speech is thicker than ink,
And thick is the skin we are born within and thick are the things we think;
But our speech is the speech of the English, and that is the speech of God,
And the godliest sound above the ground is the speech of the Briton abroad.

III

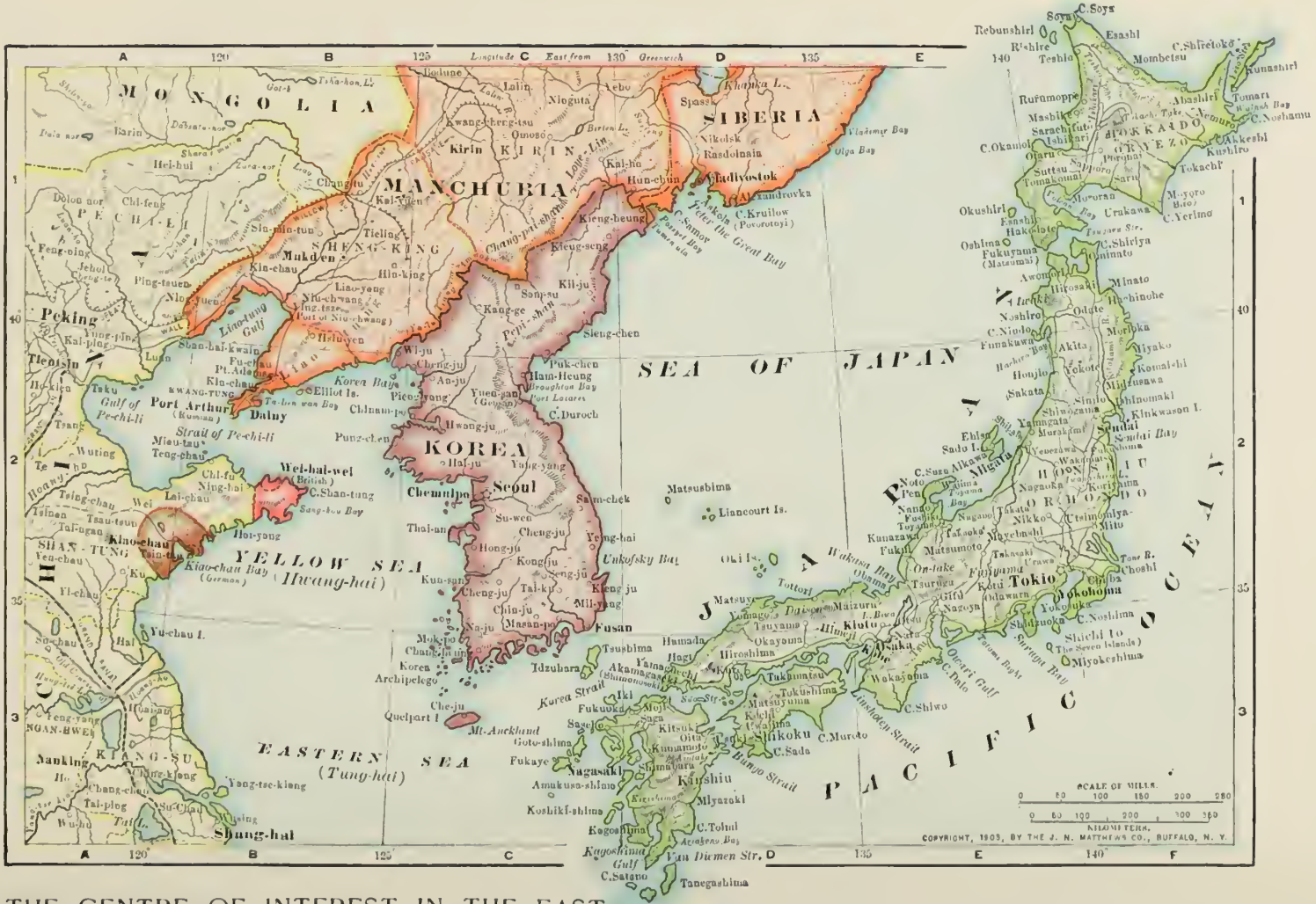
Clap goes the yap of my dinky little sailormen,
Ripping out their chanties in a lingo learned from me.
 They spit into the ditch,
 And give their pants a hitch,
And sing the right of England to the whole eternal sea.

IV

Ay, these are my Britons three,
 All over the earth's broad face,
At home and abroad and at sea,
 I sing the song of my race.
The God of a million stars
 I bring from His seat on high,
For the special patron of British deeds.
Who shows Him clearly the path He leads?
 ("Book! Buy Book!") Even I!

He has drummed his creed in *The Times*,
He has made the government squirm;
He has done new crimes with the same old rhymes
 And the flopping of feet infirm.
But make ye no truce with the anapest, the metre
 that walks like a worm.

—*J. A. Macy* in *The Critic*.



THE CENTRE OF INTEREST IN THE EAST



THE TWO PACIFICS

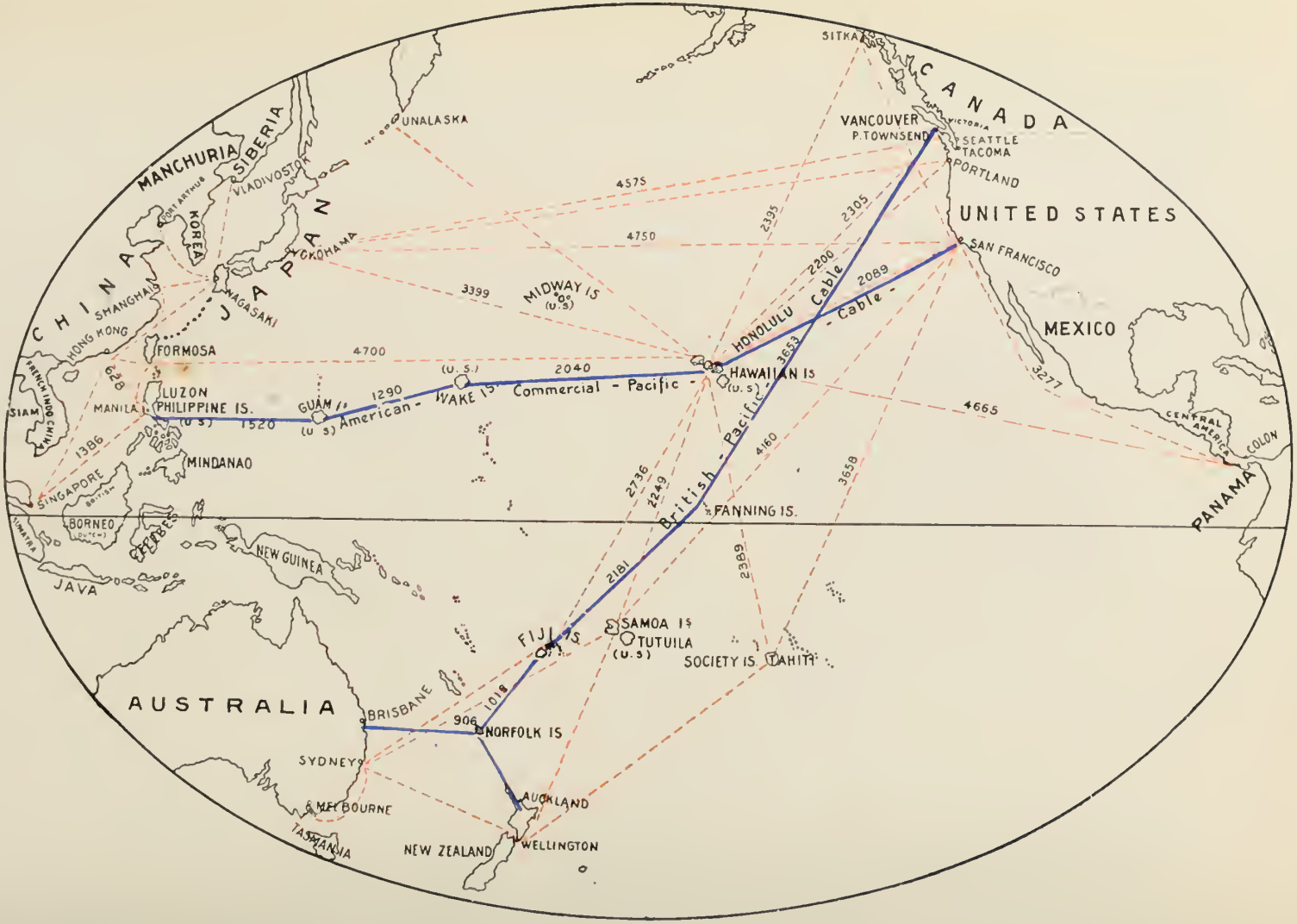
by Harold Bolce

I - AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY IN THE EAST

Commerce has ever moved westward; from Asia to Europe; from Greece and Rome to Spain, France, and England; from western Europe to colonial America; from New England to California; from the American Pacific to Asia. The resultant profit in every instance has come to the nation or to the race thrusting forward the movement. In this last commercial span the United States is the power at the pushing end, and her commercial success will depend largely upon the aggressiveness, the endurance, and the ambition of her tradesmen.

Nearly two-thirds of the population of the earth inhabit the lands washed by the Pacific. The growing foreign trade of Asia alone is already valued at about two billion dollars annually. As commercial supremacy is the basis of national greatness in the present age, the country that secures control of the inter-ocean traffic with two-thirds of the earth's population will be greatest among the world's republics and empires.

In addition to the present Asiatic trade, which is advancing with wonderful strides, there is at hand a development of China which means unlimited wealth and prestige to the nation that controls the development. China is larger than the whole of the United States. It has coal fields greater than Pennsylvania's, mines of gold and silver, vast unexplored agricultural areas, and numberless other resources. Imagine the United States with five times its present population, but devoid of any municipal improvements and with only a couple of railroads running, say, from Boston to New York; picture America on the eve



THE TWO PACIFICS

STEAMSHIP LINES IN RED
CABLE LINES IN BLUE

of undertaking all of the vast improvements designed to modernize the country —and you will grasp some idea of the scope of operations planned for China.

Whether Russia's advance to the sea, paralleling our own march to western waters, thus meeting America on the commercial skirmish line of the Pacific, is really a significant strategic movement in that conflict of Slav and Saxon which statesman have foretold; or whether the aggressions of awakened Japan, with its splendid military and commercial genius, mark the beginnings of an amalgamated Mongolian Asia which shall ultimately defy or over-ride all competing powers— the truth is plain to many thoughtful Americans that one of the strongest pillars of our nation, its Pacific commerce, is threatened by the impending struggle in the East.

In the opinion of many of the representative men of America, Russia is doing precisely what the United States would do under the same circumstances. They say that if Americans instead of Russians had had the geographical opportunity the Slav has enjoyed in Europe and Asia, we would have built half a dozen trans-Chinese and trans-Siberian railways to the Yellow and Chinese Seas a generation ago, and would at least have established our commercial sovereignty over the whole of Eastern Asia.

Many alert Americans engaged in international trade are confident that the slower going but sturdy Russian will eventually take possession of China, just as securely as we absorbed California, Oregon, Washington, and other Pacific Coast domain.

Just as American dominion now extends from the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico to the Bering Sea and the Pacific, so Russian sovereignty reaches from the White and Black Seas and the Gulf of Bothnia to the eastern shores of our western waters. The Slav moving eastward and the Anglo-Saxon westward have secured possession of two immense geographical empires, whose formidable shore-lines now form a significant parallel along opposite sides of the same great sea.

America has not paused at the water's edge, nor, is it believed, will Russia. Both countries are moving with astonishing momentum. Five years ago San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Tacoma, and Los Angeles were our frontier cities. Now Honolulu and Manila are our national terminals. From shut-in Siberia Russia has forced a way first to semi-frozen Vladivostok on the Bay of Peter the Great, and to the open and coveted harbors of Dalny and Port Arthur on the Yellow Sea.

Men who forced their way on foot, or behind horses and oxen, across the American plains, live to enjoy a choice of five trans-continental railways. A sixth is projected, with San Francisco as its terminal. A seventh is rapidly building diagonally to San Pedro in Southern California. Canada has one great line, and is building two more, to the Pacific coast.

Russia has made a start with one transcontinental railroad, and the surveyors are in the field staking the right of way for a second. Her people are pouring along the boundaries of China just as Americans are moving in a great stream toward the Pacific.

The parallel prevails throughout the whole development on the two Pacifics. Only fifty years ago Japan was uncivilized and the western part of America a savage wilderness. Today our Pacific is a dynamic empire of modern life, multiplying its wealth and population by bounds, while Japan has become a great world-power. Had such a metamorphosis taken place a thousand years ago we should scarcely credit the record of the historian. The entire Orient and Occident bear witness to the amazing change. A generation ago the trade of Shanghai amounted to seventy-eight million taels a year. Within thirty-five years it has grown to the marvelous annual total of nearly half a billion taels. In that same period Seattle, for example, has evolved from a saw mill and a store to a city of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, with miles of wharves

along its harbor on Puget Sound, with many ocean fleets of merchantmen, and a trade with the Orient reaching high into increasing millions.

Within that brief period Japan has held six national industrial exhibitions, the last at Osaka, the Chicago of that empire, assuming the significance of a World's Fair. Simultaneously all the commonwealths on our Pacific have held similar expositions, and now Portland, Oregon, is perfecting elaborate plans for a Western World's Fair in 1905, designed to present to the peoples of all lands an industrial and commercial picture of the unparalleled awakening of the many countries bordering on the Pacific.

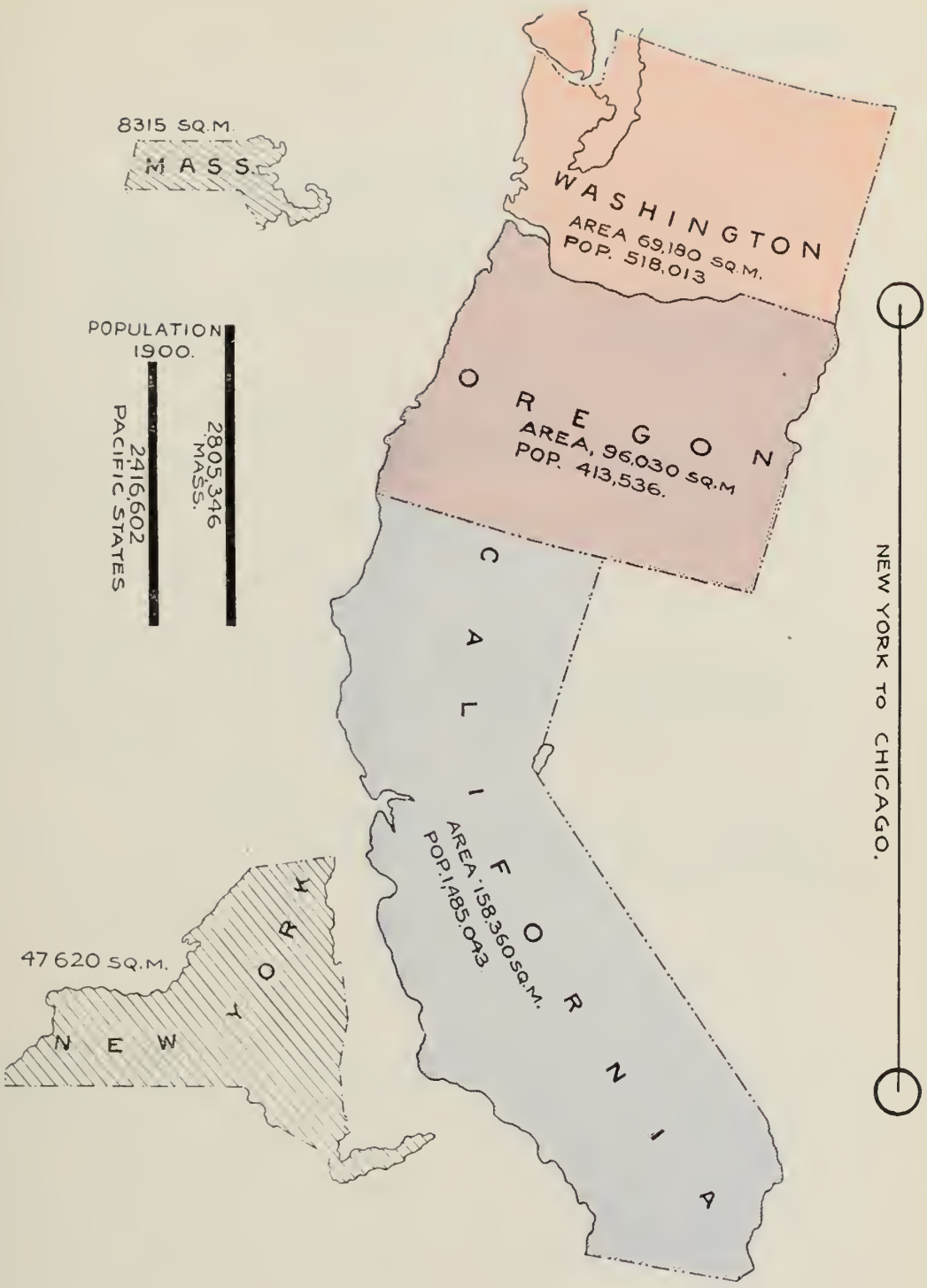
The United States is at the present moment confronted by the greatest opportunity and greatest problem in its history. Some of the most thoughtful students of commerce and politics go so far as to say that the nation is facing a situation fraught with great significance to the welfare of mankind. They insist that not only is there in the stratagems of empires in the Far East a grave menace to our position as the commercial master of Pacific commerce, but that our standing as a nation is at stake. It is obvious that, at least, very significant movements of history are now taking place—and taking place with great rapidity —on the two Pacifics. If the contention in Asia is to affect the trade of the United States, every person in America is directly or indirectly concerned in the outcome.

If Russia grasps her opportunity to seize China or a part of it, and thereby becomes the first power of the Eastern world, will such national expansion check our commercial destiny and therein strike a blow at the influence of the Republic? Should Japan beat back Russia, would a Japanized Asia be of lasting benefit to American trade? In the meantime, while empires are struggling for advantage in the Far East, what should the United States do to safeguard the great opportunity this nation has been enjoying to control the enormous and increasing commerce of the Pacific? These questions the merchant princes and owners of railways and fleets in the United States are putting to themselves. It is interesting to find that they are by no means a unit in their conclusions.

There is a positive element in the American business world that does not share the fear that Russian advance in China means a check to American trade. Russia, they say, is becoming modern. True, she has outrages and massacres to her debit, but so has America. There are, they point out, enlightened leaders in that great empire who stand for the best and most progressive ideas in modern life. That the nation has successfully built a railway across Europe and Asia at incredible expenditure of millions is in itself a lasting exhibit of its new life and strength. That triumph of statesmanship and engineering is an augury, the pro-Russian advocates in America believe, that the people of the Czar are pledged to the development of Asia. The more that continent is exploited, they set forth, the greater will be the demand for American goods; and they therefore urge that the government at Washington maintain a friendly, or at least a neutral, relationship with Russia in its imperial movements in the Far East. The supporters of this idea are practical men, but, curiously, this sentiment is strongest on the Pacific coast.

While many of the commercial leaders of the West are not apprehensive of Russia's advance in Asia, they do insist that the government at Washington should try to secure a reciprocity treaty with that empire, which should provide for an unrestricted access for all American products into China, Manchuria, Korea, and all parts of Asia.

"It is folly," said one of the most careful students of this question, "for America to be dragooned into joining in the popular shibboleth against the Slav. That is purely an English sentiment worked up to enlist American sympathies. Russia, in the time of our sorest national need, was a firm friend. It is to our interests, both as a nation and as a commercial people, to maintain that friendship. American firms



THE PACIFIC STATES

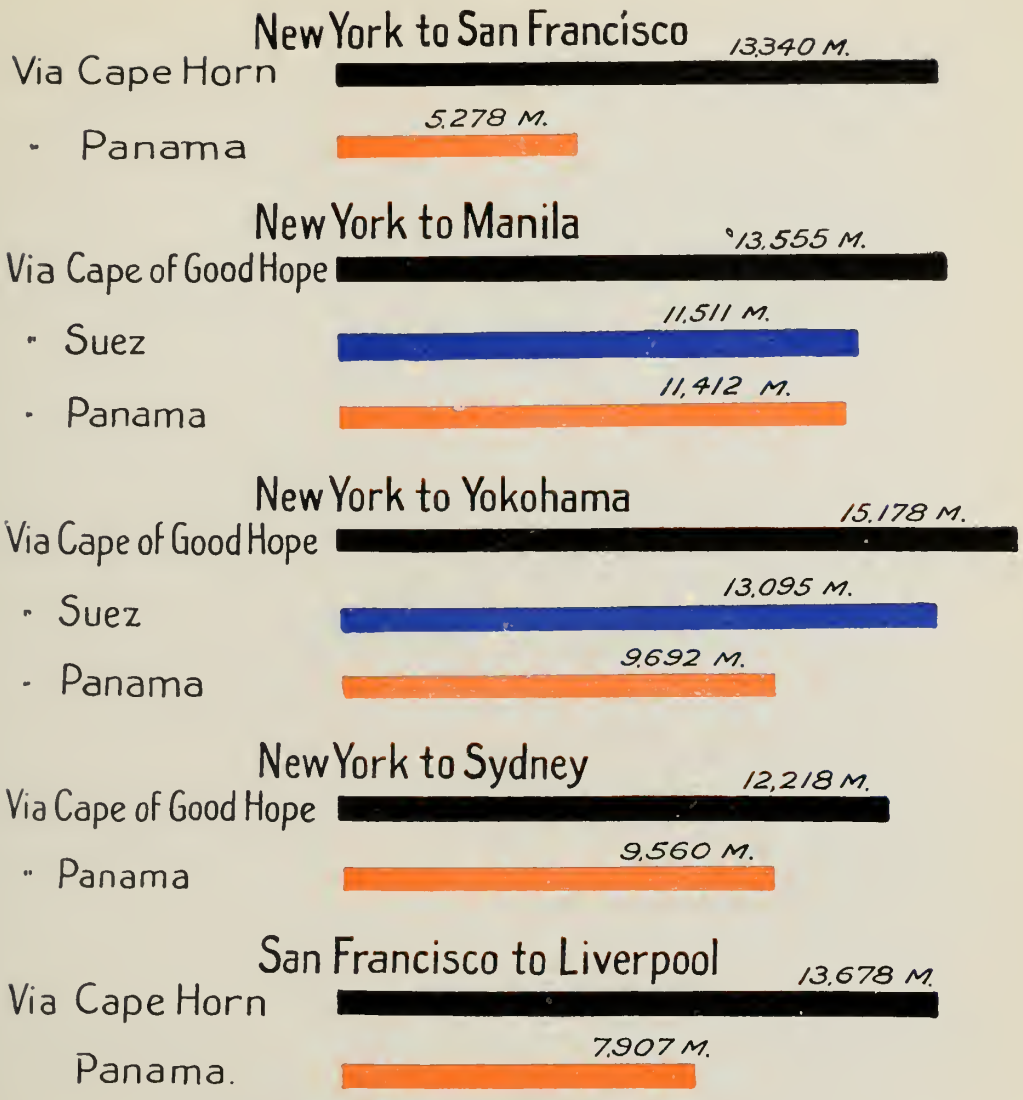
COMPARATIVE AREAS, DISTANCES, AND POPULATIONS



PANAMA CANAL ROUTES

have valuable concessions in Siberia. Russia is developing her own resources, and stands ready to exploit Asia. She is buying agricultural and other machinery from this country. Let her go on, and let us by commercial treaty secure her co-operation. Let her become great in Europe and Asia as we are great in America. Our interests are reciprocal."

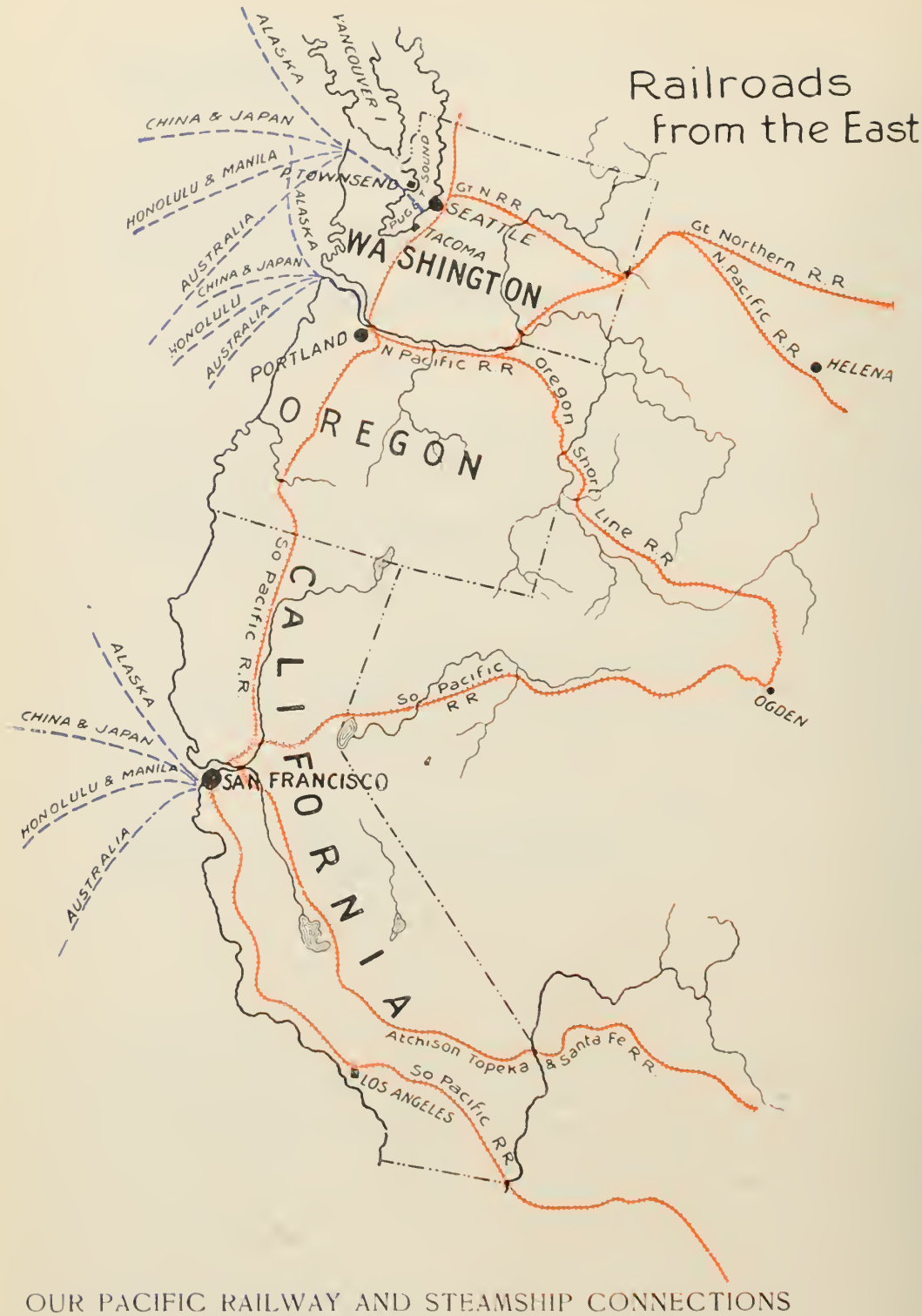
Other leading Americans, both in Atlantic and Pacific coast cities, doing a large business with Asia, are just as positive and just as sincere in their convictions that the presence of Russia in the Far East is a menace to the best and lasting interests of this Republic. They believe that, unless America interferes, one of two things will happen: either that out of the struggle will issue the nation that is to enjoy sovereignty over the Pacific Ocean; or that, as a result of the world contest, another Europe will be entrenched in Asia. In either case, they contend, America will lose. If one power, like Russia or Japan, becomes supreme in the East, then America takes second place as a Pacific power. And inasmuch as the world's greatest trade must eventually be carried on that sea, the nation that controls it will be paramount among the powers.



A GRAPHIC ARGUMENT FOR THE PANAMA CANAL

The entire sentiment of the American-Asiatic Association, whose membership includes many eminent men directing a large commerce with Asia, indicates a deep and growing apprehension for the future of the United States on the Pacific.

"Obviously," the Association announces, "the United States has everything to lose and nothing to gain by finding another Europe installed on the opposite shore of the Pacific. Commercially speaking, that would mean the erection against its trade of hostile tariffs; while politically speaking, it would mean the relegation of this Republic to the rank of a second-rate Pacific power. What menace to its future safety there might be in the Slavic dominion of Asia, which would almost certainly attend the absorption of North China by Russia, can only be dimly conjectured; but the immediate consequences of permitting the fruition of what are the avowed designs of the Russian policy, which is being prosecuted in full view of the entire world, are serious enough to demand the gravest consideration. We should," the Association further insists, "be playing a somewhat ridiculous part by devoting all our strength and resources to the opening of an ocean gateway to Asia, and refusing to lift a hand to



OUR PACIFIC RAILWAY AND STEAMSHIP CONNECTIONS

prevent the land portals from being closed against us. It should not require much argument to make it plain even to the man in the street that it would hardly be worthy of the United States to present to the world the contrast between a policy vigorous and direct beyond all precedent, in dealing with a weak power on the Isthmus; but full of doubt, hesitancy, and overstrained regard for the diplomatic proprieties, in face of the more offensive, dangerous, and arrogant pretensions of a strong power in Asia."

Recently the Manufacturers and Producers Association of California sent a special commissioner to Asia to investigate trade conditions. His report has been received, and under the caption, "Note of Warning to the Commercial Organizations, Manufacturers, and Merchants of the United States," is being circulated throughout the shipping and manufacturing centres of America.

This California organization is much concerned over the Russian real estate and building boom in Manchuria, for they foresee the permanent occupation of that Chinese province by Russian people, and the probable shutting out of American commercial interests. Their representative reports that in no place, even in the rapidly developing West, has he ever witnessed anything like the building excitement going on in Manchuria. Many of the houses are of brick. Everywhere there is indication that Russia has come to stay. Her eastern movement to the Pacific is, as stated at the outset of this paper, precisely like our western migration.

No area in all Russia is so rich in natural resources as Manchuria. The California shippers compare it with the wheat and corn prairies of Iowa, Kansas, and the Dakotas. Farming on a large scale is already under way. Chinamen in the employ of Russians are found driving American gang plows and harrows behind six and eight mules and ponies. Cattle are fat. The country is abounding in prosperity. Travelers on the Russian railway in Manchuria ride miles along fields of thrifty corn over six feet high.

That developing province, with its vast but not crowded population, is a coveted market for the United States. There were thirteen million dollars' worth of imports



A PRODUCT OF THE OREGON FORESTS



RIVER FRONT OF PORTLAND, OREGON

Photograph by William H. Rau

into Manchuria in 1901, forty per cent. of which went from the United States. In 1902 our share, while still the greatest of any one nation, fell to thirty-five per cent. California shippers see in this the first indication of our ultimate total exclusion from this field now being rapidly Russianized. Under complete Russian control, it is believed by the San Francisco organization that a prohibitive tariff would be erected against our goods. Up to 1901, they point out, the American kerosene trade in Manchuria grew steadily until it reached in that year over three million gallons. In 1902, after the Russian advance, the sales fell to little more than half a million.

The California exporters report that, because of Russian opposition, an American firm was unable to secure at Dalny a site upon which to build warehouses for the storing of American oil. The imports of flour into Manchuria, these Pacific coast merchants set forth, fell from $128,000 in 1901 to $91,000 in 1902.

"Russian agents," said the American Consul at Niu-chwang, "are building flour mills, factories, and meat-packing establishments, and are opening mines and selling goods throughout Manchuria —privileges which Americans are not permitted to enjoy."

Based upon these and other facts, the California commercial organization appeals to the Secretary of State at Washington to safeguard their Asiatic markets. What can be secured now by trade treaties cannot, they insist, be obtained a few years hence without recourse to great wars.

"If any one," said a successful American, who operates in a large way, managing thousands of miles of railway and fleets of vessels, "imagines that the United States can progress greatly if cut out of the far Eastern market, let him consider a single item—that of wheat. Study the map and resources of Manitoba, and you will find that the British Northwest can produce all the wheat that England can consume. This Canadian wheat area will shortly be under cultivation. Following that, let England, developing Mr. Chamberlain's policy, erect a tariff barrier against our wheat, and our only outlet would be Asia. If, in the meantime, Russia had asserted her sway, and chose to shut out our cereals, a large and now immensely prosperous part of the United States would be confronted with bankruptcy. It is a simple problem, and the Americans who look ahead can readily see it."

There are many shrewd observers on the Pacific coast who, while not sharing the anti-Russian alarm set forth, believe they see in the Far East conflict a still greater menace to America's standing as a Pacific power. They believe that a Japanese victory over Russia would be an international calamity. Japan's ambition, they point out, is to merge and mobilize the millions of China into "a military entity whose power, once aroused, would dwarf into insignificance any horde of conquerors the world has ever seen."

"With Japanese statesmen erecting a framework of efficient government upon the ruins of the present Manchu dynasty," said one of the spokesmen of the pro-Russian party on the Pacific Coast, "with 'Asia for the Asiatics' brought out to serve as the slogan for China's hitherto inert hosts, at length directed by acumen, energy, and newly-aroused ambition, the plans of Europe for a partition of that ancient empire would fall away like a house of cards before a breath."

The United States Department of Agriculture makes the statement that the cultivated area of Japan comprises a district equal to only about one-third the size of the State of Illinois. In fact, only fifteen per cent. of the area of Japan is adapted to the cultivation of their annual crops. Yet they conduct their farming with such industry and scientific skill that this insignificant area supports an empire of 44,805,937 people, increasing at the rate of over half a million per annum.

"Imagine," said a recent traveler in the Far East, "more than half of the population of the United States cooped up within the confines of the State of Montana, and picture this dense mass of millions subsisting



IN THE BUSINESS DISTRICT OF SEATTLE

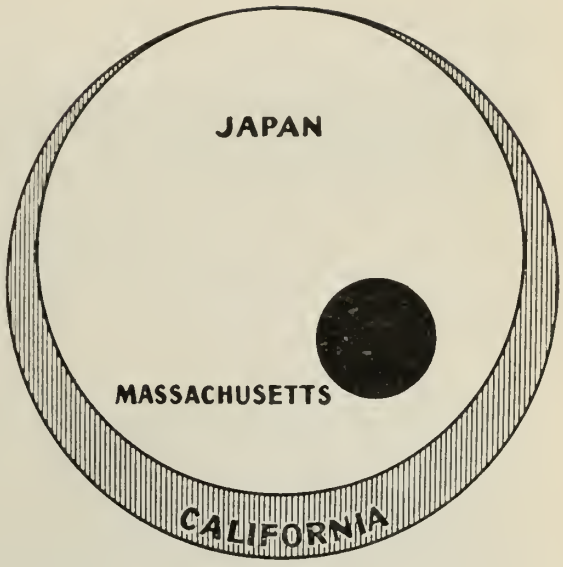
Photograph by William H. Rau

on the yield of a section of land no larger than one-third the area of Illinois, and you can form some conception of the territorial problem confronting the kingdom of Japan." Of all the modern nations she is in the most need of domain for purposes of colonization. Her inevitable outlet is on the mainland of Asia. Formosa is a beginning, and Korea is at hand; but every step in her expansion invites a conflict with the powers of Europe. International ambitions confront her at every turn, and her work as a world-power has just begun. If she develops the strength to maintain her intrepid national program, it is not improbable that she will become within the near future the most conspicuous power of the Pacific, not even excepting the United States.

These Pacific Coast leaders who advocate maintaining cordial relations with Russia insist that Japan would seize China just as England has India; that Russia, whatever her faults, is so bound by commercial ties in Europe that she would never be permitted to extend the imperial sway over Asia which Japan, in the event of conquest in the present struggle, would be in a position to secure; and, finally, that in a conflict upon one side of which is arranged Caucasian and Christian Europe and the other Mongolian Asia, the sympathies of America should be with the races west of the Tartar lines.

These several opinions are not the speculations of publicists having nothing at stake save the reputation their theories give. They are the grave expressions of men who, in the event of America's exclusion from Asia, would suffer the loss of many millions. In spite of their irreconcilable convictions, they are a unit upon the main issue—that the present is a critical moment in the career of the Republic.

The almost limitless trade possibilities hanging in the balance while we await the outcome of the struggle in the Far East are clearly seen if we look at the commercial position of China. The total foreign trade of China for the year 1902 was only $333,083,000, which is considerably less than one dollar per capita of its population. Chinese commerce may not advance as rapidly as has the foreign trade of Japan, but it is not over-sanguine, in view of the industrial development under way in China, to believe that within a quarter of a century the purchases of the people of that empire will average annually five dollars apiece. This would swell the yearly import trade of China to the value of two billion dollars. It is obvious that the nation that gets anything like a preponderance of that incredible volume of business will be the commercial master of the world.



SOME RELATIVE AREAS

"There are," said President Hill, "doubtless not less than half a billion Chinamen. With a good stable government, which will protect the Chinaman in the fruits of his own labor and enterprise, there is no reason why the Chinese trade should not increase as rapidly as that of Japan. The Chinaman is the better merchant of the two. We should remember that the Oriental trade has built up cities of the Old World which are now in ruins. Its value runs back to the dawn of history. Byzantium enjoyed this trade for a time; and later on it built up Venice, the city of merchant palaces, which for years was the gateway from the East into Europe. When the Portuguese sent their



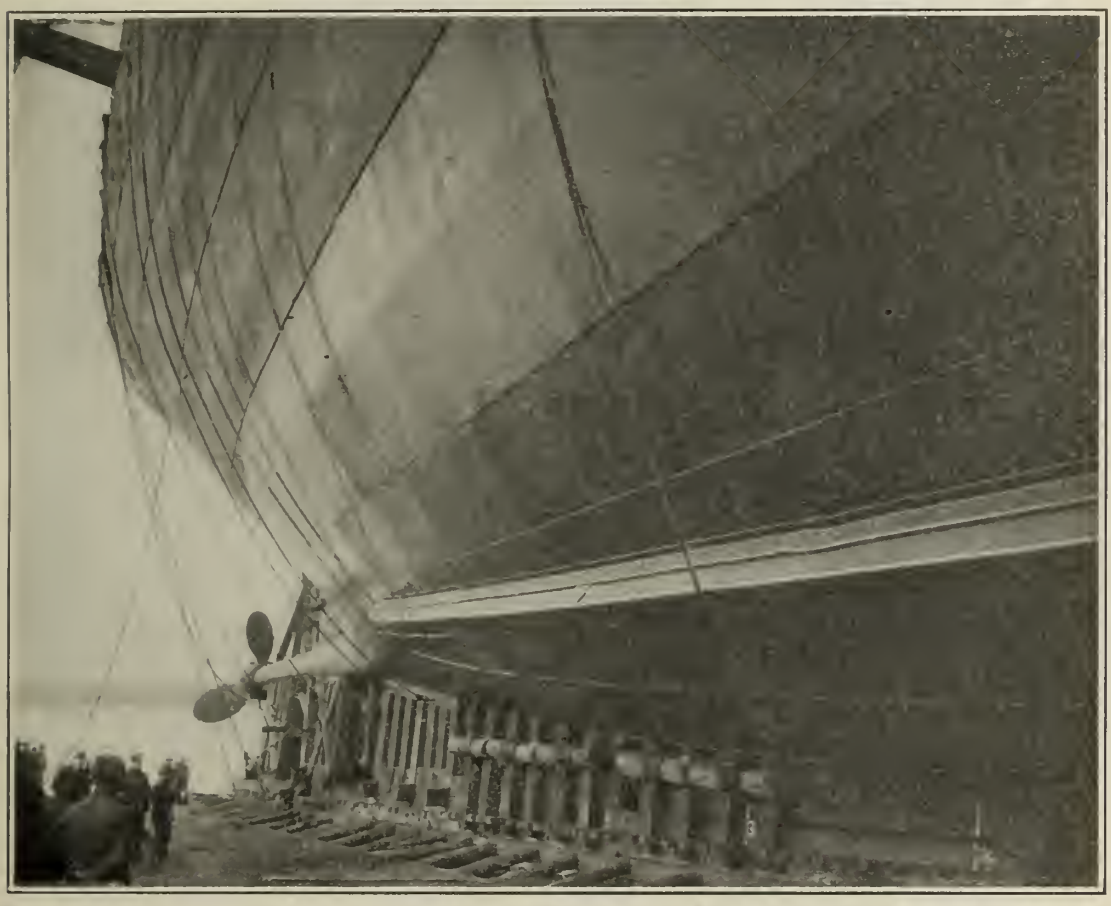
PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET OF TACOMA, WASHINGTON

Photograph by William H. Rau

ships around the Cape of Good Hope, followed by the Spaniards, they took possession of this trade and transferred it from the backs of camels to their galleons. From them it passed under the control of the Hanseatic League and the cities of Holland and Belgium. Early in this century Great Britain, through a wise and farseeing policy inaugurated by her ablest statesmen, took possession of the Oriental trade

dollars per capita per annum it would amount to more than the value of the present total exports of the Republic."

This is not the essay of a dreamer, but the sober statement and outlook of a man engaged in operating American railways and fleets. When it is realized that the people of Japan, who are a part of the same great Mongolian race, now buy goods at the rate of seven dollars per capita, it is not difficult



THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE PACIFIC FLEET

STEAMSHIP MINNESOTA, 38,000 TONS

and has retained it to the present time, for the reason that she furnished the lowest rates of transportation to and from those countries.

"We are now," he added, "preparing to challenge her for such share of the business as can be furnished by the manufactures of the United States. Should the Chinese trade increase to three or four

to picture China's population—dwelling in a land of infinitely vaster natural wealth—making purchases averaging at least two dollars per capita, when their country shall have responded to the magical touch of modern development.

All this anticipation of the commercial awakening of China, however, is of small import to the people of the United States if



A TYPICAL BUSINESS STREET OF SPOKANE

Photograph by William H. Rau

that developing trade is not to be secured to America. There is some individual effort on the part of a few progressive firms in this country to hold this vast opportunity for America, but no systematic trade program has been devised looking to the exploitation of China; and the few commercial pioneers vigilantly at work in the field feel no assurance of the country's coöperation.

Turning from speculation regarding future possibilities to a consideration of the remarkable results already achieved in the unprecedented development on both sides of the Pacific Ocean, it is worthy of note that hundreds of thousands of Americans, Japanese, and Chinese, have grown and are growing rich. The opportunities for the right kind of young men with grit and abounding energy are innumerable. Should two million young men, with the right sort of material in their make-up, reach the Pacific coast in one day, it is the opinion of conservative Western employers that they could all gain a foothold and eventually become men of property and affairs. An essential preliminary is a stern determination to lay strong hands upon the first opportunity that presents itself, whether it be rolling logs in a lumber camp, driving spikes on a railroad, clerking, keeping books, trading, or working along professional lines. The day of booms, as popularly understood, has passed; yet there has not been in the most tumultuous excitements attending Western expansion anything comparable to the growth of the year just passed.

During 1903 thirty thousand homeseekers were established on free farms in the vast wheat regions of Manitoba.



IRRIGATED LAND, WORTH $350 PER ACRE

Three years ago in one of the counties of the State of Washington there were but ninety-five voters. Now there are twenty-six thousand inhabitants in that county, and out of it was shipped in 1903 three million dollars' worth of wheat.

A few years ago a ship bearing gold from the Klondike started a stampede toward the Arctic Circle. Last year, although there was no apparent furore about it, the value of gold and fish from Alaska exceeded twenty million dollars. All such movements are making Western operators rich.



AN ELECTRIC FREIGHT TRAIN IN OREGON



A PIONEER OF CIVILIZATION



HONOLULU HARBOR

Courtesy of the Philadelphia Commercial Museums

There are thousands of young men on the Pacific coast still under thirty, many of whom borrowed their fare West or landed without the slightest capital, who are now living in beautiful homes, and are actively engaged in enterprises valued all the way from twenty thousand to five hundred thousand dollars. The stories of some of these successes will be enumerated in subsequent papers, as an inspiration to the youth of America.

The intense activity of the West finds expression, among other ways, in the rival upbuilding of States and cities. Seattle marshals statistics and geographical advantages to prove its superiority over San Francisco as a gateway to Asia. The amazing increase in the tonnage and population of the Puget Sound metropolis give substance to its claim, and the traveler would be inclined, in the presence of that bustling progress, to fear that the famous city of California was standing idle. However, he finds that seaport another pulsating centre of Pacific and trans-Pacific commerce, and sees that it is sharing in the same great movement that is making all the country beyond the Mississippi a flourishing Western empire. In 1903 sixty thousand people were added to the population of San Francisco.

A similar condition prevails throughout the entire West. If you ask a Seattle man about Tacoma he will not glorify the rival town, for Seattle has distanced her in the race for supremacy. Yet during 1903 the value of buildings erected in Tacoma exceeded that of any year in its history, including even the periods of its real estate excitements. Spokane, while circulating no hysterical literature, has become one of the wealthiest cities of its size in America. Its population is approaching the fifty-thousand mark. Regarding Portland, Oregon, it is asserted that it has more millionaires to the square foot than any other city in the United States.

The truth is that the citizen in any of the rushing Western cities is so occupied in seizing the manifold opportunities in his immediate bustling environment that he lacks the perspective to see that his prosperity and the progress of his city are a part of a wholesale commercial evolution. Neither is this magnificent development confined to the Pacific Slope.

In the middle West, for example, ninety new towns have just been built along the lines of the Northwestern Railway. South Dakota produced over one hundred million dollars' worth of grain and live stock in 1903, and dug twelve million dollars from the Black Hills. No State in the Union equals it in the per capita wealth of its people. Every place, in fact, touched by the vast tide of energetic men moving westward from the Mississippi Valley is surging with new life.

"To the land of no poverty" is the motto of the great migration. In many parts of the West prolific of wheat and hay, the money necessary for the movement of great crops was found this season on deposit in local banks. The bank clearings in Seattle alone in 1903 reached $207,000,000.

Concurrent with the financial prosperity and industrial development of the entire West, there has taken place an economic awakening in Eastern Asia. Between the two Pacifics sixteen lines of steamships, some of them operating extensive fleets, already ply. New lines are being established, and the old lines are steadily supplanting smaller vessels with first-class steamships of greater tonnage. In the service of President Hill two vessels said to be the largest ever built will run between Japan and Puget Sound. The increase of Seattle's shipment of flour to the Orient in the four months from July to October, 1903, was one hundred and thirty-five per cent. over the amount of that commodity exported during the same months of the preceding year. The number of barrels of flour shipped to the Orient from San Francisco, Tacoma, Portland, and Seattle during the four months mentioned in 1903 was 1,201,841, an increase of seventy-six per cent. over the year before.

A half century ago, when Japan was a cipher, when the ambitions of Russia to



A STREET IN TOKIO

SHOWING THE MODERN ELECTRIC EQUIPMENT OF JAPANESE CITIES

reach Chinese waters were unknown, when China itself was sunk in sleep, when our own Pacific coast was without a city and had as a population only a fugitive handful of gold hunters, and when the islands of the western sea could be had by any nation for the taking, William H. Seward wrote:

"Henceforth European commerce, European politics, European thought, and European activity, although actually gaining force, and European connections, although actually becoming more intimate, will nevertheless relatively sink in importance; while the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast region beyond, will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter."

The awakening and development of Pacific empires and the commerce of that sea within fifty years have given auspicious demonstration that this prophecy, uttered as a flash of inspiration, is to be fulfilled. It is obvious that prosperity in the form of a great commercial equation reaches across the Pacific Ocean. In Asia, the nation now moves in darkness which is to solve that part of the problem and enjoy the incalculable dividends in the form of wealth and national strength; in America the factors are under our control. When the people of this Republic realize that Japan or Russia or a new Europe in Asia is wresting from us the unlimited markets of the Far East, there will take place a great national awakening. Then will come the great American invasion, compared with which our commercial inroads into Europe and our march across our own continent will be insignificant.

At the present moment the war cloud in the East has completely obscured the commercial situation. One thing only is plain—that the future commercial expansion of the United States depends upon free access to Asiatic markets, and that therefore this country cannot afford to acquiesce in any settlement of the present war which would close Asia to our trade. The statesmen at Washington who develop the grasp and decision to safeguard the most alluring outlook American commerce has enjoyed, will build enduringly for the nation.

Albert Bolles



Courtesy of the Philadelphia Commercial Museums

CULTIVATING RICE IN HAWAII



MR. GOULD AT HOME

FCG Cartoonist

A remarkable force in English Politics

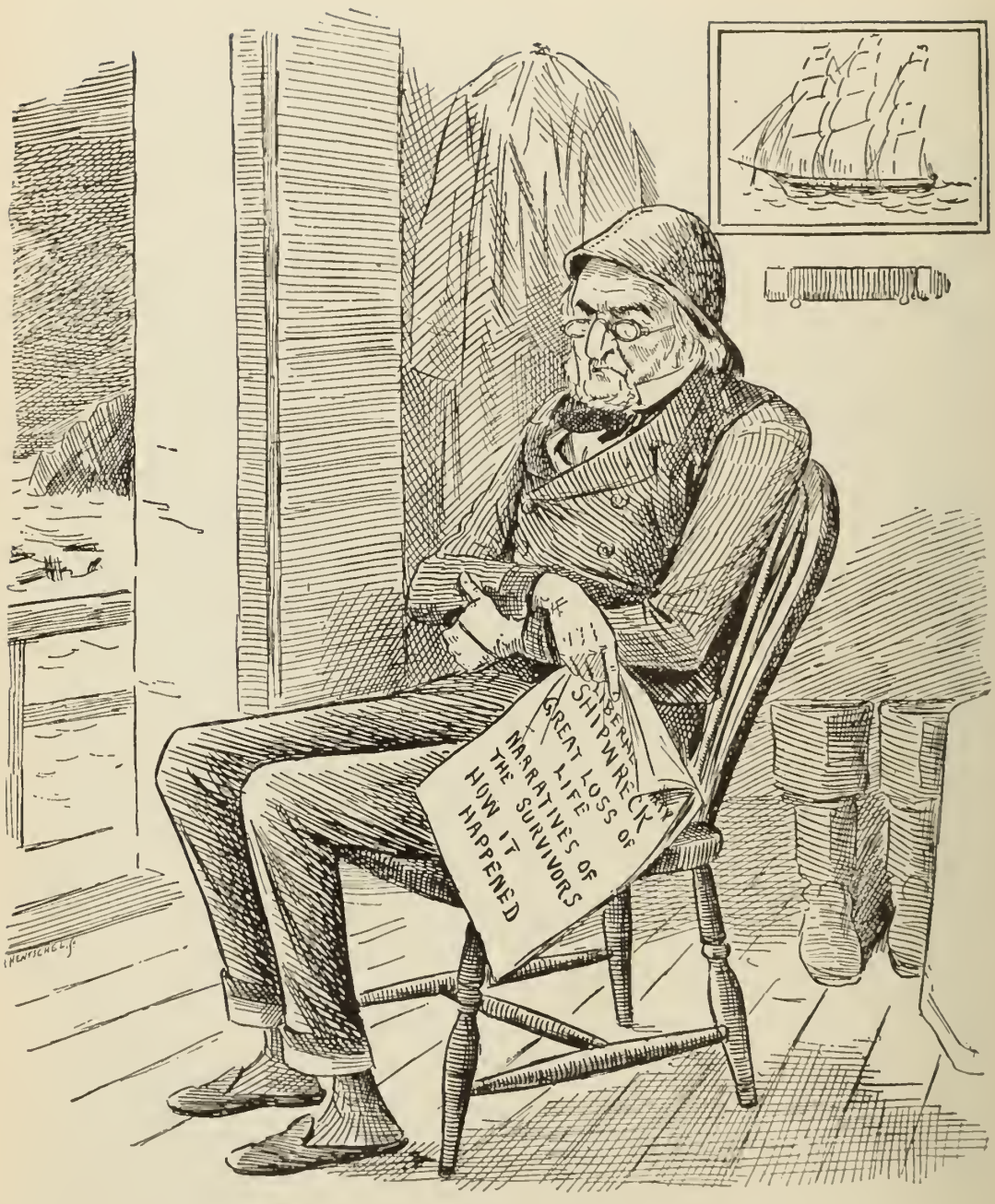


By James Douglas

Lord Rosebery has described Francis Carruthers Gould as "one of the most remarkable assets of the Liberal party." That was true some years ago. It is not quite so true now, for "F. C. G.," to use the initials by which he is affectionately known, is today more than an asset of the Liberal party. He is an asset of all parties. His incomparable caricatures in the *Westminster Gazette*, in *Picture Politics*, in *The Strand Magazine*, and in *The Modern Chronicles of Froissart*, are as popular among Tories, Liberal Unionists, Irish Nationalists, and Protectionists as they are among Liberals and Free Traders. Never in the history of caricature has there appeared a caricaturist who has so completely conquered the hearts of men of all classes and all opinions. Even John Leech, most beloved of humorists, never won affection so universal as that which Mr. Gould enjoys. He is the king of living caricaturists. As Macaulay said of Boswell, it is Eclipse first and the rest nowhere. There was a time when that brilliant draftsman, Mr. Harry Furniss, seemed likely to wear the crown of Leech, but his early promise has not been fulfilled. Why? Because he failed to realize, what Mr. Gould has realized, that English taste demands good-humor as well as humor in our caricatures.

Before I discuss the work of Mr. Gould let me briefly outline his romantic career. He was born in 1844, at Barnstaple in Devonshire. His father was a clever architect, and from his earliest years he lived amid paper and pencils and machinery of drawing. It is clear that he is a born caricaturist, for at ten he drew a political cartoon. At sixteen he was put into a bank. There he caricatured the customers; and Mr. Watson—to whose delightful sketch of Mr. Gould I am indebted for many interesting facts—suggests that he covered the Barnstaple bank-books with humors like those on that page of the Latin grammar which Thackeray reproduced in *The Roundabout Papers*. "The Mayor" and "The Gaoler" belong to this period, and it is remarkable that they should be alive with the Gould idiosyncracy



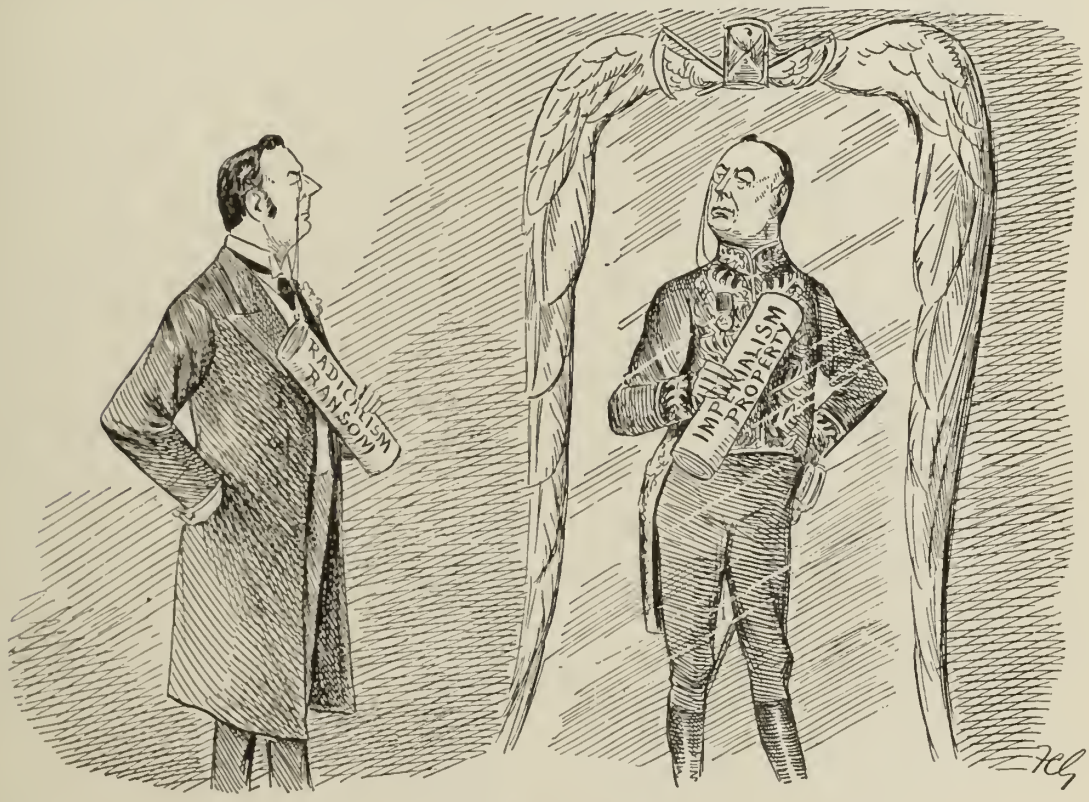


THE LIBERAL WRECK

OLD PILOT: I WONDER IF I COULD HAVE SAVED HER?

which is now so familiar to every Englishman. The gaoler was furious, for the young humorist turned him into animals of all kinds. He complained to the mayor. "Oh," said the mayor, "he is only a youngster. You mustn't take any notice of it." "But that bain't the worst," cried the gaoler; "he's been a-caricaturin' of you!"

After four years among bank-books the lad went to London, and there in a stock-broker's office he continued to caricature everybody he saw. His exuberant genius continued to disport itself in this fashion for twenty years, and after he became a member of the Stock Exchange he reveled in that great menagerie, whose bulls and bears represent almost every variety of those human humors produced by the greatest of all caricaturists, Nature. "I found 'the house' a very fruitful ground for personal caricature, and an excellent school," he says, "for there was every variety of personality and very marked individuality among the members. In addition, I had the advantage of very keen and very outspoken criticism. As time went on, my drawings became very numerous, and at last I did a series of sketches and cartoons which were published for private circulation, and people tell me they may still be seen in many offices in the neighborhood of Threadneedle Street and Throgmorton Street."



TIME'S MAGIC MIRROR

CURIOUS!

[All my lifetime I have found that many things have a curious habit of coming out very much as I expected.—MR. CHAMBERLAIN, *at Grahamstown, February 11, 1903.*]

Up to this time he had drawn "all for fun," like Frank Lockwood; but his "self-pleasing quaintness" was discovered by Mr. Horace Voules, of *Truth*, who persuaded him in 1879 to illustrate the Christmas number of Mr. Labouchere's audacious organ. In these cartoons he turned the most august persons into beasts

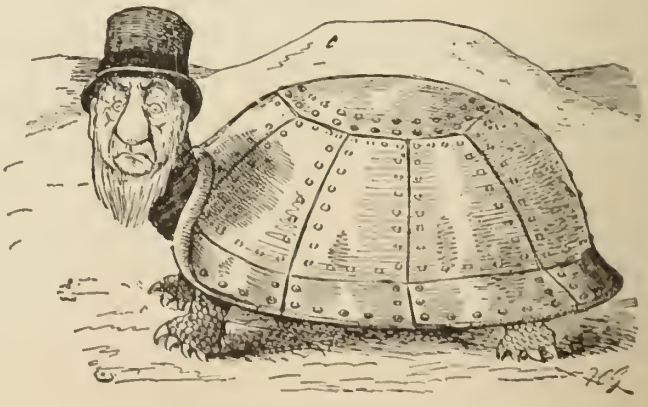


WHICH IS LEADING WHICH?

JOHN BULL to PORTER: Where are you taking him?
PORTER S..L..SB..RY: I ain't taking him anywhere.
JOHN BULL: Well, then, where's he taking you?
PORTER (*indignantly*): He ain't taking me.
JOHN BULL: Then, where is he going?
PORTER: I don't know. He's eaten all his direction labels.

and birds. In the cartoon of 1890 the late Stacy Marks, R.A., appeared in a kind of pictorial version of the comedy of Aristophanes, *The Birds*. There Lord Salisbury figures as a dodo, and the Lord Chancellor as a penguin. In the aviary may be seen the Duke of Cambridge, Sir H. M. Stanley, Sir Henry Irving, George Augustus Sala, Sir William Harcourt, Lord Charles Beresford, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the Marquis of Dufferin, Colonel North, the Duke of Devonshire, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and many another two-legged bird with feathers.

It was, however, Mr. Stead, the Christopher Columbus of British journalism, who practically discovered and explored the genuis of Mr. Gould. Mr. Stead was then "making things hum" on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and in 1887 he found what Sir Francis Burnand would call a Gould mine. In those days, says Mr. Stead, Mr. Gould used to come for instructions once a week. "He was a jewel of an artist," for he was "always ready to abandon his own notions and adopt those of his editorial chief." This, indeed, is the key to Mr. Gould's success. In his cartoons the political idea is predominant, whereas other cartoonists are absorbed in the picture and allow the political idea to take care of itself. A good story is told of somebody who objected to the employment of Mr. Gould on the *Pall Mall* because he had a "lack of political ideas"! But no one could suffer from political anemia who works under Mr. Stead, whose populous brain is a germ-factory of political ideas. It has been Mr. Gould's good fortune to be associated with three of the greatest editor-politicians in England—first with Mr. Stead, secondly with Mr. E.T. Cook, and thirdly with Mr. J. A. Spender. Mr. Cook succeeded Mr. Stead as editor of the *Pall Mall*. When Mr. Astor bought the *Pall Mall*, he turned its coat. It ceased to be Liberal, and became a Tory organ. The editorial staff, with Mr. Cook at their head, resigned in a body, and among the seceders were Mr. Spender and Mr. Gould. It was a fine display of journalistic conscience and courage, and it excited the admiration of



WHO SAID "BOBS"?

many persons who are apt to regard journalists as mere time-servers. Such examples of high principle and fearless independence are not rare in English journalism.

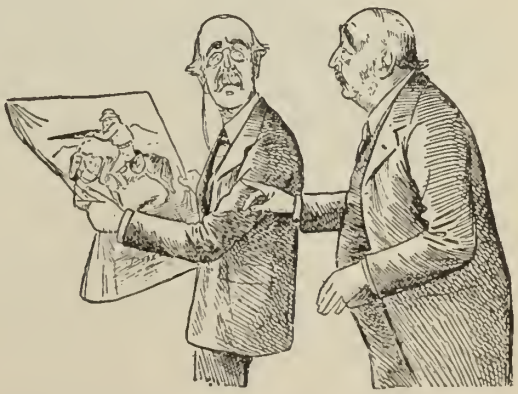
Mr. Cook, Mr. Spender, and Mr. Gould found in Sir George Newnes a new proprietor who enabled them to start the *Westminster Gazette*. When afterwards Mr. Cook became editor of the *Daily News* he was called on again to sacrifice his position to his principles, and resigned when a change in the proprietorship turned the *Daily News* into a pro-Boer organ. At the same time there was a similar revolution in the office of the *Daily Chronicle*. Under Mr. H. W. Massingham it had fought strenuously for the Boer cause. Mr. Massingham, like Mr. Cook, did not hesitate to sacrifice his position to his principles when the policy of the paper was reversed. Then came a *chasse-croise*. Mr. Cook walked down Fleet Street to the office of the *Daily Chronicle*, and Mr. Massingham walked up Fleet Street to the office of the *Daily News;* but neither of the twain walked into the editorial chair. The latest martyr of journalistic independence is Mr. Monypenny, the editor of the *Johannesburg Star*, who resigned the other day rather than acquiesce in the policy of his proprietors, who, being Rand mine owners, desire to import Chinese labor for the mines.

Mr. Gould, therefore, is a man of character as well as caricature. He has ideals as well as ideas, and his political passion has matured amid the best traditions of English journalism. Therein lies the secret of his unparalleled influence in politics, an influence hardly inferior to that of any publicist or any politician. The *Westminster* undoubtedly owes its splendid position as much to Mr. Gould's caricatures as to Mr. Spender's consummate editorial acumen and sagacity. But it is hard to say where Mr. Spender ends and Mr. Gould begins. Their collaboration is unique in journalism, and it is hardly too much to say that Mr. Gould's pencil is geared upon Mr. Spender's brain. Mr. Gould himself has generously acknowledged the debt he owes to his editor. "The daily paper cartoonist," he says, "has this advantage, that in the editor's room he collaborates with one whose knowledge of political matters is wide and deep, and whose mind is trained to unravel the most tangled threads of a situation and to reduce what seems obscure to clear, concise demonstration. In my own case I cannot possibly exaggerate the value of a collaboration to which I owe a great portion of my success."



CONFOUND YOU! SAY "SUZERAIN"!

Political insight is the master quality of his cartoons. They go right to the very heart of things. Their lucidity is amazing. Often a Gould cartoon will illuminate the whole battlefield of politics in a vivid flash of clairvoyance. Mr. Gould has also the gift of concentration. He never fires at



MR. BALFOUR: Fancy, Ridley! they've actually got horses!

SIR M. W. RIDLEY: And look, Arthur, they've got rifles, too! What a shame to deceive us!



MUDDLING AND MENDING

MRS. BRITANNIA BULL: Good gracious, John, what on earth have you been doing with yourself?
JOHN BULL: All right, my dear; I've only been muddling through a little mess. What does it matter as long as I come home right side up?
MRS. B. B.: It matters a good deal, sir. I've got to do the mending!

random. He knows that an ounce bullet is more deadly than a pound of shot. His cartoons are generally very simple. He is a master of what I may call pictorial parsimony. He is not only up-to-date in his pictorial epigrams; he is often before-the-date. His swift swoop upon a political point is like the swoop of a hawk upon its quarry. The political folly of Monday is the cartoon of Tuesday. This sureness of eye and rapidity of thrust could hardly be attained and maintained without the alert and tireless aid of Mr. Spender. "How are your cartoons done?" he was asked. "The subject," he replied, "is first selected in consultation with the editor, when we are discussing the attitude of the paper on the chief subject of the day. Sometimes a line in a statesman's speech, which lends itself to illustration, will be selected. When, however, there is no pictorial suggestion supplied in this way, we sit down and work out the political situation from the point of view we desire to express." Is it strange that nearly every shot fired by these gunners hits the target? Is it strange that the Gould cartoons mold a policy and shake a government?

Great as has been Mr. Gould's political influence for many years, it is nevertheless steadily growing, and his cartoons are published in Liberal newspapers all over the country. The *Westminster* is, of course, a penny evening paper, and many of the provincial journals regularly publish this evening's cartoon to-morrow morning. "F. C. G.," indeed, will soon be reported like a front-bench orator. His cartoons are also republished in book form and in *éditions de luxe*. They are also used as political posters, leaflets, and picture-post-cards. The Tory party would give much for a Tory Gould, but he "reigns predominant without a peer"; and in the great fiscal campaign now raging his car-

toons are doing more to damage Mr. Chamberlain than is being done by any Free Trade orator. Take, for instance, his use of the story of the old negress who, seeing a lady blowing up an air-cushion and sitting on it, cried: "Missus is sottin' on 'er own bref." He represented Mr. Chamberlain blowing into and sitting on a bladder labeled "Fiscal Fallacies." A more masterly pictorial epigram even Mr. Gould has never achieved.

Another element of Mr. Gould's genius is his power of characterization. His caricatures are portraits. He draws from life, not from photographs. Even Tenniel had not a tenth of his power of seizing the central idiosyncrasies of a face. There are many brilliant black-and-white draftsmen who utterly fail in this respect. Mr. Linley Sambourne, for instance, can never capture more than a dim shadow of a likeness. Mr. Beerbohm often caricatures his



HIS OWN BREATH

An old negro "mammy," having seen her mistress inflate an air-cushion and then sit on it, rushed out in great excitement declaring, "Missus is sottin' on 'er own bref."



THE LONG, LONE FURROW

I must plough my furrow alone. That is my fate, agreeable or the reverse, but before I get to the end of the furrow it is possible that I may find myself not alone.—LORD ROSEBERY, *at the City Liberal Club, July 19, 1901.*

MR. GIBSON BOWLES in the House of Commons quoted, *apropos* of Lord Rosebery's position, from Cowper's lines on Alexander Selkirk:

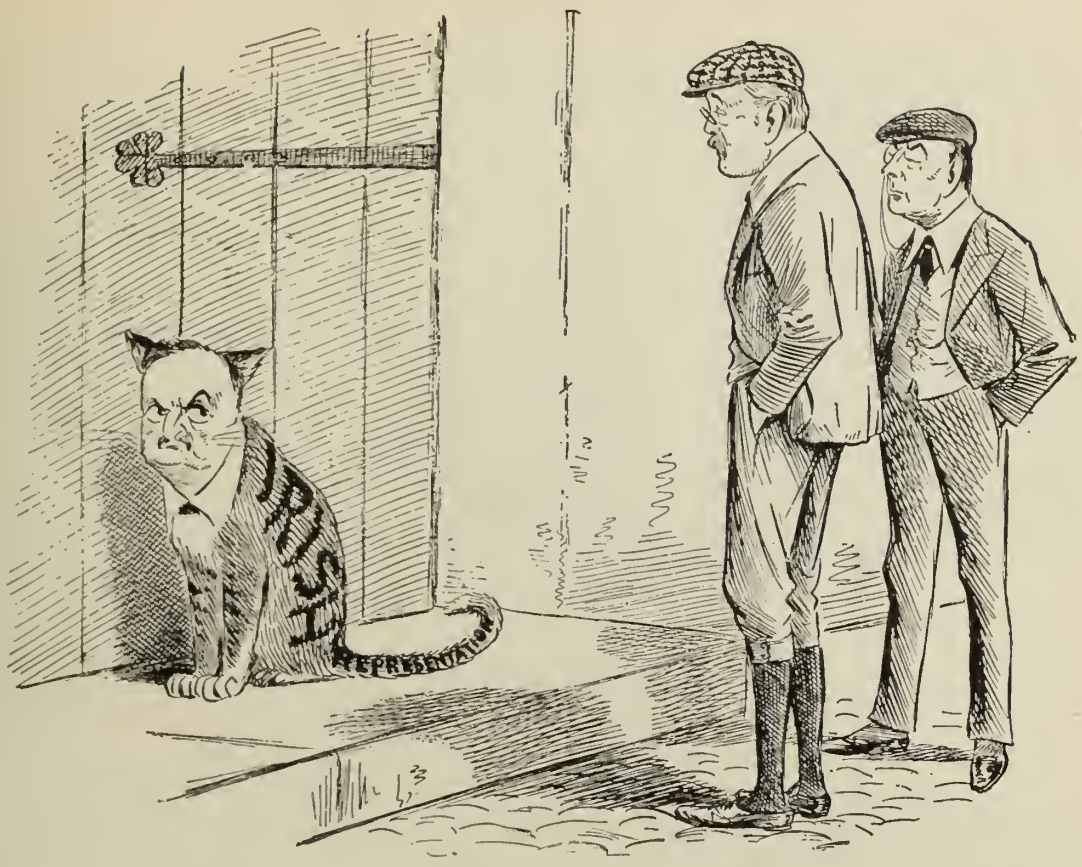
I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech—
I start at the sound of my own.

victims out of recognition. Mr. Gould accentuates the likeness, but he does not destroy it. He studies his prey in the lobby and in the press gallery of the House of Commons. He tells how on one occasion he was stalking a great politician in the lobby, and found that Harry Furniss and Leslie Ward were also marking down the same victim. The statesman was blissfully unconscious of the fact that three caricaturists were walking round him and plucking the heart out of his mystery.

Mr. Gould finds Mr. Chamberlain the easiest, and Lord Rosebery the most difficult, subject; yet his Rosebery caricatures are triumphs of pictorial characterization. His caricatures are never stale. Some artists discover a convention and go on repeating it for ever. Mr. Gould is always watching the masque of faces, and in his caricatures he presents men in every light and shade of passion and emotion. His Chamberlain is as mutable as the opinions of the original. His Balfour is no longer the Balfour of the Coercion days. The slim, lackadaisical *flâneur* is now a stout, phlegmatic, bewildered bourgeois, whose lack of "settled convictions" is reflected in a face full of feeble resolutions and absent-minded expostulations. The characterizations of Mr. Gould are alive with humor. He fastens on the absurd side of a man's temperament and brings it out with tremendous lucidity. He never credits a weak man with strength, a vulgar man with refinement, a fatuous man with dignity. He uses the good qualities of a man as a foil for his defects. It was this cruel magnanimity which made Dryden the most terrible of satirists. You can damage a man more by treating him as a man than by treating him as a monster; for, if you admit his good qualities, he has no answer to your censure of his bad ones. Mr. Gould's Brodrick is a good example of this. His Brodrick is always earnest, haggardly earnest; and the haggard earnestness of the man enormously heightens the



WHEEL AND WOE



TAIL AND CLAWS

ARTHUR B. : I say, Joe, here's the cat that's always making such a horrid noise.
JOE : Let's cut a bit off his tail !
THE CAT : You may cut my tail, but you can't cut my claws.

[The national movement in the country would be just as embarrassing to the Government if the representation was reduced.—MR. JOHN REDMOND, *at Westport, September 1, 1901.*]

comedy of his ineptitudes as War Minister, for there is nothing so comic as incompetent anxiety. His Lord Lansdowne is another type of incapacity—the good-natured failure, the cheerful bungler.

Mr. Gould is fond of turning politicians into beasts and birds. This, indeed, is a device which opens the door to every variety of humor, for the resemblance between man and the lower animals is the most humorous thing in this humorous world. Mr. Watts-Dunton, in his fascinating romance, *Aylwin*, tells how he and Rossetti paid a visit to Jamrach's. Jamrach is the great importer of animals, and his shop in Ratcliffe Highway has long been famous all over the world. One source of the interest Rossetti took in animals was his belief in Battista Porta's whimsical theory that every human creature resembles one of the lower animals, and he found a perennial amusement in seeing in the faces of animals caricatures of his friends. He went from cage to cage, giving to each animal the name of some member of the Royal Academy, or of one of his own intimate friends. There was nothing of malice in this whim of Rossetti: it was a pure exercise of humor. There is no malice in Mr. Gould's human beasts and birds. Their humor is based on a gentle incongruity, for he respects all animals—even man. As civilization advances, the lower animals lose the despicable associations with which primitive man invested them. "Is thy servant a dog?" is a question which has lost its sting. Even the ass is ceasing to be a



"Wat sorter seasonin' d'ye sagashuate I'se gwinter cook you with?" sez Brer Fox, sezee.
Brer Rabbit up en say he don' wanter be cooked 't all.
Brer Fox he grit his toof. "You'er gittin' 'way from de point, Brer Rabbit," sez Brer Fox, sezee.

symbol of human stupidity, and the modern philosopher can contemplate the pig with reverence and the monkey with interest. For the most ludicrous animal is not so ludicrous as the least ludicrous man. Anacharsis, the Scythian philosopher, when jesters were taken to him, could not be made to smile; but when a monkey was brought to him, he broke out into a fit of laughter, and said, "Now, this is laughable by nature, the other by art." Anacharsis laughed at the monkey because it was at once like and unlike a man. We laugh at man because he is at once like and unlike a monkey, and our laughter is sobered by the knowledge that the monkey is our cousin. Mr. Gould has never ventured to caricature a man as a monkey. Why? Because the monkey is too near to man, and we have not yet learned to reverence the monkey as we reverence the dog, the horse, the cat, the lion, and the elephant. The monkey humiliates us, because we are reluctant to recognize that he, like ourselves, is a citizen in the great republic of life. In a thousand years the monkey will be a symbol of fantasy, and the caricaturist of 2904 who wishes to pay a delicate compliment to a contemporary humorist will turn him into a chimpanzee.

Mr. Gould has found in birds and beasts types for every politician. He haunts the Zoo, and never goes there without getting ideas. That masterpiece of American humor, *Uncle Remus*, has provided him with some of his drollest fables, for Mr. Gould is a brilliant fabulist. Mr. Chamberlain as Brer Fox and Mr. Kruger as Brer Rabbit are perhaps his happiest conceptions. He has also made great use of *Alice in Wonderland*, which is an inexhaustible mine of political allegory. He delights in Froissart, and he has chronicled the principal events of 1901 and 1902 in *The Modern Chronicles of Froissart*, two volumes which contain some of his finest work. The archaisms of Froissart are happily mimicked in these chronicles, both verbally and pictorially; for Mr. Gould has a literary gift which enables him to write round his caricatures. Here is a passage from his Froissart, dealing with the Pierpont Morgan panic and the Shipping Combine:

How a great monster called the Spearpoint Drorgan came across the sea and sore affrayed the English.

Let us now go back to speak of how, in this same year a thousand nine hundred and two, the English were greatly affrayed by reason of a huge, mighty, perilous, and dreadful monster that came from the West across the sea to England. The bigness thereof was a marvel to behold, and men called it Spearpoint Drorgan, for it had as it were great spears on its head and neck, so that none could in anywise overcome or sit upon it.

Now this Drorgan was puissant on land as on the water, for it was both a Drorgan and a Sea Fish, and for this reason it was called the Great Combine.

Now the English, especially those who had no ships to sell, were sore discomforted when they knew that the Spearpoint Drorgan was coming; for it was bruited abroad that the monster was seizing upon all the English ships that it encountered by the way, so that the English began to fear there would be no more vessels left to them wherein to carry their banners. For you must know that the English take pride that they have more ships, both

great and small, than hath any other country. Also it was said that the Drorgan was minded to come a-land in England, and to seize and take away the Abbey Church of Westminster, and the Castle of London, and the King's castles, and his crowns, and sceptres, and orb, and all the treasures of the country.

But I know that those who said these things were dismayed without reason, for in the end, as it hath been shewed me, the Drorgan, though of a truth it seized upon all the ships that could not avoid it, yet it spouted forth streams of gold to pay for them, so that no man received hurt or damage thereby.

Howbeit there were some who sailed away when the Drorgan would have taken their ships, saying, "We would rather keep our ships than have the Drorgan's gold."

Neither did the Drorgan seize or carry away any of the treasures of England, as it was bruited that it had a mind to do.

But when it would have dug a hole underneath London, the citizens would in nowise agree, saying that it behoved them to draw the line somewhere.

Mr. Gould lives in Endsleigh Street, a turning out of Tavistock Square, near the British Museum—a neighborhood full of literary memories. Christina Rossetti lived hard by; so did Thackeray. It was in Tavistock Square that George Borrow saw his publisher. Mr. A. B. Walkley, the famous dramatic critic, formerly of the *Star* and now of the *Times*, lives in Tavistock Square, and Mr. W. L. Courtney, another famous critic, has recently taken a house in the same locality, close to his friend.

Mr. Gould's study is decorated with modern medievalisms. He calls it his "Froissart Room." Round the walls runs a frieze of colored caricatures. On one wall is a modern version of Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrims*, Mr. Chamberlain at their head, and the little Lord Chancellor as the wife of Bath. Mr. Gould's den at the *Westminster Gazette* office in Tudor Street is almost as austere as a Grub Street garret. It is littered with newspapers. Tall cabinets contain impressions of thousands of old caricatures. Here, every afternoon, Mr. Gould, cigarette in mouth, may be seen completing his cartoon for the following day.

As a rule he does about five cartoons a week, though during the parliamentary session he dashes off, in addition, those vivid thumbnail caricature-portraits of the



A CONSTITUTIONAL FEAST

Miss Clara Balfour of Niger
Smiled as she rode on a tiger.

They returned from the ride
With Clara inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

chief debaters at Westminster, with which he illustrates his racy description of each day's debate. He is a hard worker, and his only hobby is doing another kind of drawing. He is fond of making studies of birds. He is a clubable man, and a witty after-dinner speaker. One of my pleasantest recollections is that of an evening with the jolly monks of the Whitefriars Club, a Fleet Street symposium of journalists over which Mr. Gould presides. He is a jocund abbot, who welcomes the stranger with true medieval hospitality. The American visitor who dines with the good friars catches a merry glimpse of the journalistic Bohemia which still defies the dulness and the decorum of modernity.

Within the limits of this article it would be impossible to discuss the question as to what is the true scope and province of caricature; but a few words on the distinction between English and American caricature may be permissible.

Caricature, according to a paper in Addison's *Spectator*, is the art of "preserving, amidst distorted Proportions and aggravated Features, some distinguishing



WONDERLAND DOCTORS

"I'm afraid there's nothing the matter with you—just now," said the March Hare.

"Of course there isn't," Alice replied rather crossly; "I told you so at first."

"Ah! but there might be—at any moment," said the March Hare eagerly. "Microbes might come in at the window and dump themselves down on you. So I think I'll write out a little Prescription for you—let me see, what shall it be? Suppose we try Retaliation; there—I am sure that'll be splendid for you!"

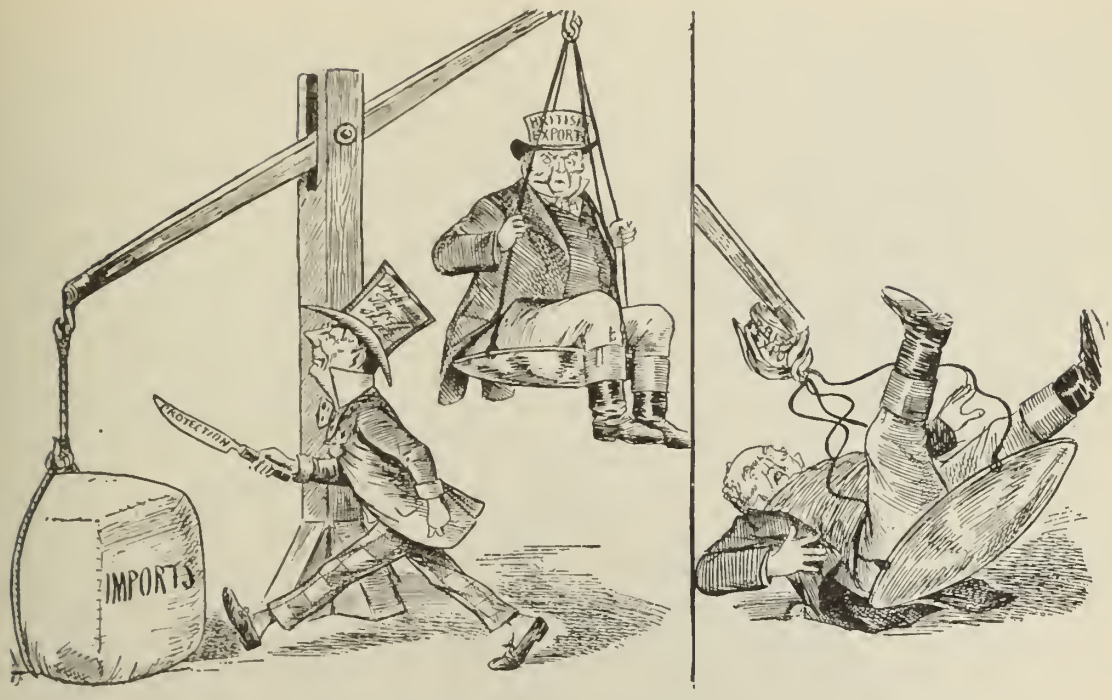
"Retaliation?" repeated Alice in great astonishment; "what on earth is that?"

"It's a sort of a Revolver, you know," the March Hare said triumphantly. "You'll be able to shoot the microbes with it when they come in."

Alice was more puzzled than ever.

"But there's the Mad Hatter too, with a large box of Pills for me," she remarked.

"Oh!" the March Hare replied confidentially; "you'd better take *my* prescription first, and then we can see about the Pills afterwards."—*A variation of "Alice in Wonderland."*



ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION

THE MAD HATTER: You see that John Bull is overweighted by Imports. I have a simple plan to remedy this. I will cut the cord and you will see—

An immediate result!

Likeness to the Person, but in such a manner as to transform the most agreeable Beauty into the most odious Monster." Strictly speaking, therefore, Mr. Gould is not a caricaturist at all, for the basis of his art is genial good-nature. He is a political humorist who aims at pleasing both sides, while taking care that the Tory dogs do not get the best of it. The only pure caricaturist in England is Mr. Max Beerbohm. His caricatures have the cruel humor, the pitiless mockery, and the psychological savagery of the Italian *caricatura*. He and he only inherits the traditions of Hogarth, Rowlandson, and Pellegrini. The truth is that we have grown too polite and too humane for real caricature. The English caricaturist must never give pain, must never draw blood. He is like a soldier who is forbidden to hurt the enemy. In France, in Germany, and in the United States, the caricaturist is not only permitted to wound, he is also expected to torture. That explains the anger evoked by Continental caricatures during the Boer War, anger so fierce that Mr. Chamberlain stupefied the French Government by threatening it with dire consequences if its caricaturists did not "mend their manners." The English mind for many years has been taught to regard Tenniel's cartoons as the utmost permissible limit of caricature. Tenniel, of course, was the incarnation of British respectability. He perfected the reverence of *Punch* for the great, the aristocratic, the important. The essence of caricature is irreverence, and Tenniel made it reverent. No wonder, then, that after being Tennielized for a generation, the British public was horrified at the irreverence of French and German caricaturists.

Towards the close of the Tenniel era caricature was dead in England. It died of dullness. But in the London Stock Exchange there was a man who was destined to resurrect it, a man who saw that it was possible to have humor without cruelty, and ridicule without irreverence. The secret of Gould's art is to be found in the years which he spent on the Stock Exchange. That was his apprenticeship,

not merely in the art of comic portraiture but also in the art of comic tact. Detachment is necessary to the pitiless caricaturist. He must not be in the same clubs and clique as his victims. The Stock Exchange is a club, like the House of Commons; and Gould practiced there for twenty years the art of painless humor. When he stepped from the one "house" to the other he merely changed his club, and it was not hard to preserve at Westminster the geniality he had cultivated in Throgmorton Street.

and distort their features? If he hurt their feelings, he would be quietly boycotted. Mr. Gould has adapted his genius to these peculiar conditions. He has thus defined his method: "To hit hard without giving offense. Directly a cartoon becomes abusive it fails in its effect. This is purely the English ideal. In America the people like strong personal attack. An American caricaturist once expressed his surprise to me at the mildness of English caricature; he could not understand it until he came over here, when he soon found that the



SPOILING THE FUNERAL

THE UNDERTAKER: I never *did* see such a corpse! What's the use of saying you ain't dead, when I tell you you *are!*

THE CORPSE: But I'm *not* dead.

THE PREMIER MOURNER: Pray be more considerate! You are spoiling a beautiful funeral!

I have said that the caricaturist must be detached from his victims. In New York, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, caricaturists are more detached. They live in a *milieu* of their own. In London the political caricaturist is not so completely insulated. He rubs shoulders with politicians in the lobby of the House. He meets them at dinner. He rides with them in the Row. He shoots with them, hunts with them, yachts with them, and is generally a very clubable man. How, then, can he deform

American style would not be tolerated. Our people do not like burlesque." There is no doubt that this difference in taste is a phenomenon which goes right into the roots of national character. It is worth the attention of psychologists and historians. Why is American caricature cruel, while English caricature is humane? Doubtless, American caricature has been profoundly influenced by the German school, from Nast to Keppler, from Keppler to Opper. But we must dig deeper

for the real explanation. Cruel caricature is a mark of political immaturity, of raw civilization. France, Germany, and the United States are still in their political teens. We in England have outgrown caricature and other diseases of political infancy. It may be that we are senile; at any rate, we are polite. It is true that we are not yet so polite as the Chinese, but we are creeping up.

Mr. Gould is the politest caricaturist who ever lived. His favorite victim is Mr. Chamberlain. He has caricatured Mr. Chamberlain at least a thousand times. Yet he and Mr. Chamberlain are good friends. Indeed, after the hard-fought general election of 1895 Mr. Chamberlain wrote to him saying that he had been as much amused as anybody, and sent him his photograph, inscribed: "From the real Chamberlain to the talented creator of the fictitious." Mr. Gould, not to be outdone, sent a set of his caricatures to Mr. Chamberlain. Fancy Thomas Nast and Boss Tweed exchanging compliments in this fashion! The explanation is to be found in the fact that Mr. Gould never distorts the features of his victims. He never turns "the most agreeable Beauty into the most odious Monster." He does not caricature physical peculiarities; he reproduces them. He never makes a man hateful or ridiculous or contemptible. He puts his worms on his hooks as if he loved them.

It may be said that the humane caricaturist is less powerful than the cruel, but it is not true. In England the surest way to make a man popular is to abuse him. Abuse with us is a short cut to glory. The Irish members abused Mr. Balfour into fame, just as the Radical press and Radical orators abused Mr. Chamberlain into popularity. If Radicals were to praise Mr. Chamberlain for a year he would sink into nonentity. He knows this, and when the volley of abuse slackens for a moment he takes care to draw the fire by dangling out some provocation from the political ramparts.

Mr. Gould has a keen eye for political



MR. CHAMBERLAIN: Hooray! I've got 'em to call me names again.

points, and he is always on the right nail at the right second. But he is too astute to be abusive. His caricatures are gauges of political weather. No leader-writer pounces on a point so alertly and so accurately. He jumps before the average wit. He never fumbles about on the fringe of the fight. He gets into the very centre of it. He has a genius for simplification. Out of the mass of stodgy verbiage which English newspapers dump upon the patient brains of their readers he extracts the one vital fact, and pictorializes it. He thinks in pictures. Indeed, his caricatures are "brief abstracts of the time." That is the secret of his power in politics. He is not a jejune commentator. He is an original thinker who solidifies political gas and packs it into daily tabloids. Unlike many other caricaturists he lives in the very heart of politics, with the tape at his elbow. Politicians are his daily bread. He lives on them. They feed him with ideas. Like the Chicago swine who walk in at one end as pigs and come out at the other as sausages, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr.

Balfour, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Morley walk into his little factory as great, wise, solemn, and eminent beings, and come out as caricatures. Yet, although he hits hard, he has never made an enemy. "I etch," he says, "with vinegar, not with vitriol." He never caricatures women. Lady Londonderry, indeed, is the only woman who figures in his gallery of cartoons, and he took care to make her stately and beautiful. He is a capital lecturer, and has often been invited to pay a visit to that paradise of lecturers, America; but we cannot spare him. When he yields, as we all yield, sooner or later, to your wiles, I am sure you will give him a hearty welcome.

James Douglas



My motto is
Probitate et Labore

Max Beerbohm



FAMOUS PARISIAN ARTISTS
IN THEIR STUDIOS

William Adolphe Bouguereau
Jean Joseph Benjamin-Constant
Jean Léon Gérôme
Edwin Lord Weeks
Louis Ernest Barrias
Emmanuel Fremiet



WILLIAM ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU

EASILY PRINCE OF ACADEMIC FRENCH ART TODAY; PAINTER OF MADONNAS AND VENUSES, CONVENTIONAL BUT CHARMING; A RED RAG TO FRENCH CRITICS FOR HIS FAULTY FAULTLESSNESS, YET EAGERLY BOUGHT BY THE PUBLIC



JEAN JOSEPH BENJAMIN-CONSTANT

BENJAMIN-CONSTANT IS BEST KNOWN IN AMERICA BY HIS BRILLIANT PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE DAY, OFTEN OVER-DECORATIVE, BUT ALWAYS CLEVER AND VIGOROUS



JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME

GÉRÔME, WHO HAS JUST DIED, WAS THE MOST POPULAR OF RECENT FRENCH ARTISTS; PAINTER OF THE EAST, OF LEARNED HISTORICAL AND REFINED NEO-GREC CANVASES; BRILLIANT, VERSATILE, A SUPREME DRAUGHTSMAN, CORRECT BUT COLD



EDWIN LORD WEEKS

THIS PARISIAN OF NEW ENGLAND BIRTH PRECEDED HIS MASTER GÉRÔME IN DEATH BY A FEW WEEKS. HE WAS CHIEFLY A PAINTER OF THE EAST, BUT HE PUSHED FARTHER AFIELD THAN GÉRÔME, ADDING THE PAGODAS AND BAZAARS OF BENARES TO THE DESERTS OF MOROCCO



LOUIS ERNEST BARRIAS

BARRIAS' GROUP, "THE FIRST FUNERAL," DEPICTING ADAM AND EVE BURYING ABEL, HAS BEEN CALLED THE MASTERWORK OF MODERN SCULPTURE. HE IS ALMOST EQUALLY FAMOUS FOR HIS STATUES IN MINIATURE, SOME OF WHICH APPEAR ABOVE



EMMANUEL FREMIET

THIS VIGOROUS AND ORIGINAL SCULPTOR IS BEST KNOWN BY HIS REPRESENTATIONS OF ANIMALS, FAMILIAR TO TOURISTS IN THE TROCADERO AND LUXEMBOURG GARDENS IN PARIS. HE HAS ALSO DONE VERY NOTABLE MONUMENTAL WORK, SUCH AS THE "TORCH BEARER"

Four Notable Pictures

No one of little Schleswig-Holstein's many artist sons does it more honor or puts more of it into his work than Hans Peter Feddersen. Born in 1848, he studied under Achenbach in Düsseldorf, and with Kalckreuth in Weimar. Then, after his wander-years in Italy and Eastern Europe, he returned to his Frisian home, and devoted himself to landscape and animal painting. None of his previous works awakened so much interest as the recent portrait of his daughter reproduced on the opposite page. Vital, direct, it has a touch of universalizing genius in it which makes the picture something more than an individual portrait.

George Inness' position as the greatest of American landscape-painters grows more secure with the passing of years. His was the greatest share in uplifting the despised and sickly art of seventy years ago to its present level. It was a great work, which only Inness' prodigious vitality enabled him to accomplish—a vitality that is the master-note of his art. His broad sympathy has left us interpretations of every mood of nature, from the quiet harmony of the summer *Landscape*, here shown, to the scarlet and gold of autumn, from sunset splendor to twilight gray—all broadly painted in perfect tone.

The personality of Vibert, whose *Gulliver and the Lilliputians* is here reproduced, is a strong element in his pictures. Of Falstaffian bulk, shrewd, rollicking hail-fellow, soldier in 1870, and writer of vaudeville, interested in life's every side—this was no man to rest content with the pictures in the grand style with which he began in the sixties. He soon yielded to his own and the public's taste for humor. In Swift he found a congenial soul. Gulliver's adventures among the Lilliputians afforded a subject for the famous picture now in Mr. Schemm's gallery, showing the shipwrecked sailor held in the bonds with which his pigmy foes had fastened him in sleep. The character of the picture is such as to call into fullest play the excellent technique and finish of detail which allied Vibert with Meissonier.

Fame came early to Émile Friant. Few painters have had this Alsace-Lorrainer's good fortune in winning the grand prize of the Salon at twenty-six. Born in 1863, he was sent by the municipality of Nancy to Paris to study. Later, government aid enabled him to visit the great galleries of Europe and to make the pilgrimage to Africa's deserts which the vogue of Orientalism had made almost imperative. On his return he painted his *grand prix* picture *All Saints' Day*, now in the Luxembourg, and won recognition at a leap. The picture shows the interior of a cemetery, where a faithful group are carrying flowers for the graves of their lost ones, and a little girl is preparing to drop a coin in the cup of the blind beggar huddled against the wall. It is an obvious theme, rendered with accuracy and truth.



THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER

By HANS PETER FEDDERSEN



From the original in the gallery of Mr. Peter A. Schemm

LANDSCAPE

By GEORGE INNESS



From the original in the gallery of Mr. Peter A. Schemm

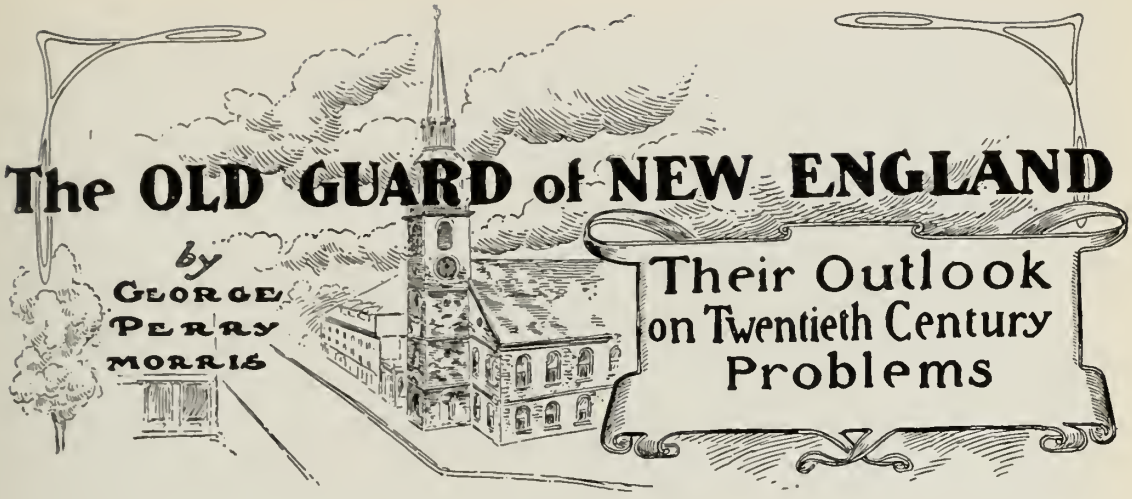
GULLIVER AND THE LILLIPUTIANS

By J. G. VIBERT



ALL SAINTS' DAY

By E. FRIANT



The OLD GUARD of NEW ENGLAND

Their Outlook on Twentieth Century Problems

by George Perry Morris

In a recent symposium on the question, "Has New England declined in national influence during the last thirty years?" the negative answers were all from political leaders and from captains of industry. The only educator contributing to the discussion, President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University, said: "When I think of the great writers in the days of Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, and Lowell, and then reflect upon the commercial, academic, and literary developments in such centres as New York and Chicago, I cannot escape the fear that New England's influence on our national life is less than it was thirty years ago."

Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, contributing to the same discussion and speaking for authors, said regarding the influence of living writers: "It must be conceded that the influence of New England is, in literature today, immeasurably less than it was thirty years ago."

Senator Hoar, who is "the scholar in politics," in the same symposium said that only in the department of education were New Englanders as strong relatively as they were a generation ago.

How marked the change is between the past and the present state of New England with respect to leadership in literature may be shown best, perhaps, by reverting to that last inclusive gathering of its contributing authors, brought together in June, 1882, by the firm of Houghton, Mifflin and Company, in honor of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe on her seventieth birthday. The guests included A. Bronson Alcott, T. B. Aldrich, Arlo Bates, Rose Terry Cooke, Julia C. R. Dorr, Asa Gray, Oliver Wendell Holmes, W. D. Howells, Lucy Larcom, Louise Chandler Moulton, James Parton, Nora Perry, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, F. B. Sanborn, Horace E. Scudder, J. T. Trowbridge, F. H. Underwood, E. P. Whipple, Adeline D. T. Whitney, John G. Whittier, and Justin Winsor.

And yet remarkable as this list is, it is at once evident to the reader who scans it thoughtfully that it is by no means inclusive of all the men and women who at that period were eminent in New England's literary circle. For one reason or another many of the most notable authors were unable to attend the dinner. Of that larger circle more than half, within the past twenty years, have joined what Edwin Markham calls "the old democracy of Death." Nearly all of them died at a ripe old age. Of those of the Old Guard who are still living the average age is more than seventy years—showing the longevity of the profession of letters.

"I have observed that whenever a Boston author dies New York immediately becomes a great literary centre," says T. B. Aldrich, in his new *Ponkapog Papers*.

This is a way a loyal champion of the Old Guard's fame has of girding at the disposition of other sections of the country to count New England as an ever-lessening factor in the life of the country. And his loyalty compels admiration. Nor is he without some reason for his position. If the list of the survivors of the Golden Age in our national literature be scanned, it is true that it will not reveal an Emerson or a Hawthorne, nor are there any such looming up among the later group of authors who have emerged since 1882. But there are still among us some noble figures who must be reckoned with, men who have an air of dignity and wisdom, and who give the impression of loyalty to high ideals and noble traditions at a time when society in general is in a state of ferment—spiritual and intellectual—and without great leaders to rally the perplexed and restless multitude.

Their point of view, as they face the striking social, intellectual, and political changes which the nineteenth century has brought, or the twentieth century prophesies, it may be profitable to ascertain and to meditate upon. Are their hopes of an earlier period of life being realized? Have they faith in the American republic still?

Colonel Higginson has recently said that Mr. Aldrich's boat of fame, on which he will "float down towards immortality, even if he never attains it," will be his poem *Fredericksburg*. His latest collection of short stories, *A Sea Turn and Other Matters*, has the exquisite finish of all his work, and reveals anew that delicate wit and humor which are all his own. His *obiter dicta* on a variety of subjects and his charming essay on Robert Herrick—for whom he has much affinity as a fellow lapidary in verse—which he has grouped together in the recent volume of *Ponkapog Papers*, these have proved to his long-time admirers that, in becoming a man of large wealth and a "globe trotter," he has not wholly ceased to be a man of letters, as some feared might be the case. For he had been ominously dumb for some time. But one cannot wholly escape the suspicion that if this gifted artificer had been more of a democrat, less of a man of leisure, and a trifle better acquainted with the wolf that hovers about the door of most authors' homes, he might have been a larger figure in our literature and nearer the popular heart. His *Monody on the Death of Wendell Phillips* showed that he appreciated a democrat and a public censor. His ode on the immigration problem, *Unguarded Gates*, proved that on occasion his art could call the people to face a peril. But, broadly speaking, he has not concerned himself much with functions of poesy akin to prophesy, and during the eventful five years since 1898, when we as a nation launched out on unchartered seas, he has been mute.

Professor Arlo Bates has taught English literature for many years in an institution where emphasis is put on science—pure and applied. His fiction and verse have not been of the major sort, but will repay reading now and again while the years go by, as revealing to some degree the clash between latter-day Puritanism and the neo-Catholicism and neo-humanism of the end of the century in New England. Professor Bates has not participated publicly in the controversy over recent national policies, but we know that he looks upon expansion of our territory as symptomatic of a loss of national ideals—only temporarily so possibly—and betraying "that American feeling has been debauched by prosperity, and that mercantile ideals have largely replaced the ideals of our forefathers." His own poem, *The Torch-Bearers*, he thinks describes the present situation, although it was written several years before expansion beyond seas:

"Whose senates have become a market place
Where laws are to the highest bidder sold;
Where honesty only secures disgrace,
And honor has no measure save hard gold;
Where parties claim the people's sufferance
Not for their virtue but for foe's misdeed;
Where public trusts from shame to shame advance,
And faction vies with faction in its greed;
Where pledges are like balls which jugglers toss;
Where no abuse can pass belief;
Where patriotism means—profit and loss—
And one scarce knows a statesman from a thief!"



Photograph copyright by Purdy

JULIA WARD HOWE

Professor Bates sees certain bright sides of life today, especially welcoming the multiplication of deeds of altruism which are "the vital proof of the integrity of intention of at least a large minority of the people." He is too strong a believer in the ultimate rightness of evolution not to be sure for the race that large events will work out in final good; but he does not see any hope that "as a nation we are in the way of recovering what we have lost, or of gaining what will be an equivalent benefit," though he admits that if "the nation goes down, we will have proved to the race that altruistic ideals are practically possible to an extent hitherto undreamed of."

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton once had the ear of both editors and the public, but she seldom publishes now. Whether this is because she does not sing as often, or because she does not wish to publish, one cannot say. So excellent an authority as Colonel Higginson credits her with the best technique of any woman poet our country has had, and W. Garrett Horder, of London, has given her a place near to Mrs. Browning as a sonnet writer, her only rival among moderns, in his opinion, being Christina Rossetti. Mrs. Moulton has had abundant fancy and much tender sentiment, but seldom passion or profound thought. She has done much to introduce to her countrymen some of the lesser known but gifted British singers, notably Philip Bourke Marston. She knows British literary circles as few Americans do, and her home in Boston is a rendezvous for the literary élite. But as a prophetess dealing with past or present problems she will not be remembered. Mrs. Moulton regrets the expansion of our nation. She thinks that "we have enough to do to make the United States what it ought to be without sailing away after new possessions."

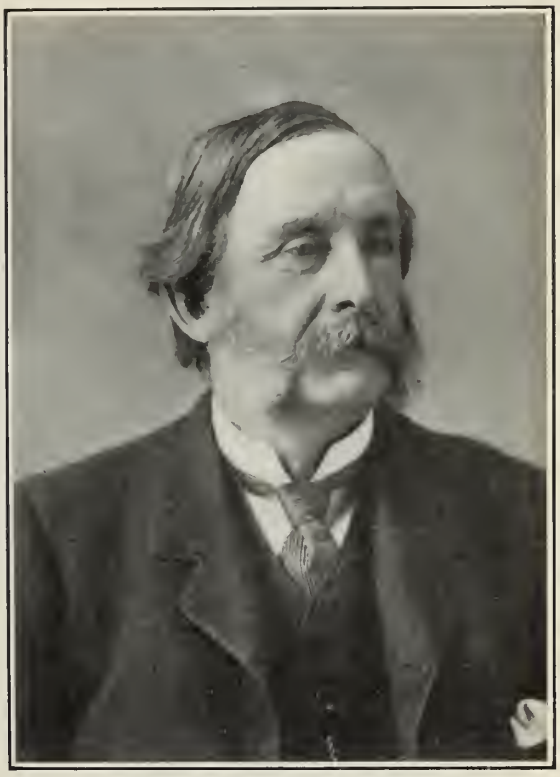
Twenty years ago no American woman had a wider reputation at home and abroad than Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. She was reared in an atmosphere of Puritan culture; was trained by her father, the famous Professor Austen Phelps, and by her mother, Elizabeth Stuart, who was a gifted author of juvenile literature. In training, in style, and in disciplined thought Miss Phelps had a preparation for a career in letters, especially fiction, which theoretically should have enabled her to rival Mary Augusta Arnold (Mrs. Humphry Ward) as a writer of fiction of permanent worth, and as an interpreter—from the woman's standpoint—of the intellectual storm and stress of her time. But her most ardent admirer can hardly claim that she has lived up to her opportunities, or made good the expectations aroused by her early work. It may be only an eddy in the current, or it may be a permanent deflection of the stream, but the fact is that just now speculation as to the life of the soul in other worlds—whether it be expressed in verse, as in Milton's classic but unread poems, or in prose, like Mrs. Phelps-Ward's *The Gates Ajar*, *Beyond the Gates*, and *The Gates Between*—is not the sort of literature which appeals to either editors or the reading public of today. And while there is a large, though somewhat elect, constituency for literalistic interpretations of Christianity—by the Russian Tolstoi and the American Sheldon, and in such books as Mrs. Phelps-Ward's *A Singular Life*—this is not the sort of literature that satisfies editors or a majority of the unsentimental readers of this prosaic, realistic age. Mrs. Ward is giving herself devotedly now to the anti-vivisection crusade in this country. She vehemently denounced the war with Spain over Cuba as unnecessary and unchristian, one into which we rushed "with the manners of a retreat for the insane, to the crime of a perfectly avoidable war for a totally inadequate cause." And, of course, she has deplored the course of events since then.

Mr. Franklin B. Sanborn is the most venerable and authoritative person left in Concord, his only rival as a survivor of its classic period passing recently with the death of William Ellery Channing—the poet. It has been Mr. Sanborn's good fortune to serve as a sort of official inter-



Photograph copyright by Purdy

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH



Photograph by Notman

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

preter of Emerson, Thoreau, and Channing since their death; and his literary output of late years, apart from journalism, has been mainly that of reminiscence and gathering together data, invaluable of its kind, about eminent Concordians. He is now at work on a history of New Hampshire, his native State, for the *American Commonwealth* series. As a regular contributor to the *Springfield Republican* he combines, as a book reviewer and a commentator on current events, an encyclopedic range of information about many literatures and nations, classic and modern, and a bitter, caustic censorship on men and movements—a dual equipment unequaled by any working journalist in this country, his work rivaling in these respects the best work done in the ablest of the English weeklies. Native wit, vast stores of pertinent anecdote, unrelenting and increasing animosity toward public men who happen to go contrary to his opinion, and a grip on the facts of history, political and literary, make him a pungent, racy critic, and often a useful public servant. Mr. Sanborn's forte is destructive rather than constructive criticism; and the over-statement and very evident personal animus in much of his denunciation of men and measures weaken the force of his chronic pessimism. For the past decade there has been no more unceasing American denouncer of the courses of national history than Mr. Sanborn. No epithets have been too severe to apply to President McKinley or Roosevelt, no language too excoriating with which to indict his fellow-countrymen's course. "A snobbish and wholly un-American pursuit and enjoyment of material wealth has emasculated the republican sentiments of the Republican party." "Our politics are base, and the organs of opinion in press and pulpit are disgracefully servile." The city of Washington, the national capital, "has sunk into an oriental submission to fictitious destiny worse than that which pollutes Constanti-



Photograph by H. G. Smith

FRANKLIN BENJAMIN SANBORN



Photograph by Notman

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

nople." President McKinley was "a Methodist turned brigand," and "his imperial glucosity"; President Roosevelt is a "truth-suppressing, birth-promoting, Jew-renouncing, circuit-preaching president, and a gushing fountain of second-hand ethics and machine-made politics." Secretary Hay has thrown "the stale old Ten Commandments to the winds," and Secretary Root is "the tactless and falsifying Root." Indeed, so few are the men in public life today whom Mr. Sanborn can speak well of, that Benjamin Swift's words in *The Eternal Conflict*, discussing pessimism, inevitably occur: "Whenever a man's hatred becomes universal we have a right to distrust him."

J. T. Trowbridge, whose roots go back to the anti-slavery controversy, and whose writings for juveniles once had a very large circulation and popularity, has recently published not only a revised collection of his many poems, but a story of his life and his recollections of some of the major as well as minor figures in American letters and politics. It is suffused with liberalism and optimism, and reveals him as reaping the harvest of a tranquil mind, unenvying another's lot.

Charles Eliot Norton, in the seclusion of his home at Shady Side, Cambridge, devotes his time mainly now to the delights of literature and correspondence. Relieved of regular lectures at Harvard, where he was professor of the history of art from 1874 to 1898, he has abundant leisure to act as literary executor of Ruskin, and to carry on his researches in Italian literature. No American, probably, has had a more distinguished circle of friends in Europe than the group with whom Professor Norton has corresponded and had intellectual commerce. For James Russell Lowell and George William Curtis in this country, and for Carlyle and Ruskin in Great Britain, he has served as literary executor, doing the honorable task with taste, and with mingled candor and reserve.



Photograph by the Arlington Studio

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE



Photograph by Elliott & Fry

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

Now that most of his intimate friends in England are dead, and his former comrades in Cambridge likewise, and with his advice both as to Harvard University and national policy unheeded, he makes a somewhat pathetic figure in his old age, never having sought or won popular respect or love.

As to his net influence upon the students who have come under him at Harvard, or upon the public thought so far as he has influenced it, there is by no means agreement of opinion. An aristocrat by taste and a democrat in principle, his scholastic life, sheltered environment, and abhorrence of the vulgar and the common have combined to keep him far removed from men in the mass, and from knowledge of the plain people.

The niece of Herman Grimm recently described her uncle as one who chose the past for his favorite abode, and all that he loved lay in bygone times. It has been much the same with Professor Norton. He is in essence a Greek and not an American; and yet in all his many denunciations of the expansion policy and his attacks on the honesty of the chief officials of the republic and indictments of the American people during the past few years, he has seldom if ever failed to show what Mr. Scudder says Mr. Lowell showed in his old age, as he faced facts in American life which he disliked: "a pathetic note of faith in spite of the evidence of sight." It is to be regretted, however, that so many distinguished foreigners, visiting this country with letters of introduction to Professor Norton, must perforce get their impressions of the health of the republic from one who so seldom sees any health in it; Paul Bourget, in what he has to say in his chapter on "Education" in *Outre Mer*, reflects what is meant by this statement.

Julia Ward Howe, since she came to Boston a young bride, has always been independent enough to look at matters in a less provincial way than the natives, and,

although always in with the Brahmin class, she has never been far away from the popular mind and heart. Hence she never has sympathized with denunciation of the war with Spain, and has rejoiced in the expansion of the United States as a beneficent power. Early in the expansion movement she earned, as her reward of merit, a scathing denunciation in verse, by Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, 2d, who, like his distinguished father, is the self-appointed censor of Boston and the infallible conserver of its ethics.

Mrs. Howe deplores the altered standards of society and of living at Newport, where she makes her summer home; and she loses no opportunity in her benign old age to impress correct standards of simple, pure, intellectual, and spiritual living upon her hearers. Her passion for social service endures; just now the Italian colony of Boston and the Armenians of Russia, suffering from official oppression, are her special objects of solicitude. The author of an immortal hymn of patriotism still has faith in her kind and in her native land.

T. W. Higginson has recently begun to write supplementary chapters of reminiscence to be pendant to his charming book, *Cheerful Yesterdays*. He also has just issued a collection of translations of Petrarch's sonnets, in these revealing anew the classical side of his learning and equipment for life, not always remembered when dwelling on his civic and literary career. Fresh from the press, also, is his history of American literature, in which Mr. H. W. Boynton collaborated. It is valuable not only for its estimates of men and of books, but also for its wise comments on present-day national characteristics, tendencies, and duties. Here, as in almost all that Colonel Higginson has said or written throughout his long career, there is a note of urbanity and of optimism.

In being a dissenting patriot Colonel Higginson never becomes a ranting boor, as revolters from the way of the majority not infrequently become. His attitude toward expansion has not been opposition to it *per se*. He has no antagonism toward the enlargement of national territory, provided it be done with free consent of the inhabitants of such territories. He would be glad to hear of the annexation of Canada under such conditions of consent, and of Cuba also. His objection to the annexation of the Philippines was that it was against the will of the inhabitants of the islands. Early in the controversy over expansion, when many of Colonel Higginson's class were denouncing the movement in unmeasured terms and predicting the downfall of the Republic, he called to mind Fisher Ames' comparison of a republic to a raft, the passengers on which constantly had their feet in the water, but which never foundered. Thus he let it be seen that he was not as despairing in his outlook on the future of democracy as some of his associates were.

As a man of letters looking out upon the enormous increase of material wealth in the nation now, he does not tremble. Wealth, he sees, may be the friend and promoter of literature. So far from thinking that the best was in the past, he believes that we have not yet arrived in our literature. We are not yet producing; we are digesting emigrants, laying up capital, and getting ready for that leisure and refinement out of which literature comes. He foresees a turning back from the dominant scientific mood to the intuitional or inspirational, and with that a marked new birth of creative and imaginative literature.

When the history of liberal Christianity, as set forth by New Englanders during the last third of the nineteenth century, comes to be written, a very important place will be given to the Rev. T. T. Munger, author of *On the Threshold*, *The Freedom of Faith*, *The Appeal to Life*, and the writer of fine estimates of Horace Bushnell and Jonathan Edwards. Others of the liberal teachers have had greater prominence as publicists, journalists, and popular preachers, but none of them have surpassed Dr. Munger in depth of thought, exquisiteness of expression, and an atmosphere of mingled piety and culture. In Great



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

1809-1894



Photograph by Phelps

THEODORE THORNTON MUNGER



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EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Britain quite as much as in this country he has done a pioneer work in the libraries and pulpits of thoughtful men, interpreting the old spiritual truths in the light of the new world-knowledge of geology, biology, psychology, and Biblical criticism.

Dr. Munger's place among American authors was won decades ago, and it is most appropriate now to turn to him, both as a man of letters and as a teacher of ethics, for an opinion on the course of national history. Dr. Munger justly deems himself a fairly sound idealist, but he tries to keep in mind that he lives in a real world, and that idealism and reality are to be so related that they shall not destroy one another. He believes that the greater part of the people of this country regarded the acquisition of territory in the Philippines as an incident in the war, a moral necessity, the only possible thing to be done. His memory goes back to the opposition to the acquisition of Texas, now seen to be uncalled for and most futile.

Dr. Munger believes that already the philosophy of optimism and the newly discovered method of evolution as a philosophy of history have profoundly affected the popular mind, so that these, rather than any national policy or ambition, shape the people's attitude toward events as they come to pass. He sees an evolutionary process in the instincts and movements of Americans out from the continent toward new possessions. As to whether we are more or less materialistic than we used to be, he dares not say that we are, in the light of what he knows of the ethics of the past. Much depends upon what is meant by "spirituality" and by "materialism." Much of the spirituality of today that takes the form of charity, love of neighbor, good-will, he deems far better than the introspective spirituality of the past. The most that we can say he thinks is that we are different from our fathers, better in some respects and worse in others.

Last but not least comes the grand old man of New England, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who, retired from the active pastorate and from all journalistic labors save writing a column or two in the *Christian Register* each week, is now free to go and come, preaching and teaching. He has had the good fortune to see all of his many books, issued by different publishers, brought together in a uniform edition; to write his *Memories of a Hundred Years;* and to receive the homage of his fellow-citizens in a public meeting of unprecedented dignity and beauty, on his eightieth birthday. His last years are devoted to preaching the old gospel of human brotherhood and divine fatherhood, the gospel of "All together" and "Lend a hand"; and he still visits his down-town office regularly to act as almoner of the gifts of the well-to-do for the needy, perchance the suffering Boers in Bermuda today, tomorrow the isolated, friendless soldiers in the Philippines. His especial hobbies, as he faces the future, are the establishment of international arbitration on a firmer basis, the construction of an intercontinental American railway, the reconciliation of races within our borders, and old-age pensions. They all have their root in his love of men as brothers, in his hatred of war, and in his long-held belief in socialism fused with American individualism.

While Dr. Hale is a man of peace and a champion of arbitration, or rather of a permanent international tribunal for the adjudication of all international disputes, he is enough of a realist to know that pending some such international agreement there must come times when force must be used; hence he has always defended the war with Spain over Cuba as a justifiable use of force—as much so as our use of force in subduing the Indians, in overawing the Barbary Powers, or in putting an end to slavery in this country.

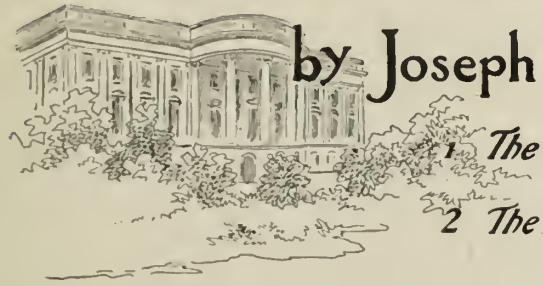
Very near the heart of the common people and disposed to trust their instincts rather than *a priori* reasoning based on doctrinaire principles, Dr. Hale has not worried about the extension of our authority over outlying islands, being confident that our power has been, and will be, used for beneficent ends. On this, as on many other matters involving national policy, Dr. Hale has differed from intimate friends like Senator Hoar, and other graduates of Harvard and liberal Christians, with whom he sees eye to eye on most other matters. His ingrained, constitutional optimism and his faith in the common people, in their instinct to do right and be right, keeps him from being pessimistic or destructive in criticism of men and measures when other men lose faith and heart. Senator Hoar, summing up Dr. Hale's life on his eightieth birthday, referred to him as one who "comprehended as scarcely any other man the true spirit of the American people." And it was a true estimate.

Reviewing the opinions uttered by these honored men and women, one finds dissonance rather than harmony of thought, with the bass of pessimism rather more pronounced than the treble of faith and joy. How much of this is due to the age of those who speak, and how much to a certain aloofness and distrust of the movements of the masses of men which it is quite natural for men of letters to assume, it is not for the writer to say. Precisely the same difference of opinion among men of letters existed in England during the recent South African war, and an even deeper note of distrust is struck now in Great Britain when British men and women of letters are interviewed as to the future of the British empire; and it by no means is confined to the veteran literators.

Meanwhile the Republic goes sturdily on its way along new paths, with a leader at the head of it who has faith and courage; and to those who look about and see no idealism, there come voices like those of President Tucker of Dartmouth College, saying: "Seek it not in old forms or places, but in the new; and thou shalt not be unrewarded for thy search."

George Perry Morris

Fateful Presidential Conventions



by Joseph M. Rogers

1 *The Division of the Democratic Party—1860*

2 *The Disintegration of Republican Power—1880*

The most original invention of American practical politics is the nominating convention. We are so used to this agency that we are apt to consider it an inheritance from the remote past; while, as a matter of fact, there are plenty of vigorous men living who remember the first real national political convention, and a few survive who actually attended the Whig gathering at Harrisburg in December, 1839, which met to nominate Henry Clay for the presidency—and didn't.

We have only to remember that popular government first reached any adequate expression in our own country, to see that the convention must be a modern development. And it took half of our political existence to get it adjusted as a means of representing the popular will.

A remarkable result of the convention system has been to eliminate nearly every one of the great political leaders from the presidency. Almost without exception they have failed of the honor, while men of secondary importance in the public eye have won. Of course some of these have turned out to be admirable men of first abilities—like Lincoln, or Cleveland—but none of them was the prime leader of his party. Of those who have wanted the presidency, and failed, it is only necessary to mention Clay, Webster, Cass, Douglas, Seward, Breckinridge, Pendleton, Thurman, Hendricks, Hancock, Blaine, Randall, Sherman, Reed, and Hill. This roll is sufficiently long to impress the point.

Another astonishing result of conventions has been that many of the great leaders have been nominated in the very years when there was no hope of their success. Clay, Cass, Scott, Seymour, Blaine, and Bryan have seen the waters rise to their lips and then recede. In fact, nothing is sadder in our history than the gruesome procession of disappointed statesmen who have fought, not always gloriously, for the prize, and have sunk consecutively into the grave of defeated ambitions. It may be that this has been best for the country; that in a republic it is better to have men of secondary abilities, who "keep their ears close to the ground," than to promote those who have shone most conspicuously in the forum.

Of the many conventions that have been held, four have been selected to illustrate the uncertainties of this sort of exposition of the popular will, and to exemplify especially those dramatic features which have entered into politics with such drastic results. These are the Democratic conventions of 1860 and 1896, and the Republican conventions of 1880 and 1892. A peculiar feature of these great contests is that, with a single exception, the convention fight was followed by party defeat; and in the exception noted—that of 1880—victory was won by a hair, only to be followed by defeat at the next election, the defeat being a direct result of the 1880 convention. The dramatics have in each case presaged disaster. In each of those

conventions the struggle was long and bitter over candidates and platforms, and in two of them great numbers of the delegates openly seceded. It is possible to write the whole political history of the last sixty years around the national conventions. No such effort will be attempted here, but rather an insight into the conditions which brought about those scenes so memorable, and of such great pith and moment.

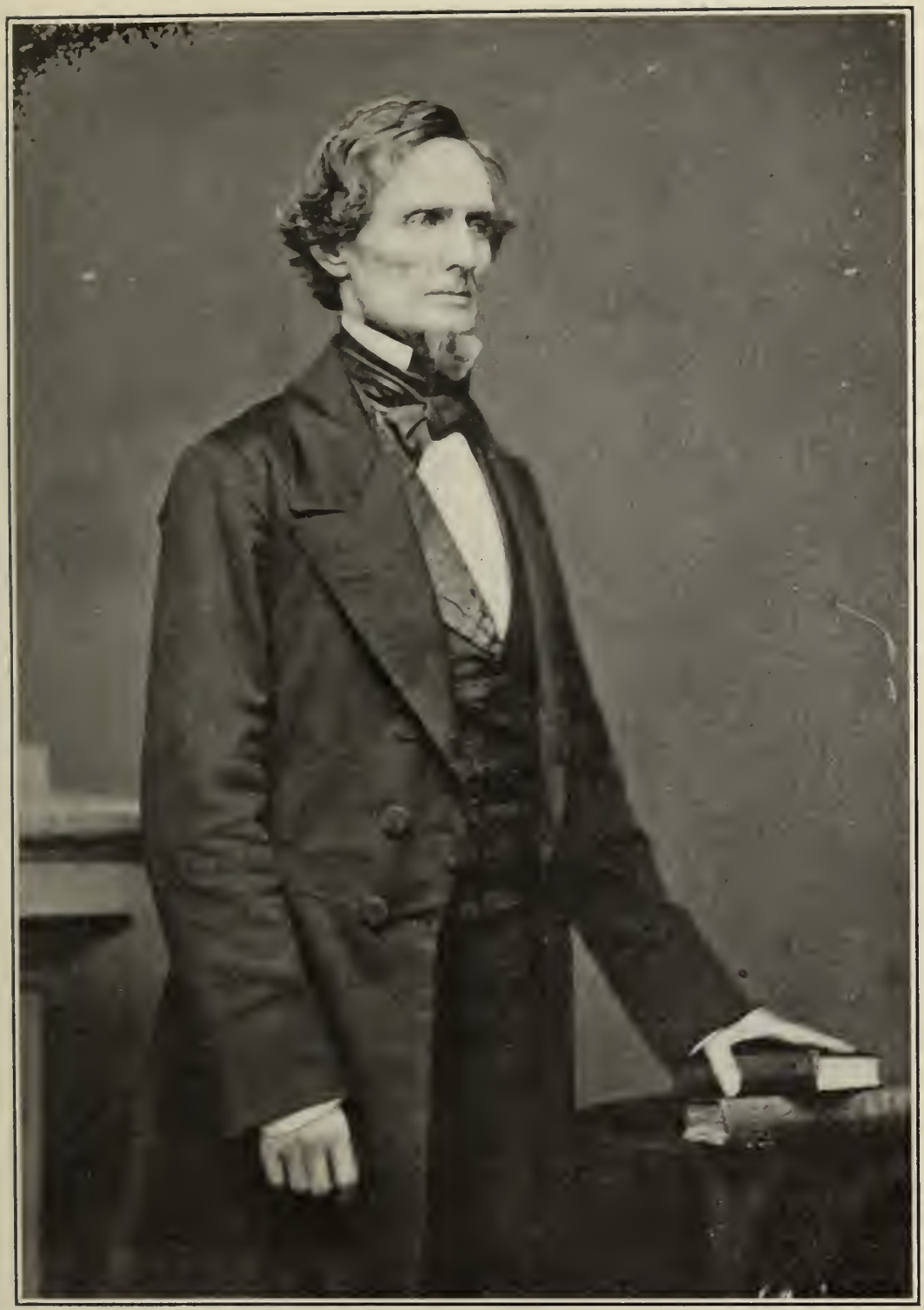
I

Few in these days know or care anything about the Democratic convention of 1860; and yet that was the most momentous in history, as it was the longest. Then and there the question of civil war was decided, and openly; though few expected the terrible years of blood which ensued.

The place had been chosen four years previously, or it would never have been held in Charleston. Since the Cincinnati convention of 1856 had fought out the status of slavery, things had occurred which would have made a Northern city desirable. The Dred Scott decision had settled the national status of slavery, the Kansas-Nebraska bill had settled temporarily the question as to the Territories, and the rising tide of moral opposition to slavery had reached such flood that angry debates took place in the House of Representatives; members came to blows, and went constantly armed. The time had come when the question must be threshed out; and it was strategically unfortunate that the battleground for the nomination of the dominant party should be in Charleston, whence so much secession talk had emanated in the past, and which was later to take the lead in deeds.

Long before the convention met it was apparent that the issue was to be clean-cut. Douglas was the candidate of the North, and his ground was that of the Cincinnati convention, the Dred Scott decision, and the Kansas-Nebraska bill. Slavery was not to be forced unwillingly on any Territory where it was not wanted. The Freeport Doctrine was the last stand. It was this doctrine which Douglas had uttered in reply to Lincoln's searching question as to whether slavery could be introduced into any Territory against the will of its people. This created the dilemma which killed Douglas as a national candidate of the united Democracy, though it did re-elect him senator. His reply was that the question was of no importance because slavery was controlled by local police regulations, and that any Territorial legislature could, by "unfriendly legislation," make slavery impossible even for an hour. The Southern Democracy did not want unfriendly legislation possible for a moment. They demanded that slavery be maintained as a national institution all over the federal territory, protected to the last ditch. This doctrine Jefferson Davis announced in the Senate; on this line of cleavage Democracy split.

The convention met April 23, with Caleb Cushing in the chair, and never ended in a legal manner. The delegates were composed of the strongest men in the party from all sections. It was to be a battle of the giants. It was known in advance that Douglas had a majority of the delegates, but not the necessary two-thirds. The platform, however, was to be adopted by a majority vote. Of the thirty-three States, seventeen were controlled by the Southern men, including Oregon and California, which were dominated by Federal office-holders—of whom over five hundred in all were present to aid the Southern cause. The fight began in the Committee on Resolutions, which was composed of one member from each State. Five days they struggled for a compromise, but without avail. The scenes in committee were at times exciting, but on the whole there was an earnest endeavor, in face of secession threats, to reach some common ground on which all could stand. No one pretended to underestimate the gravity of the situation; and it is probable that all were equally honest, for there was not a single voice raised in favor of secession, nor was there the slightest desire to see it come, inevitable as it seemed if



JEFFERSON DAVIS

FROM AN UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPH MADE ABOUT 1860, HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED



STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

FROM AN UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPH MADE ABOUT 1860, HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED

harmony was not secured. The vote of Oregon carried the platform of the Southern extremists, and was reported to the convention Friday evening. Then the floodgates of oratory were let loose.

The convention had gathered in silence. There was none of the hurrah so common in such gatherings. Old-line Whigs who had followed Clay so constantly to defeat, but who were now allied with slavery, loved the Union, and hoped in desperation that it might be preserved. Men from the North—fresh from the atmosphere where slavery had been condemned as contrary to good morals and good statesmanship, as against the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, and only to be protected where it existed—were determined to stand firm though the national fabric were rocked to its centre. Southern statesmen of the new school, which had grown up under Davis, were no less determined. They were forceful, brainy men, who were willing to risk all on the hazard of a single plank in the platform. When the convention met to hear the platform report, all knew that compromise had been unavailing, that little less than a miracle could carry the majority report, and that disintegration might result; yet there were few who faltered then or afterwards. The issue was before them. It must be met, even if it meant a clash of worlds.

On that night was secession born. Henry B. Payne, of Ohio, reported the minority platform, which took the Douglas ground. In favor of it he made a most earnest speech, in which he admitted that the fate of the party, and probably of the nation, hung on the decision of the convention. In vain he pleaded with his Southern brethren not to force the issue.



Harper's Weekly 1860 *Courtesy of Harper and Bros.*

DEMOCRATIC DELEGATES LEAVING CHARLESTON HOTEL

In vain he protested that the minority wished only the execution of the laws as they then stood, leaving squatter sovereignty to the Territories. In closing he said: "I repeat that upon this question of Congressional non-intervention we are committed by the acts of Congress, we are committed by the acts of national Democratic conventions; we cannot recede without personal dishonor, and, so help us God, we never will recede."

The convention waited breathlessly for the answer of the Southerners. The reply came from Yancey, a tall, lean, eloquent delegate from Alabama, who had high standing in the party, and was noted as a fire-eater. Yet there was nothing in his speech he did not mean to be taken literally. The gauntlet boldly thrown down was accepted. He took exactly the ground that Lincoln had already taken with so much force—that the whole question hung on whether or not slavery was an immoral institution. As Yancey boldly charged, the position taken in the North was that, although slavery was against the laws of nature and God, it was legal according to the laws of man, and should have such protection only as the statutes gave it. Turning to the Northern delegates Yancey said:

"You were wrong in not acknowledging that slavery existed both by nature and the law of God."

That was the issue, and as such it was fought out. Senator Pugh, of Ohio, rose and thanked God that at last there was an end of pretense and that the issue was clear. As to the appeal made to the North to admit the morality of slavery, he said, most impressively:

"Gentlemen of the South, you mistake us—you mistake us. We will not do it."

Every person present knew that the hour had come. The situation was too tense for vociferous expression. The assemblage dissolved with every heart beating fiercely. The fate of the nation was being weighed in the balance.

The irrepressible Ben Butler, of Massachusetts, tried to pour oil on the troubled waters solely by reaffirming the meaningless and absurd platform adopted at Cincinnati to throw dust in people's eyes. It was too late for this. The issue was to be met. Butler appealed to the Bible as a document that was open to all sorts of interpretation and misinterpretation, and thought the Democratic party ought not to try to improve on the Scriptures; but he was overwhelmingly voted down.

One interesting speech followed which did not help matters any. A Georgia delegate wanted a plank in favor of reopening the slave trade "in the interests of Christianity." He complained that he had to pay from $1,000 to $2,000 for "niggers raised in Virginia," when he could buy better ones in Africa for $100, and bring them up in the Christian faith. This, and more to the same effect, made the Northern men more determined than ever to hold out. Later, at Baltimore, Butler, who had all along voted for Jefferson Davis as the nominee, bolted the



WILLIAM L. YANCEY

convention because of this slave-trade speech, as he alleged. It took several weeks for its enormity to filter through his brain.

On Saturday the convention reconvened with the matter unsettled. Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, as a last hope secured the recommittal of both platforms to the committee, but these were reported back in the afternoon with only verbal changes.

All day Sunday there were further efforts at a compromise, which were earnest on both sides. Many of the delegates attended church, where fervent prayers were offered for success. St. Michael's Church was open every day of the session, and the religious atmosphere was greater than at any convention in our history. Monday brought no light on the situation. The fervent prayers to heaven and the perfervid appeals to man had not moved the delegates, who stood by their convictions. The Douglas platform was adopted.

Then followed a scene whose only parallel since was that at St. Louis in 1896, when the silver men seceded after the adoption of the gold-standard platform. The Southern radicals—who called themselves conservatives—had fought to the last, and true to their convictions determined to leave the convention. With few individual exceptions, the delegations from Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina, Florida, Texas, and Arkansas, withdrew, and later that of Georgia. There were tears in the eyes of many delegates, both of those who withdrew and of those who remained, as the delegations one after another filed out, severing political associations which had lasted for years. With great impressiveness Glenn of Mississippi announced:

"Go your way and we go ours; but the South leaves not like Hagar, driven into the wilderness, friendless and alone; for in sixty days you will find a united South, standing shoulder to shoulder"—a prediction that was tolerably correct.

The balloting began after deciding that a two-thirds vote of the whole convention was essential to a nomination. The first showed as follows:



From a campaign lithograph published by Currier and Ives in 1860

THE POLITICAL GYMNASIUM

Douglas - - - -	145½
Hunter - - - -	42
Guthrie - - - -	35½
Scattering - - -	30

It was evidently Douglas against the field. For two days there was no particular change except that Douglas finally rose to 152½, which was a majority of the convention, though not the necessary two-thirds. On the third of May, the tenth day of the convention, it became apparent that nothing could be accomplished until further thought on the subject, and the convention adjourned to meet in Baltimore June 18, while the seceders had organized and decided to meet in Richmond a little earlier.

Before the convention reassembled Abraham Lincoln, Douglas' rival, was nominated at Chicago. The Democratic battle was continued on the floor of the Senate. Douglas and Davis, representing the two wings, fought it out with hammer blows. Davis finally admitted that the platform was of less importance than the man, but refused to let the convention fight it out on that line. "We shall be cutting each other's throats soon," wrote Alexander H. Stephens, with prophetic insight. He and Davis alone seemed to believe in a bloody war.

When the convention met at Baltimore there was another split. Douglas was nominated by the Northern wing and Breckinridge by both parties of the seceders, and the result was—President Lincoln and civil war.

There never was a time—from April, 1860, to election day—when Jefferson Davis, by his personal influence, could not have secured the nomination of a Democrat who would have been elected. He refused to take that step.

II

From the fateful convention of 1860 there was comparative quiet for just twenty years. Seymour was nominated by the Democrats in 1868, against his wishes, and was defeated. Blaine lost the nomination in 1876 by a hair, and the woes of the Republicans followed fast. The extra-constitutional means of settling the dispute by an electoral commission was unpopular with all Democrats, and there were many Republicans who thought the decision unjust. Hayes' attitude as president had alienated from him the support of the old stalwarts who were prominent in the Grant régime; and it was evident that the party must make a hard struggle for success.

The situation inside the Republican party, in the early weeks of 1880, was not unlike that of the Democracy twenty years previous. This time it was not the "peculiar institution" of a section that was at stake, but that of patronage and party control. Roscoe Conkling, John A. Logan, and Don Cameron, all senators, and the latter chairman of the Republican national committee, felt that the time had come for them to make a fight for party control. In casting around for a candidate they of course passed by Blaine, to whom Conkling had never spoken since the "turkey-gobbler" speech of the former in the House some years before. Nor would they consider Sherman, the astute secretary of the treasury who had electrified the world by his financial achievements in restoring specie payments without a tremor of excitement in the commercial world. Senator Edmunds, who was a candidate of an intellectual coterie small in numbers and without much influence in politics, was ignored. The man of the hour, to their notion, was Grant.

To ignore all precedent, by choosing a candidate for a third term, was a bold stroke. It was of less compliment to their knowledge of human nature and practical politics than the occasion warranted. Grant in this day stands resplendent; every hour raises him in the estimation of the world as a soldier and a statesman. But his frailties were more apparent in 1880 than now. His greatest weakness was that he was a poor judge of men and that he stuck to his friends through good and evil report. In giving Butler so large a control of the patronage of Massachusetts

he dug his political grave. If Butler was a scalawag, he was a man of intense mental activity. He claimed openly that he had some secret hold on Grant which the latter could not ignore. It is certain that most of the scandals of his second administration were due to his appointments of Butler men, and Massachusetts resented it. That State loved Grant, but at the time did not trust him.

Grant had just completed that spectacular tour of the world in which he had met the greatest men of the time and had learned much. There is no doubt that his mental equipment in 1880 was far superior to that at any previous time, but, the third-term idea was still odious to many of the people, and that feeling was artfully increased by all those political leaders who were seeking the presidency either for themselves or for their friends. The truth seems to be that Grant did not want a third term, and that he did not believe his nomination judicious from a party point of view; but he was "in the hands of his friends," who insisted that he alone could save the country from Democratic rule, and he gave at least a negative consent to his candidacy.



JAMES DONALD CAMERON



ROSCOE CONKLING

When the convention met, June 2, at Chicago, the Grant men were exuberant. They had on the face of the returns the largest number of delegates. In a number of States they had secured the passage in convention of the "unit rule," requiring the entire vote of the State, including that of delegates elected by districts, to be cast according to the wishes of the majority. That issue had been raised at Cincinnati four years before, but the decision was not binding on the present convention nor the precedent clearly established. If the unit rule was maintained and Grant delegations seated where there were contests, there were almost four hundred votes for Grant —enough to nominate him. Cameron's plan was to select a temporary chairman who would be pliable, and then make him permanent officer and carry the program through to enforce the unit rule. He was balked at the last moment by threats which he could not ignore. With ill grace he agreed to Senator Hoar of Massachusetts as temporary chairman, and the situation became so strained that he was finally made the permanent presiding officer. In this the Grant forces lost much. Massachusetts would have been for Grant except



From Puck, 1880 *Courtesy of Keppler and Schwartzmann*

THE WORSHIP OF THE GOLDEN CALF

for the Butler régime, but now all but four delegates were bitterly opposed. "Anything to beat Grant" was their slogan.

The personnel of the convention was one of the most imposing ever gathered for such a purpose. Largest in numbers and influence was that from New York, headed by Roscoe Conkling, Governor Cornell, and Chester A. Arthur. William H. Robertson headed the seventeen "half-breeds" who would not bow the knee to Conkling. It was Robertson's nomination to be collector of the port of New York which enraged Conkling and Platt, and led to their resignation from the Senate, the assassination of Garfield, and finally the accession of Arthur to the Presidency.



GRANT
In 1880
Photograph by Bell

Next in numbers came Pennsylvania, headed by Don Cameron, M. S. Quay, James McManes, J. Hay Brown, and Christopher L. Magee. But with all the mastery of these in politics, and in spite of State convention resolutions, there were twenty-five who refused to vote for Grant —a worse defection than in New York.

Illinois had contesting delegations, but the leaders were John A. Logan—old "Black Jack," who was making the fight of his life for his former chief; the brilliant lawyer, Emory A. Storrs, Green B. Raum, and David T. Littler.

The Ohio delegation was particularly distinguished, as it was headed by former Governor William Dennison, James A. Garfield, Charles Foster, and Benjamin Butterworth. Indiana's men were for Blaine, and were marshalled by Benjamin Harrison—himself to be nominated eight years later, to choose Blaine for his premier, and to fight with him for the nomination in 1892.

Among the stalwarts, men from the South were conspicuous: Stephen W. Dorsey and Powell Clayton of Arkansas — veterans of campaigns past and to come — and William H. C. Warmoth, of Louisiana. James S. Clarkson and D. B. Henderson (recently speaker of the House of Representatives) of Iowa; Samuel Fessenden, of Connecticut; Preston B. Plumb, of Kansas; W. O. Bradley, of Kentucky; Eugene Hale and William P. Frye, with the veteran Joe Manley, from Maine; James A. Gary, of Maryland; President Julius H. Seelye, from Massachusetts, accompanied by Henry Cabot Lodge and George S. Boutwell (who had been Grant's secretary of the treasury); Blanche K. Bruce, the negro senator from Mississippi; Leonidas Houk, of Tennessee; William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire; and Philetus Sawyer, of Wisconsin—these are but a few of the more important names on the list.

The Blaine men were in many respects at an advantage. Of all the anti-Grant men he was the favorite, and according to Senator Sherman, might have been nominated but for the unfortunate division in the party in Ohio, which, instead of being unanimous for Sherman, gave a considerable minority of votes for Blaine. The bitterness was such that the time never came when the Sherman men could go to Blaine, though otherwise this would have been the case. So says Sherman, who is the first authority on the subject. It is not much credit to human nature that personal animosities should have such far-reaching results.

The Grant men played a losing game from the start. They were arrogant, domineering, and implacable. They staked their all on the reports of the committees

on credentials and rules. All sorts of angry debates took place in the hall as the convention labored from Wednesday to Saturday night with the preliminaries. The Grant men lost at every turn. Nearly every contest was decided against them, and the rules as finally adopted allowed any delegate to vote as he chose. This reduced the Grant ranks from about four hundred to a little over three hundred. On top of this Conkling must needs make a bad situation worse by offering an iron-clad resolution committing every delegate to support the nominees. Three West Virginia delegates, who objected to this dragooning process, voted in the negative, and then Conkling offered a resolution expelling them from the convention. Immediately the convention was aflame once more and an angry debate followed, after which Conkling withdrew his motion, but not until more bad blood was aroused.



BLAINE
in 1880

Photograph by Bell

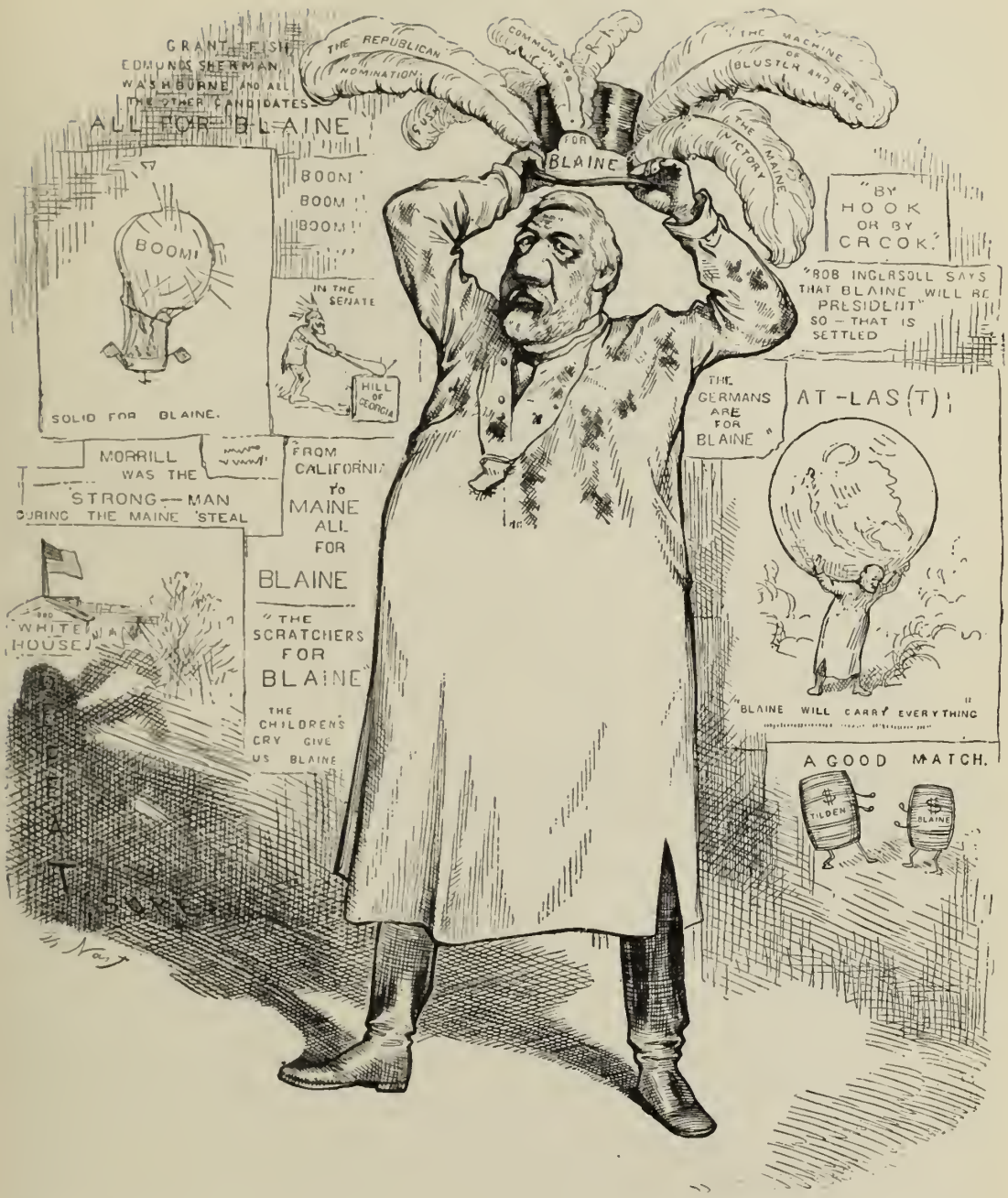
By Saturday night, the convention was seething with excitement. The delegates were tired out, the galleries were filled with eager spectators daily. Few of the leaders had slept. All were alert, suspicious, aggressive. It had been a bad week. The Grant men had lost steadily, but were still confident. Their following was the largest; their chances of accretion best—so they thought. Before a crowded, anxious, and expectant audience came the spectacular bursts of oratory in presenting the candidates. The flood-gates of eloquence were opened. Joy, of Michigan, spoke for the "Plumed Knight" whom Colonel Ingersoll had named at Cincinnati; Garfield placed Sherman before the convention in an adroit speech well calculated to take off the fine edge of enthusiasm which followed Conkling's presentation of Grant in a speech that has never been equalled on such an occasion. Even in spite of the opposition, Grant's was the name to conjure with. Starting with the famous quatrain about Grant hailing from Appomattox and its apple tree, Conkling had carried the audience resistlessly along with his eloquence as he portrayed the services of his candidate in peace and war. If eloquence could have secured the nomination Grant would have been victor.

The opponents of Grant, however, were not carried away with enthusiasm. Their opposition was two-fold. They did not think Grant was the man at the time, and that even if elected he would place his administration in the hands of the Conkling faction of stalwarts, while the man who did not crook the pregnant hinges of the knee to the oligarchy would have no standing in the party and little chance at the public crib.

The first ballot taken on Monday was a disappointment to all candidates. None got as many votes as expected. It stood:

Grant	304
Blaine	284
Sherman	93
Edmunds	34
Washburn	30
Windom	10
Garfield	1

Succeeding ballots that day and up to Tuesday afternoon brought few changes. The fight was on to the bitter end. For several ballots one vote had been cast for Garfield, and when on the thirty-fourth others joined, he rose in his seat and protested against this. He announced that no man had a right to vote for anyone nominated without his consent, that



Harper's Weekly, 1880

Courtesy of Harper and Brothers

THE PLUMED KNIGHT

MR. BLAINE, PLEASE "KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON"—(IT'S THE ONLY THING YOU HAVE)

he had never given his consent—and then the gavel of the chairman fell. Senator Hoar had nervously listened to Garfield for fear that he would say something to take him out of the list of possibles. He was one of those who believed that Garfield was a possibility; and just at the moment that Garfield seemed certain to say that he was there for Sherman and would stick to him, Hoar cut him off on the ground that his matter was not privileged, and the roll-call proceeded. The incident had not passed unnoticed by the convention. Spectators saw more clearly than the interested leaders that there must needs be a compromise, and Garfield had been under the lime-light from the first. Wherever he went he was received with applause, and it is asserted that his inevitable arrival late at the convention was intended to get the demonstration which never failed. Sherman considered Foster a traitor, but that is not necessarily true. Under the circumstances Garfield had a right to any popularity he could get; for probably no one knew better than Garfield that he was supporting an impossible candidate.



GARFIELD
in 1881

Photograph by Bell

The monotonous ballots had gone on without particular change. The Old Guard stood its ground 306 strong, with few variations. There were frequent conferences. It is charged that several delegations had told either the Blaine men or the Sherman men that they were on call whenever the situation should reach the right psychological moment. Could Blaine have broken through the Sherman ranks he might have won, but the Sherman men were waiting for Blaine to come to them, and the leaders of both factions were waiting to see which way the cat was going to jump, so as to take advantage of the situation. Personal considerations were quite as prominent as those of the public good.

Every night there had been meetings of the followers of the leaders, and all sorts of plans were proposed; but without avail. The Grant men maintained their front. They had the best organization, and they believed in the end the convention must come to them. Not so Grant himself. He early saw that his nomination was impossible, and wanted his name withdrawn. He sent a letter by John Russell Young to his leaders, the exact wording of which is not known. It has been asserted and denied that it was a peremptory demand for his withdrawal, a request that his name be withdrawn, or a willingness to have it so. In truth Grant found that he had been deceived by his friends, and that there was no popular demand for him. But they would not allow him to retreat with honor. They kept the banner waving to the last, and went to defeat like the other Old Guard at Waterloo.

After all the fruitless ballotings it was seen by the saner delegates that something must be done to break the deadlock. The delegates were tired, the people at large were restive over the situation, which boded ill for party success. The strain must be ended. Every possible candidate was considered, but at no time was there a consensus of opinion. The party leaders were not willing to start a movement unless it promised success, and unless they were certain of getting into good strategic position with the new candidate. At one time Edmunds seemed to have many outside supporters, but they had no votes. Washburn loomed up, only to fade. Then the Gordian knot was cut by Wisconsin. That

delegation was small but compact. It is asserted that to Congressman Pound of that State is due the influence which at the end of the thirty-fourth ballot, without any previous intention on the part of that delegation, swung the solid vote of the State to Garfield.

A mighty shout arose. There were cries and counter-cries of all factions, in a vain effort to stop the stampede. The Grant men were pale with anger, and rushed back and forth in an agony of fruitless endeavor. The clock had struck; the man had come. Garfield was nominated on the thirty-sixth ballot, but the Grant men stood firm to the last, and the survivors may be seen today proudly wearing the medals struck to commemorate their loyalty.

Conkling moved to make the nomination unanimous, and the agony was over. In the reaction from the terrible suspense of the preceding week the convention let itself loose in a pandemonium of applause. Garfield's selection was popular. He was in the correct position to heal all wounds except those in the ranks of the Old Guard, which were not to be assuaged by sentiment but by official plasters.

Never has the unexpected result of a convention been so joyously received by the lay members of a party. Nothing but the fact that Garfield had served in the army, in Congress, at the bar and in the pulpit, in the schoolroom and in the forum, nothing but his extraordinary combination of qualities which appeal to the imagination and sentiment of the people, made his campaign a victory. The campaign following the factional fight in the convention was won by a narrow margin, to be succeeded by President Garfield's tragic death. Arthur, whom Conkling had nominated for second place, became president, only to quarrel with his chief, and to see his party go down in defeat for the first time in a generation.

Joseph H. Rogers



From Puck, 1880 *Courtesy of Keppler and Schwartzmann*

THE APPOMATTOX OF THE THIRD TERMERS—UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER



YORKTOWN VILLAGE STREET



Round about Old Jamestown

by
Clifton Johnson

The entire region in Jamestown's vicinity is rich in historic charm. Here occurred many stirring events in colonial days; here, less than twenty miles apart, were three of the most notable towns of the period, Jamestown, Williamsburg, and Yorktown, and the district was a scene of conflict in two great wars. When I debated what place I should see first I decided it should be Yorktown; and one October morning I walked thither from the nearest railway station, a distance of six miles. The way led across a monotonous, half-wooded country that did not presage much attraction for my journey's goal; but I was very happily disappointed.

Yorktown is a village to fall in love with —such a quaint, gentle old place, such venerable houses and great gnarled trees, and such a picturesque upheaval of grass-grown earthworks girding it about. Moreover it stands on a bluff gashed with frequent narrow ravines leading down to the shores of a broad inlet of the sea, and the views from these wild little glens, whether you look off across the water or back toward the village, are unfailingly piquant and pleasing.

Before the Revolution Yorktown was the chief port of Virginia, and several vessels loaded with tobacco were every year dispatched thence across the Atlantic. But for more than a century the population has been gradually dwindling, until now it aggregates only two hundred and thirty-eight, and three-fourths of this small number are negroes.

On the farther edge of the village, fenced in by rude wooden palings, stands an imposing national monument commemorating the surrender of Cornwallis. The monument was finished comparatively recently, for while its erection was in pursuance of a resolution of Congress adopted October 29, 1781, ten days after the surrender, actual work was not begun on it until about one hundred years later. Not far away is a fragment of an embankment belonging to the time of the siege, and this is all that is left of the British fortifications. The other earthworks upheaving in great grassy ridges around the village belong to the Civil War. They are very peaceful now, and are much overgrown with a low, aromatic herb from which one's footfalls set free pungent and agreeable odors.

The siege of Yorktown was not of long duration. The British were cooped up there scarcely two months, and the bonds were not at all tightly drawn until toward the end. The bombardment lasted only eight days, but it was at close quarters and wrought great havoc. All the town buildings were more or less damaged, and the house which was at first Cornwallis's headquarters was battered to pieces. He removed to the handsome brick Nelson mansion, still standing and still bearing the marks of the besiegers' cannon balls. Tradition relates that as the perils of the

bombardment increased, this house too was abandoned, and the commander sought a cave under the bluff. He had the cave lined with green baize, conveyed to it a few necessities, and there he lived and held his councils with the other army officers.

The surrender took place among the fields about a mile distant, and the locality is marked by a curious symbolic shaft erected by a patriotic private citizen. The shaft is of English brick, united with German mortar, the former signifying the British and the latter the Hessian components of the captured army; and the whole is made emblematic of war by a coat of red paint. It stands beside a little byway a few rods off the main road. Close by is a national cemetery, where sleep some hundreds of Union soldiers who died on the battlefields or in the camps of the vicinity. They have a park-like inclosure to themselves, with a massive wall of brick about it. Within the inclosure the turf is like a lawn, the trees are kept trimmed, and the care is constant. The man in charge took great pride in the appearance of the cemetery, and he waxed very wroth in telling me of the depredations of certain beetles that clipped off twigs of his trees. "Dose bugs dey haf pinchers and saws on deir heads," he explained, "and dey cut off limbs big as my finger, and I haf all der time every day to keep pickin' dose branches up."

We were standing just inside the gate near a pump that adjoined the caretaker's tidy stone cottage. The man stepped to the pump and filled a cup with water, but paused before conveying it to his mouth to say: "Some beoples not like to drink dis water. Dey fill der cup and dey look mit deir eyes at der graves so many here, and dey drow der water away. But dose old fellows not drouble der water none. Dey been bury too long, and dis water not come from der ground nohow. It come out of a cistern dat fill from der roof. Der taste would be better from der ground. One man near here has an artesian well—ah! dot is der water! It is more light as cork, and you can drink of it two or dree gallons at der same time and it will not hurt you."



ON THE SHORE OF YORK RIVER

That night I stayed at the ancient town of Williamsburg, a most interesting place built around a large grassy square. Here and there a sedate colonial home has survived; and best of all is the old brick parish church, with the graves of the early inhabitants clustering under the fine trees in the churchyard. At the head of the Duke of Gloucester Street —the town's broad, chief thoroughfare—is the historic William and Mary College, and at



THE OLD PARISH CHURCH OF WILLIAMSBURG



GOING TO MARKET

the other end of the street formerly stood the House of Burgesses.

Jamestown is eight miles distant. I was advised that the only way to get there was to "hire a rig," but I preferred to walk. It proved to be a very toilsome expedition. The weather of the previous evening had been threatening, and from my hotel piazza I had watched a thunderstorm that wandered along the horizon and flashed and rumbled and lifted a gloomy cloud-mass well up toward the zenith. Later the wind rose and thrashed the trees, and rain fell in frequent showers all night. In the morning the sun gradually vanquished the clouds, but the mud and shallow pools of the roadway made walking far from easy. However, there were long sandy stretches which were fairly firm. I followed the "main traveled road"; for the route to Jamestown is kept well worn by the constant coming and going of visitors, and the other roads were mere trails by comparison. It was a lonely road, wending much of the way through dense woods, and it was full of wild and primitive suggestions. Now and then there were houses and poor little clearings. In several instances the houses were deserted.

Jamestown is on an island of about sixteen hundred acres, three-fourths of which are arable. It is separated from the mainland by a creek, a few rods across, that is spanned by a rude bridge. Along the shores of the creek are broad salt marshes overgrown with rank grasses and reeds, and beyond the marshes are pleasant open fields variegated with oak and pine woodland. In a little grove at the west of the island is what is left of old Jamestown—a few graves and a ruined church tower close by the shores of the broad river James. Not far from the church are the heavy earthworks of a fort. The fort, however, was not erected by the pioneers, but was one of the outlying defenses of Richmond thrown up during the Civil War.

The founders of Jamestown arrived in their three ships on the Virginia shores in the month of May, after a rough voyage that began December 19, 1606; and their sentiments, as expressed by Captain John Smith, were that "heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation." There were only a hundred and forty-four persons in the entire company, thirty-nine of whom were the sailors who manned the vessels. About half the others were classed as "gentlemen," and the rest as tradesmen and mechanics. It is supposed that they landed at the lower end of Jamestown island—or peninsula, as



A RELIC OF YORKTOWN'S COLONIAL DAYS

BUILT IN 1720



THE RUINS OF JAMESTOWN CHURCH

it was then—and there they built the first houses; but within a few years they moved to where the ruins of the town now are. The land as they found it was no doubt grown up to a great pine forest. Just why they chose to settle here is uncertain, unless because the narrow peninsula afforded some protection from savage foes. As a matter of fact the new-comers were less intent on making homes in the wilderness than they were on finding gold. Presently their food gave out, the Indians harassed them, and they fell ill with fever. In four months over fifty of them had died; and but for Captain John Smith they would have all gone back to England. Captain Smith found his fellows a very troublesome responsibility. Few of them were industrious or energetic. Some were pardoned criminals. But Smith was a leader with ability to rule. He punished idleness with starvation. To cure profane swearing he had a daily account kept of a man's oaths; and at night, as a penalty for each oath, he poured a can of cold water down the offender's sleeve. Captain Smith wrote to the corporation in England which had fitted out the colony: "When you send again, I entreat you rather send thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, and diggers-up of the roots, well furnished, than a thousand such as we have."

With regard to their early hardships Smith says: "We did hang an awning (which is an old sail) to three or four trees, to shadow us from the sun; our walls were rails of wood; our seats unhewed trees, till we cut planks; our pulpit a bar of wood nailed to two neighboring trees. In foul weather we shifted into an old rotten tent, for we had few better. This was our church till we built a homely thing like a barn set upon crochets, covered with rafts, sedge, and earth, as were also the walls. The best of our houses were of like curiosity, but, for the most part, far worse workmanship, that could neither well defend wind nor rain."

In 1638 a much more substantial church was built than the makeshift that had preceded it. The walls were made of brick brought across the Atlantic, and the tower of the church has endured even to the present. The edifice itself continued in use until Williamsburg, on account of its superior healthfulness, supplanted Jamestown as the capital of the colony in 1699. The removal of the capital was a fatal blow to Jamestown, and the place was



THE JAMES RIVER OPPOSITE THE OLD SETTLEMENT

soon almost abandoned. It never had been more than a village. We know that in 1625 there were twenty-two dwellings, a church, a merchant's store, three warehouses, and a guardhouse; and outside the town two blockhouses, one to guard the isthmus, the other to prevent the Indians from swimming across the back-water that separated the peninsula from the mainland. The population was then two hundred and twenty-one, and in the palmiest days of the village the inhabitants did not exceed three hundred.

The brick church tower is the only surviving remnant of the old settlement that is at all conspicuous. It is eighteen feet square, and its massive walls are a yard thick. The church was not only a house of worship but a fortress of defense, and the upper portion of the tower is pierced with loopholes—narrow slits without, but widening inward so that guns could be fired from them with the least possible exposure of the gunners. A rough, barn-like structure has been built to cover and protect the foundations of the body of the church, and a few relics are displayed inside. The floor of the church contains a number of graves; and other graves gather around outside, with massive tombstones a good deal broken by stress of time and weather, and by the vandal sightseers. But the sightseers will do their ghoulish work no more, for the place is now in the hands of an historical association, and has been surrounded by a high, wire-meshed fence, suggesting at first glance that here is some country henyard. A custodian is at hand to admit visitors, answer questions, and volunteer such information and opinions as occur to him.

The custodian pointed out various quaint epitaphs on the old stones, and called especial attention to this one:

Here lyeth
WILLIAM SHERWOOD
A Great Sinner
Waiting for a Joyful Resurrection.

"That's the first sinner's grave I ever see," said my guide; "I've read a good many gravestones, I tell you, but I've never found any but saints buried in other graves." When I finished looking at the church and its surroundings the guide took me out of the grove to a grassy level, which he affirmed was the "Courting Green" or "Kissing Meadow," where was sold, in the year 1619, the shipload of "respectable maidens for wives to the planters." He also pointed out the spot where were sold that same year twenty "negars" brought thither by a Dutch man-of-war—and this was the beginning of negro slavery in the United States.

The river opposite Jamestown is three miles wide, and from upstream its course is a straight sweep of seven miles. Thus the current and the waves have easy opportunity to eat into the alluvial banks of the island, and have already swallowed up a considerable portion of the village site. The water covers many remnants of the ancient home foundations and walls, and when the current runs clear the stone and brick can be seen on the river bottom. The danger to old Jamestown—this cradle of our nation—has long been realized, and in 1901 the government completed a masonry breakwater that, so far as it goes, affords a lasting protection from the stealthy erosion of the current and from the fierce waves that the winter storm-winds drive against the shores. But there is need of as much more work to assure the safety of the spot, and to preserve the historic church tower and the graves around it to the multitude who in years to come will wish to visit this first permanent English settlement in America.

Very unusual interest attaches to the spot just now because preparations have begun for celebrating its bicentennial; and there seems no doubt that the event will be made a most elaborate and important historical anniversary.

Clifton Johnson

WHATSOEVER A WOMAN SOWETH

By Anna McClure Sholl

I

Pauline Marlowe, walking in the garden at sunset, wondered if any woman's happiness had ever been as complete as hers. Her girlhood, soon to end, seemed to her to lead from an untroubled child-life to the man she loved with the directness of this garden-path, flower-bordered. No bewilderments, no uncertainties were in her perspective of the past. She had held her soul high like a torch, beaconing Robert to her.

In her pride of joy she believed that she and Robert Caldwell were not as other lovers. From the first they had been calmly confident of each other. They had never even quarreled. The inevitable outcome of such heavenly logic as their betrothal must be a marriage distinguished from other marriages by a closer union, a distincter ideal of life.

On this evening, awaiting him, she gave herself up to her memories as only they do whose joy or whose misery is superlative. Under the warm orange glow of the June sunset the old house, her birthplace, seemed the visible symbol of gracious years. As a child she had played with Robert in its garden. Its broad rooms had sheltered a girlhood of which she was always a little proud, because the neighborly verdict that she had borne her responsibilities well was true. Her mother dying when she was very young, a protective devotion to her father seemed to her in retrospect the keynote of her existence. She had denied herself the usual enthusiasms of youth, because enthusiasm puts out the eyes of duty. But, for her many willing sacrifices she was early and richly rewarded. Robert loved her.

Even the echoes of the Civil War just ended had not greatly disturbed her peace. Robert had passed through its bloody baptism as one bearing a charmed life, emerging purified of any less noble passion than the love of Pauline Marlowe. She dwelt lovingly on this martial service, as supplying the dramatic element in a pure, untroubled idyl.

Their happiness promised to stretch into the years. Even the usual severing of ties was not to result from their marriage, for she and Robert were to live in the Marlowe homestead. His own home was but a stone's throw away, also an ancestral house, having sheltered five generations of Robert Caldwells. Her essentially Puritan pride rejoiced that her lover was born of that kind of aristocracy which combines plain living with high thinking. Her children would have the dower of stainless ideals.

The rose-light deepened in the west. Warm scents of the garden mingled with the cooler air wandering from the distant purple hills. The voices of boys at play in the broad, elm-shaded street came to her pleasantly. At the opened window of his library her father sat, holding a book to the last glow.

She went up the garden-path, her full white skirts catching in the straggling branches of the rose-bushes. With her blonde hair drawn down over her little ears, her sloping shoulders, her graceful, gliding walk, she seemed the very embodiment of those miniatures of the period which present women as the flower-like work of the gods on porcelain. The perfume of the sheltered existence was about her as she went up the garden-path, bending once in glad caprice to kiss a rose. Under the library window she paused.

"Father, you should not read so late!"

Her voice was prettily authoritative, but for an instant the shadow of a cloud passed over his face. This young daughter, as soft-appearing as a fawn, sometimes made of her devotion a tyranny. She ordered his house as her mother—sweet soul—had failed to do. But such a comfortable failure! Over the long years his love groped for her quiet, twilight face, the home of a spirit so different from her daughter's bright assurance. He had never been at peace with death since death hid her.

Pauline was a faultless housekeeper, but by her decree—passed gaily as all her decrees were, yet nevertheless iron-clad—he must only smoke in his library; he must not eat hot bread for supper; he must not offer wine at his dinner parties. His daughter had mapped out their domestic life with exceeding justice and righteousness, but his masculine foot sometimes stumbled on these prim division lines.

He looked apologetically down at her, and shut his book.

"You expect Robert?"

"Yes, he should be here now. We are going to set the day."

"Wise children! Too long an engagement is not good. You ought to have married six months ago, when Robert took his position in the bank."

"Robert wished it. I was not ready."

"You are ready now?"

She smiled.

"I should be; I have been sewing for two years."

He smiled in his turn.

"These feminine mysteries are beyond me. I suppose all this sewing was necessary to your happiness?"

The rose-leaf color in her cheeks deepened.

"A young lady must marry properly," she answered with her curious dignity over trifles, which sometimes enamelled the porcelain with ice.

"Well, well," her father good-naturedly said, "I suppose all young girls like pretty things—did the gate click?"

She looked around, instantly alert, expectant; took a few steps forward, then turned back, drooping a little.

"It's only Charles Hendricks; I suppose he wants to see you again about that stupid law-suit. I wonder what keeps Robert."

"He'll be along presently," her father said in a soothing tone. "There's Hendricks at the bell."

He rose and left the room. She walked slowly away, back to the flower-garden, to the western light now silvered with a young moon, to her orderly dreams of a marriage which no rough wind of destiny seemed likely to disturb. She had prepared her soul for Robert with the same care that she had prepared her wardrobe.

Suddenly a light shone out over the garden. Her father had lit a lamp, but he and Hendricks were still standing, facing each other across the table. Even from a distance she could see a certain excitement in the visitor's manner. Her father's back was to the window, but his motionless attitude betrayed tension. She wondered what they could be talking about. The old law-suit, worn thread-bare, could not thus disturb them.

Her father began to pace the floor. As she watched him a vague fear chilled her. From childhood she had always dreaded the unusual. This fear took solid shape when suddenly he turned and drew down the shade.

She stood motionless, her eyes dark with her gazing, so absorbed in some not altogether comfortable thought that she did not hear a step on the path.

"Pauline!"

Her startled movement, her quick, anxious facing of him was due less to surprise than to the curious quality of pain in her lover's voice, like the expression of her own newborn fear. In an instant she divined that something was wrong. Though Robert was so near that she could touch his hand, he was looking at her across a gulf. The blitheness of strong young manhood, usually surrounding him with a grace almost feminine, had vanished. His face in the moonlight was haggard.

"Robert, what has happened?"

He was silent. His appearance mocked the peace of the June night, was an offense to the stillness of her heart, guarding thoughts like flowers prepared for him.

"Robert, speak to me!"

Then he spoke, the words half choked in his throat, as if under a suppressed sob.

"I've dreadful news. I'd give my life to spare you; but we'll have to suffer together as we've rejoiced together."

She had grown very white; was holding out her hands, the palms towards him, as if to push away some monstrous fact. The gesture opened wide the wound that seemed to be sapping his life. He took both her hands, held them against his breast, looked down appealingly into her eyes, the gray lines about his mouth twitching with the nervousness of misery. Used as she was to a certain nonchalant manly beauty in his bearing, as of one happy in mind and strong in body, he seemed at the moment almost ugly to her. She drew her hands away and put them before her face.

"Don't!" he said hoarsely. "You wouldn't if you knew."

"Tell me, then!" she cried, and her voice was shrill. "Tell me your news! I can bear it. But you frighten me with your looks. You don't seem like Robert——"

"I will tell you, poor little Pauline, my poor darling! You are so brave and sweet, and you love me. Say that you do before I——" Again something like a sob choked back his words.

"Of course I love you!" she said, with fierce impatience. "Don't keep me in suspense!"

"The First National Bank has closed its doors——" he began, with a certain labored preciseness. She interrupted him.

"What has that to do——?"

"Wait!" he said harshly. "There has been—there has been wrong-dealing, perhaps embezzlement. My father——"

He could not go on. She came a step nearer, her head

forward, peering into his face, as one might watch a tragedy through a crack in the door.

"Your father what?" she said, in a cold, measured voice.

"Don't speak that way! Don't look that way!" he entreated. "Because he is cashier they suspect ——" he broke off. "It may be that he became involved through—oh, I don't know—but I, his son, won't judge him; you, his daughter-to-be, won't judge him till all is known." He paused; then, as he brought his news to the climax, he seemed to bleed before her eyes, as if the words tore him. "There is—a warrant out for his arrest."

She stared at him. The door was wide open now upon the tragedy, but she did not enter.

They faced each other, his paroxysm of pain relaxing into a piteous appeal. As plainly as if he spoke his eyes, where youth lay dead, cried out to her:

"Come to his defense with me. You love me! He is my father!"

Her lips were set in a thin blue line. Her neck, stretched towards him, looked drawn like a plucked bird's.

"Where is he?" she asked sharply.

"Father?" he faltered.

"Yes! where is he? You say there is a warrant out for him —where is he?"

"He's gone."

The anguish in his voice made only an oblique impression upon her. Her mind was scenting crime.

"Gone where?"

"God help us! We don't know."

The lines of her face relaxed. She stood passive as one who has accepted a fact.

"Then it is true," she said slowly.

"Hush!" he cried. "Be merciful till you know."

From the harshness of his encounter with dark and giant facts came the almost childlike appeal to her, whom he had pictured during these last blind hours as his only light and guide out of the morass life had suddenly become. With her beside him he could face Dellford, the town where all his young days he had gone proudly, now grown into a world filled with hostile, suspicious, or derisive faces. Over the ruin of a name he and Pauline must raise the white banner of their youth and love, their hope and honor. Love would redeem disgrace, the toil of restitution restore confidence. In that hour he stood before shadowy tribunals, the ghosts of his rigid but unstained ancestors; the tender, appealing ghosts of the unborn.

"Pauline! say something to me. Let me know you live."

"What can I say!" she cried shrilly. "We are disgraced!"

"But you stand by me in this hour? Say that you do!"

She drew herself up, drew back from him as if already linked with remote destinies in which he had no part. A horrible sense of being left alone in the dark, like the old child-terror after an evening of strange, ghostly tales, suffocated him, blotted out the sweet, indifferent garden scene, the low-swinging bow of the moon, the unfamiliar face of his beloved.

"But you stand with me in this hour?" he repeated, the futility of his appeal making his words seem parrot-like.

"I hope I will do what is right, Robert. Until I know the facts I cannot say what I would do."

"Do!" he cried, "there's nothing to do but to keep on loving me, trusting me. You wouldn't fail me now, Sweet!"

She turned wearily away, drooping like an overburdened flower. A great pity for her filled him, this white rose of a girl caught suddenly, it seemed to him, on a black current. Loyalty to her sense of outrage struggled with loyalty to a father in whose ultimate honor he passionately believed, dark as were the charges against him.

"But you love me yet, Pauline!"

"Don't talk of love now. We're in a storm," she said.

"It has beaten on my head for hours. I could bear it better if you would give me your hand."

She turned to him.

"I can't feel. Don't ask me to."

Her small hands were rigidly clasped, her lips still compressed in the thin blue line. She had the appearance of a married woman weary of an unprofitable husband. At last she turned and went slowly up the walk, in her nervousness snapping off roses, throwing them down, treading on them. Robert followed timidly.

At the steps of the porch he paused.

"May I come in, Pauline?"

"I would rather you wouldn't. I want to see father alone."

A great anger suddenly surged in him, the bitter anger of wounded love. He caught her roughly by the wrists.

"And I want to see your father, too! He'll be more merciful than you. You are cruel—cruel! I could hate you if I did not love you so! What do you know of life? What do you know of a man's temptations, you pretty sheltered rose? What do you know of anything outside this garden? I thought you great-hearted, a true woman who'd face death with me—yes, worse than death. But you must know the facts—the facts," he repeated, mocking

her refined, "white" voice; then he paused, dazed by his own outburst. "Forgive me!—I'm not myself. Pauline, there's no fact but love."

He led the way up the steps, master for the time being by very force of his suffering. She followed, cowed.

Into the library direct he went. John Marlowe was still pacing the floor. His visitor had departed.

At sight of the young man's face his own, hard and sharp with strained thinking, melted into pity. He came forward, both hands extended.

"Robert, dear boy—" he began brokenly. Under this kindness Robert Caldwell struggled to keep his self-control. When he was master of his voice he said:

"You know, then."

"I've heard a report—I believe nothing through mere report—of an old neighbor, an old friend—" his voice trembled.

Robert turned away his head.

"I thank you, sir."

The silence which followed was broken only by the slow and solemn ticking of the clock in the hall. Unseen assistants at this drama thronged the place, casting over its familiar features that veil of the mysterious which at the approach of the great forces of life can transform the homeliest setting into a vast echoing chamber of destiny.

Robert spoke first.

"If it be true—if my father cannot—clear himself; then I am in honor bound to give you back the hand of your daughter."

John Marlowe expected to hear Pauline's eager protest, but silence followed Robert's words. Then the father turned to his daughter. She was standing by the fire-place, rigid, erect, her eyes strangely eclipsed, impenetrable, all softness gone from her outline, all response from the stiff lines of her mouth.

"Pauline," her father appealingly said, "speak to Robert. He is yours."

"Father, you do not understand."

He glanced toward the young man, whose unexpectant face seemed to hold already a hopeless knowledge.

"You are not giving him up?" he said sharply.

"Father you do not understand," she repeated in a monotonous tone.

"Understand what?"

"O, don't urge her!"

"Understand what?"

From her clouded eyes fire leaped.

"Have I not the right to be true to myself?" she cried.

"No one questions it," her father said drily; "I only wish to know what your intentions are regarding Robert."

She stood at bay. "I can say nothing now. This has come suddenly upon me. I am overwhelmed. How can I say what I will do with our future, till I know—what has happened?"

Livid lines as if from the cut of a whip crossed the pallor of Robert's face. He set his teeth to keep back bitter words.

"You are waiting then," her father said, "to know the truth of this report."

"I wish to be just," she answered.

Her father spoke sternly.

"There is of course a generation of misunderstanding between us, but if you have the hard and sure ideals of youth, I have the experience of middle-age. My observations of the workings of justice, both in the court-room and in daily life, lead me to believe that it is the servant of mercy."

His old-fashioned sincerity of speech seemed to relieve the tension of the scene.

Robert spoke wearily.

"Don't be hard with her. She has had a great shock. In the morning all things may appear in a different light."

Pauline met her father's look of appeal with silence.

"I will say good-night," Robert added.

"You will come to see me in the morning, my boy?"

"Without fail."

They shook hands, then Robert crossed the room to Pauline, but before he could take her hand Hendricks appeared in the doorway, a human embodiment of head-lines.

"I've just heard," he began, then stopped short at sight of Robert, who wheeled about sharply.

"What have you heard? We're facing truth here. We want the truth."

"Well, it's pretty stiff news to tell a son of his father," Hendricks blundered.

"Good God! man, out with it!"

"Robert Caldwell's been arrested in New York; has made a confession."

Marlowe put a hand on Hendricks' shoulder, and pushed him almost roughly into the hall, closing the door on himself and his visitor. Pauline and Robert were left alone.

She had covered her eyes with her hands. As she stood there

trembling she seemed again all woman, her delicate frame made to shelter tender thoughts, not to case the steel blade of an inflexible will.

He yearned to her, forgetting her words, forgetting everything but their love. He whispered her name and, still keeping a hand over her eyes as one ashamed, she came to him, and hiding her face on his breast, wept bitterly.

His tenderness, his forgiveness broke into words.

"Dear, you did not mean it? Say you did not mean it. You'll stand by me?"

But the sword of her will was already dividing them. The relief of her tears seemed to give her courage. She raised her head from his breast.

"I can't marry you, Robert, if that is what you mean. It is too much to ask. If you were generous, you would not ask it!"

II

Mrs. Arthur Parkes, once Pauline Marlowe, was returning to Dellford with her son Arthur, a young man of twenty-four, just graduated by some jugglery, inexplicable to his friends, from a leading Eastern university.

As he sat staring out of the window of the drawing-room car, his handsome, indolent face drawn into fixed lines of discontent, there were signs about him of acquaintance with a world which only in rare instances refines, and in the majority of cases vulgarizes —a world best visited by men with strong chins. Arthur's chin was still suggestive of an irresponsible childhood.

His mother, sitting opposite to him, saw in him, not without a repugnant chill of memory, the blonde, misleading features of his dead father, whose fair, weak beauty had caught her on the rebound from tragic issues, in that flight to Europe which seemed necessary after the fall of an honored house. She had seen him first in a church in Florence, copying an altar-piece, his head, with its abundant blonde hair, not unsuggestive of holy associations. Later he explained poetically his lily-city to her—his little talks on art soothing her wounded spirit like the twilights of those strange, echoing churches where they spent many hours together. Though he was an American, he represented everything that was not Dellford, and she married him.

She had reason later to wish for an element of Dellford's hard granite of principle in a nature wholly intenerated, it seemed, with the love of beauty divorced from morality. Her father leaving her without, as she thought, the full quota of paternal regret, went

back to Dellford, and she and her husband remained in Florence. At first she exulted in the unreality of her life within the cold, stately *palazzo*, under the high frescoed ceilings where pale saints were fading into dreary glory, as if a mere girl had become a princess. Later, when she was well acquainted with the pettiness of her Arthur's nature, she hated Florence and all its works, its beauty seeming to her so mingled with associations of her husband that the two became one deception.

When her son was born she tried to forgive the father everything, though her mental attitudes did not seem to interest him. He went away to Paris, presumably to dispose of some pictures there; but she was keen enough to perceive that he was restless, and because his absence was a relief to her she encouraged him to prolong it. He returned to her, at last, shattered by obscure calamities, and not long after died.

With her little boy she returned to America; but wrote her father that she could not come back to Dellford. The thought of meeting Robert Caldwell blanched her like the judgment.

During those years her father had not spared her news of her discarded lover, the record beginning with the announcement of the disgraced Robert Caldwell's death soon after he had served his term in prison. But while the defaulter was expiating in formal legal fashion an offense cut short from the events which had led to it—embalmed and labeled as a warning—his son was gallantly storming life for the most it would surrender. And the most had been so far a fortune, turned over as soon as made to the directors of the bank in Dellford. The particulars of this long fight for honorable restitution—a warfare, indeed, just ended—were communicated to Pauline by her father in dry, unadorned phrases, like a monk's chronicle of chivalrous deeds. Nevertheless, she felt the repressed admiration, the passionate defence back of them. Her father had never forgiven her treatment of Robert—her shrill, impulsive judgment, at twenty, of life and honor; but, for that matter, she had never forgiven herself. For years she had realized that, little as she deserved remembrance, the news which would hurt her most would be the news of his marriage.

He had been evidently too busy to marry, too absorbed heart and soul in the achievement of a great ambition. His devotion to his disgraced father appeared to be the only sentiment of his life—filial love, yes, by a strange paradox, filial reverence for the shattered creature, too tired and weak to seem a criminal.

Her own father's failing health had brought her back at last to Dellford, the period of her residence there coinciding with her son's

years at college. Separation from Arthur was painful, not only because he was her idol, but because the very intensity of her love was founded on mistrust of his shifty, lovable, elusive temperament. Long before he was out of childhood she knew that her passionate hope, of his justifying her marriage by a normal moral growth, was not to be realized. He had inherited his father's pleasure-loving disposition, his father's good looks and easy good manners, that counted for so little after all. By a trick of heredity he represented only a blank space in the Marlowe line, so little of her own ancestry did she see in him. For morals he seemed to substitute the imperious present need of his sensations.

In his vacations he had made the acquaintance of his grandfather, the only person of whom he had ever stood in awe. John Marlowe might have kept him in the straight and narrow path, the mother thought, but the old lawyer had died at the beginning of Arthur's senior year.

They were going back now to the homestead for a summer of readjustment, and deliberation as to Arthur's future career. She longed for this return to Dellford, yet dreaded it.

Since the breaking of her engagement she had never seen Robert Caldwell. While she was nursing her father he was absent in the West. But this year he had come back, finally, to his old home to take the position, won by both wealth and honor, of president of the First National Bank.

Visions of her youth blotted out the flying landscape. At last, in very weariness, she closed her eyes. Slow tears forced themselves through her lashes and rolled down her cheeks, still with their touch of rose color. Despite the fact that her once bright hair was streaked with gray, there was a faded, futile prettiness about her, linking her at forty-six to the girl she had been at twenty.

Her son saw the tears, frowned; then said with a kind of bantering affection—for in his absorbed, selfish way he was very fond of his mother:

"What's the matter, old lady? Headache?"

She opened her eyes, with a rewarding smile for his awkward solicitude, and said: "Just tired, I guess, Arthur."

"It's been a beastly long journey. But then ——" he added, "Dellford's a good place to rest in, dull as death. I hope the Walker girls will be there this summer."

The lines in her forehead, always at contradiction with the faded pink in her cheeks, deepened into a look of trouble, the kind of trouble which is not an incident in life but a part of life itself. Arthur's frivolity seemed congenital.

"But you are not going to Dellford for a good time, Arthur. Your grandfather's partners are only holding the position in their law-office open until the middle of July."

He frowned in his turn. The weak lines of his mouth drooped to his smooth, childish chin.

"I'm not so sure I want to study law. It's drier than dust."

"Well, what do you want to do?"

He had never answered a direct question directly in his life. Such questions seemed to hurt him like too much light in his eyes. He blinked now, shrugging his shoulders.

"The life you say my father led would have about suited me."

"But you've never shown any artistic talent."

"Oh, I didn't just mean that side of it. Painting'd be a bore like anything else, if a man were tied up to it."

He rose, yawning.

"I'm going into the smoker."

His mother's face stiffened, as it always did when she assumed her helpless authority.

"You remember what Dr. Werner said about your cigarette smoking."

"He wrote my epitaph, I remember," he good naturedly commented as he lounged off. "So long, mother, don't worry about your good-for-nothing."

He flashed her a smile which made her forget for an instant the care he was to her.

III

They had been at Dellford a year — to Pauline a year of painful groping back to a great lost opportunity of girlhood and of anxiety for Arthur, who was wasting his time. The sere old men, of stern Puritan stock, who had been her father's law partners, had come to her with the word, delivered flatly and without ornament, that her son neglected both his studies and his office duties. They wished to assume no further responsibility in the matter of his legal education.

After their visit she went in tears to Arthur. This testimony only confirmed her restless, unhappy divinations.

He smiled, as one relieved infinitely, when she told him of the firm's decision in regard to him.

"The old codgers are right. But you would insist on my studying law just because grandfather was a lawyer. I could have told you from the beginning that it wouldn't work."

He smiled hopefully upon her, as one backed to an enormous

advantage over his elders by the deficiencies of his temperament. His mother gazed at him with the helpless look of the inadequate maternal, a type which has always been in the world, and much condemned by those who refuse to see that an element of the inadequacy may be the hopeless nature of the offspring; mothers, with all their wealth of affection, being unable to play the part of Providence. The factor of the other parent may confuse even the directest intentions of love. In Pauline's boy was Pauline's husband.

"You say you're not fitted for the law, Arthur. What are you fitted for? You're twenty-five years old. You ought to have a gleam by this time of your work in life."

He laughed.

"Not a glimmer, Mummie. I'd let you have it straight if I did." Then he added, with that curious frankness which fitted oddly to the other traits of his character: "At least, not a gleam in the respectable direction—the honored citizen of Dellford road, the Robert Caldwell type."

His mother turned to him, pitiful entreaty in the face, over which a faint blush spread.

"Don't use his name that way. He is a noble, honorable gentleman. He has won back everything."

"And much too evidently proud of it," her son interrupted. "You've been here a year, and he has never called on you. Yet I understand you are old friends!"

The flush, the painful purplish flush of middle age, deepened in his mother's cheeks.

"We were engaged to be married once," she said, revealing, on she knew not what impulse, the fact to which for many years her whole life had been set in a never-ending series of groping, imperfect adjustments. The wrong which she had done to Robert was the hour, so it seemed to her, at which her moral growth had stopped. Her marriage, her maternity, her widowhood —what had they been but the experiences of a lamed nature still only bethrothed to life, and awaiting an indefinite recovery to lend itself to life's full purpose.

Her son drew a long breath of astonishment.

"You never told me that!" he said, with a touch of resentment.

"There was no reason why I should tell you. It was a dead issue."

Arthur had one of his rare moments of thoughtfulness.

"Were you engaged when that crash came?" he slowly asked, a definite light of interest in his pale blue eyes.

She hesitated. That Arthur, the unstable, purposeless son, might perhaps sit in judgment on her was a strange reversion of their mutual positions. Yet her soul, aching through long years for confession and absolution, was compelled to speak.

"Yes, we were engaged at the time. It was within three weeks of our marriage."

Again Arthur became mysterious in another unaccustomed silence. Thoughts—unfamiliar visitants—were difficult for him to deal with.

"Did he break the engagement?"

"No."

"Then you did?" In his voice was a queer note of surprise.

The futility of confession swept over her. Only one person could absolve her.

"Yes, I broke it."

It was slowly dawning upon the young man that for the first time in his inadequate, drifting life he might have the moral advantage of his mother. For years she had represented to him an ethical superiority over himself, for which he could find no more positive ground than her feminine misunderstanding of masculine prerogatives. As far as he thought of it at all her virtues were founded on fear—fear of the world, fear of nature, fear of life. Dimly he felt that she had no real grasp on existence, or if she had it did not make her happy. On the other hand, horses, pretty girls, cigarettes, and hazy purposes did make him happy. He stood on sure ground there.

The look in her face was confirming this realization of his that he might now have the moral advantage of her, cleaning his own slate with her confession. In her eyes, on her lips, it was written: "I broke my engagement because I couldn't share disgrace."

He could have the word from her for the asking, but some dim chivalry in him sealed his lips.

The confession, now his as surely as if she had spoken, filled him with a strange wonder. Sharing disgrace with anyone didn't seem hard to Arthur, but his moral standards had been always vague.

Relief—positive, grateful—was in her eyes as it dawned upon her that he would make no comment on her last words. But the sharp facing of an intolerable memory left her pale, depleted. Arthur did not look at her for a few moments as he rose and slouched up and down the room. Through his silence they were nearer together than they had ever been; but sentiment, part of the general forfeit of the mother on the night she abdicated a throne, fitted awkwardly the son. He caught up his hat at last to relieve the tension.

"Well, I'm off for the evening."

"Where are you going, Arthur?"

The old question, uttered so often that it had become purely mechanical, incapable of producing an answer, restored to the young man the mother he knew best, a lonely figure in a desert of distrust.

"Oh, down the street."

The inevitable answer brought back the old, shifty, elusive Arthur, with his limp notions of pleasure. Resignedly she wound up her part of the formula: "Don't stay too late."

He wound up his: "Don't sit up for me."

When he was gone the old house, filled with the shadows of the summer evening, seemed ghostly to her, haunted with the chill of the dead years. Putting a shawl over her sloping shoulders—shoulders which had gone out with crinoline—she went into the garden. The July evening was still rosy in the west. An imperial twilight, more gold than gray, held the gold bow of the moon. Warm, heavy garden scents mingled with the fresher air from the hills. So far as the natural setting could take her back, she might be Pauline Marlowe waiting in the rose-walk for her lover, but between the girl and the woman were the moral blunders of meaningless years.

She longed for Robert's forgiveness, yet doubted if she could ever approach near enough to him to ask it. She was not within hailing distance of that noble and steadfast spirit; gray with the dust of the highway she slunk far behind.

In the earlier, more emotional, and therefore easier, stages of her remorse she had felt that she could not die without his forgiveness, could not rest in her grave unpardoned. Later, emotion had become a principle of despair. In conviction she joined those who died unpardoned by their fellows, though, perchance, received of God. She preferred the human forgiveness as nearer, more tangible, but did not hope for it. That she loved Robert Caldwell, had always loved him, only darkened her sin.

Tired of thoughts of herself she turned to Arthur, wondering if all mothers were as helpless or as clumsy in the molding of a child's character—character inevitably to become destiny, as the vine brings forth grapes. Step by step she went back over her maternal life, searching for the moment of the lost opportunity, which seized might have converted Arthur into the son of her dreams; but she could find no such moment. The child's life had been intangible as her own. Mother and son were merged in the commonplace, she suspended between the querulous and the adoring.

The gate clicked. She never heard the sound without memories of that fateful evening. Turning, she saw that a man was entering the garden, was coming up the walk towards her. The dimness hid his face, but the outlines of his tall, spare figure were at once strange and dreadfully familiar. Though the years had refined, strengthened, distinguished the figure with that kind of distinction which makes personality, like immortality, a greatness to be achieved, the continuity of character had not been broken.

Above the loud, drowning beating of her heart she asked herself in what words she should greet him, coming out of her grave to meet life; but he took the initiative, speaking her name quietly as one long accustomed to speak it.

"Good evening, Pauline. I saw you walking in the garden, and thought it a good opportunity to speak with you concerning a matter which has been in my mind for some weeks."

His voice was placid, almost paternal; but his deep-set eyes, under the worn but finely-modeled temples, gazed intently at her, noting hungrily, it seemed, every line of her face now raised to his with the look of the suppliant. It did not seem strange to her that he should begin to speak as if they had parted yesterday. This middle-aged gentleman was the Robert she had known. Only she, herself, had lost her identity. She feared to speak, lest her first words should betray her bankruptcy.

He waited for her an instant, then went on, a great gentleness in his voice.

"It is in regard to your son, Arthur." Then, as he saw sudden pallor of apprehension in her face he hastened to add:

"I believe that I can without much difficulty get him a position in the bank. I have learned—Dellford's a small place—that he has little love for the law, and—forgive me—I knew that as a mother, you must be anxious about his future; that you would perhaps permit an old friend to put a chance in the young man's way."

Tears filled her eyes.

"O, you are good, Robert!" she faltered, "good as always."

"No, I am only interested."

He walked by her side in silence for some moments, his head slightly drooped. Her glances at him revealed to her a man tempered and finely wrought by the long years of struggle following the hour when he took up the glove thrown down to him by life. In her humility she thought that had he married her in her girlhood the terrible faults of her nature might have cramped his moral growth.

The paradox under her reasoning escaped her. What she was sure of was the fact that his quiet, present-hour manner made speech concerning their past impossible.

She broke the silence.

"A mother cannot be too grateful for such interest; but, Robert, I feel that I owe it to you to tell you that Arthur, while a good boy in the main, seems to lack application. He is fond of pleasure, and he seems to have only the dimmest idea of what he wishes to make of himself."

A faint smile lit up Caldwell's face.

"Not extraordinary faults at his age, Pauline"—he lingered over the name a little. "In any case we can give him the chance at the bank—a clerical position. He may settle into it more easily than you think."

"I hope so," she sighed. "We can do everything but live their lives for them; but because we can't do that we feel helpless."

He nodded.

"You mustn't be too anxious about the results of this. I'll do everything in my power to be—not the *deus ex machina*, but what the older man should be to the younger."

"Oh, you are good!"

"He is your son."

It was the first sign he gave of striking the chord of their mutual memories. She wanted to cry out: "Why should that be a reason for kindness?" But the words died on her lips.

Instead, she said:

"Shall I send Arthur to you tomorrow?"

"Yes, at the noon-hour. I am home then."

She knew that his youngest sister kept his house for him, an unmarried woman who had been a very little girl at the time of the crash. She spoke of her now, timidly, tentatively, as if venturing on forbidden ground.

"I will bring her to see you some day, if I may," he said.

"If you may! O, Robert!"

She was trembling with ill-suppressed emotion. To cover it up she began to speak of some town affair of passing interest. He answered in monosyllables, and at last held out his hand abruptly.

"Good-night. Send Arthur over. I'll bring Laetitia to call soon."

"I can't thank you enough, Robert."

"Don't thank me," he said almost roughly; then he turned and left her.

IV

The year which followed was the happiest she had known since her girlhood—because on certain rare occasions Robert came to see her, and because, as far as she could judge, Arthur was performing his duties not badly.

The young man, indiscriminately social, liked to be in a place where he could see people coming and going. He liked the short hours at the bank. He liked best the vision of his own well-groomed person, fitting in appropriately, as it seemed to him, with the fine, polished order of the bank furniture. His physical awkwardness only came out when he attempted sentiments beyond him.

Meanwhile Pauline's relation to Robert Caldwell had become one of a conscious learner to an unconscious teacher. Eagerly, greedily, she took from him, through her absorption in all that he said and did, the spiritual truths of which his matured character was explicit. Sometimes her wistful, humble look troubled him, knowing, as he did, how sharp yet was the cry of his heart to her. Pauline humble was in no category of his memory of her. She had been so proud—daintily, then tragically proud—drawing white skirts about her, and leaving him where he stood on mire. Her decision, though it had overthrown him at the moment, had in the end made keen his ardor of restitution to the point of ecstatic sacrifice. The news of her marriage had brought him fresh suffering, and for years he endured his miserable accusations of her, all the more miserable because he still loved her. Then all resentment faded; but he mourned for her as they mourn whose beloved have died young.

For months after her return he dared not see her, turned coward by memory, and softened irrevocably by the knowledge that her marriage had been unhappy, that her son was disappointing her. He read the son's present character with clear eyes; but he had lived too much himself to pronounce final judgment on anyone, old or young. Arthur should have his chance.

During this year he had watched the young man with a more than paternal concern, the fruit of a desire to shield Pauline. Her weakness dominated him, as in past days her proud young strength was wont to do. Feeble or strong, worthy of his love or unworthy, he loved her.

Arthur could, in the homely phrase, "bear watching," the young man's nature perpetually shifting to pleasure as the needle trembles to the pole. Dellford, set generations ago to the minor

key of Puritanism, offered little excitement of the forbidden order. A race-track some twenty miles away was Arthur's outlet for his inherent restlessness of spirit; but his fondness for horses might even make of the races an innocent pleasure. So Robert reassured Pauline, always straining her eyes after her roaming son in the manner of the caged maternal.

Two years did little to convince her that Arthur was settled in his position. For a dull life, he often told his mother, he was never made. The race-track, he discovered, was on the way to New York, and in the city he spent every available bank holiday. He was dressing far too well, spending far too much money, Pauline thought, for the salary he received; but back of her clear vision was a certain fear of him, of what he would do should she question him or chide him too far. This fear had been born of his baby tantrums. The power of negation was strong in him.

But after a time she perceived a change in him, prolonged enough to be more than a passing mood. He seemed to her to be losing his bright assurance, becoming at the same time more thoughtful or, rather, more preoccupied. She wondered if this seriousness were the beginning of a radical change in his character.

She was thinking of him, planning for him as usual one evening, when he came downstairs from his room dressed in immaculate summer costume. His white clothes heightening his fair boyish beauty, he looked to her, as he stood there in the twilight, singularly untouched, almost justifying the involuntary thrill of pride which went through her. An expression in his face—the seriousness new to her—vivified this novel impression. It was as if the long-desired Arthur shone out for an instant, giving her new hope. And to increase the wonder, he lingered as if wishing to talk to her a little, finally seating himself not ungracefully on the porch steps at her feet.

She was afraid to speak lest she should break the spell. They had never in all their lives conversed leisurely. Her snatches of talk with her son had always given her the sensation of being out of breath.

He looked up at her now, a certain shyness in his blue eyes.

"Mother, what do you think of Anita Livingstone?"

She did not answer his question for a moment. She dropped her knitting in her endeavor to fix her mind wholly upon the gypsy-like girl, with dark, decided beauty, evoked by the name he had uttered. The Livingstones were an old Dellford family, but Anita's mother had been Spanish. The girl herself had never seemed quite a part of the innocuous Dellford society, being too impulsive, too sure

in her likes and dislikes, too emotional. Pauline had seen little of her, but on the rare occasions when Anita had flashed before her vision a thrill of foreign memories was awakened in her. The dark, young face strangely recalled aspects of Florence; the high frescoed rooms; lofty balconies swung above narrow streets; a towered city lying enchanted under a gold moon like a king's platter from an Etruscan tomb; strange summer midnights when rich voices, as out of some opera, broke in upon her first sleep.

"What do I think of Anita Livingstone? Why, she seems like a very nice girl."

He smiled, his perceptions already sharpened by the first serious emotion of his life.

"She's a good deal more than that," he said thoughtfully. "She makes the others seem—seem like Longfellow after you've been reading Calderon."

His mother looked at him in astonishment.

"Wherever did you hear of Calderon?"

He laughed, a little awkwardly.

"We've been reading him together."

"Isn't this recent, Arthur?"

"The last six weeks. Up to that time I had been blind. I simply didn't see her."

"Had she seen you?"

"She sees everybody. She knows her Dellford almost as well as her Spain."

"Her Spain! She has never been there, has she?"

"In spirit all her life, I should think. She adores everything Spanish. She wants to go back to her mother's people some day. She doesn't fit in Dellford."

The mother was silent, wondering if this handsome, forcible girl could really care for Arthur. That he cared for her was written in the odd expression of his face annulling his purposeless years. What had Anita and Calderon said to him—this boy whose ears were keenest for the language of the race-course? Was his newborn interest a passing emotion, or the beginning of a nobler continuity of life?

She leaned forward and put her hand timidly on his shoulder.

"Does she care for you, Arthur?"

"I've never dared ask her," he hesitated. "I don't want to ask her till I've cleared up the past."

The old apprehension awoke at his words.

"Is there much to clear up?"

"Debts," he answered, a certain stolidity obliterating the light that had shone in his face.

She grew gray at the sound of the word.

"What debts?"

He rose, something of the old awkwardness in his movements.

"Oh, I can't explain. Nothing you need worry over."

"Where are you going?"

The formula had at last changed. He answered promptly.

"To Anita's."

Despite the weight which his confession of debt had put upon her, she had never seen him depart with less apprehension in her soul. For the first time in their Dellford life she knew just where he was going.

V

The weeks that followed, being unusually empty of concern for Arthur—who seemed more serious, more reasonable than she had ever known him—the old haunting misery of her love for Robert came back to her, sharpened by his very kindness, his friendship of service. Though they met in a kind of sunless atmosphere, it seemed to her sometimes as if a shaft of intense light were about to break through the mist of her long bewilderment, bringing her out into clear, sure day. But she feared that she would always have his kindness, never his forgiveness.

Meanwhile Arthur was living in more seriousness of spirit than his rôle of successful wooer justified. Something appeared to have crushed out his old buoyancy, annulled his old carelessness. There were days when he looked middle-aged. Lines of worry marked his clear, childish brow. He had long fits of silence, was occasionally irritable; but it seemed to the mother more the irritability of the overworked business man than the old boyish querulousness. There were signs that Arthur was growing up.

She was sitting alone one evening when the door of the library opened and he entered, transfigured as at that other time with a light which was like a high light on his strongest features, leaving in shadow all signs of weakness. As he stood before her in the pause before speaking, he seemed almost pathetically fine and happy, as if in possession for an instant of what by the laws of his character he inevitably must surrender.

"Mother, I've brought Anita! She has promised to marry me."

There, from the dark background of the hall, emerged a young woman, who seemed in every line of her dark, clear-cut face to possess permanently what was only loaned to her lover for a glorified moment: strength, confidence, sureness of purpose.

These qualities she embodied, but her temporary manner was shy, almost appealing, as she held out a strong, lean, brown hand to Pauline.

"Will you give Arthur to me?" she said, and there was in her voice to Pauline a strange echo of her own maternal care, as if the rôles of protector and protected were in these two to be reversed.

Yet of the girl's love for him, unworthy as he might be of it, there was no doubt. Her dark olive face was all alight with romance, awakening in Pauline a strange, sad envy.

She drew the girl to her and kissed her.

"I am so glad it has come out as Arthur and I desired it."

She took her son's hand as she spoke, and the three stood together a moment, feeling the inspiration of the hour in their quickened pulses. Then the pallor in Anita's face changed to rose.

"We think we ought to be very happy, Arthur and I; and we're going to a real castle in Spain some day," she added gaily.

"Tell me of your mother. I never saw her."

"O, may I?"

"Anita's mother was of noble birth," Arthur proudly said.

"I've heard she was very beautiful. You inherit her beauty."

The girl blushed, unfeigned pleasure in her clear, direct look.

"I will bring a miniature of her to show you. I want Arthur to care for my people over seas. I am teaching him Spanish."

She sat down beside Pauline, clasping the matron's pink, soft hand in her dark, nervous one. Arthur watching them with full contentment, listened to their conversation which, unconscious though he was of it, held its note of mutual comprehension, as if these two women who loved him knew that each knew his faults and weaknesses. The difference was in Anita's deeper confidence, profounder hope. Young as she was, she seemed to Pauline to have mastered the art of living, yet she was glad and sure like those who have not lived.

In this warm atmosphere of youthful love Pauline herself seemed to take on a little of the sparkle of girlhood. Arthur thought he had never seen her so roused, so entertained.

But in the midst of their happy talk a visitor was announced. Mr. Caldwell wished to speak with Mrs. Parkes. He was waiting in the drawing room.

"Don't go, Anita," Pauline said, "we have so much to say." In her light-heartedness she spoke as a girl to a girl.

Anita nodded brightly, and Arthur looked his gay thanks for an interruption which would give her back to him these few moments.

Already, as Pauline turned to close the door behind her, they were back in their exclusive happiness.

She crossed the dimly-lighted hall to the drawing-room, where a single gas jet in the high, ponderous, old-fashioned chandelier made faint light through the oval ground-glass globe, revealing the heavy mahogany pieces of furniture whose shining surfaces were strangely suggestive of encoffined things. Over the mantel Pauline's father, in a righteous stiffness never his in his kindly lifetime, looked down from his painted velvet armchair. Facing this portrait Robert Marlowe stood, with a strangely troubled look which drew her thoughts for an instant back to a crisis of the past.

He did not smile as she greeted him, but he took her hand in a firm grasp. She read pity and concern in his eyes, and knew instinctively that he had come to speak of her son.

"Is it Arthur?" she whispered in faint, frightened tones.

He knit his brows; was silent.

"You've come to tell me something about Arthur. O! I see it in your face."

"I'd give much to spare you."

The words echoed back to another scene. The chill of a horrible logic stiffened her poor plaintive features even in their nervous working. Then it had been Robert's father. Was it now to be her son?

"Don't spare me! I don't deserve to be spared. I never spared you."

The cry of anguish in her voice summed up for him the secret misery of her years. He knew then that her deadness was the deadness of remorse.

"Pauline," he said gently, "let me say first that what you speak of was long ago forgiven."

She forgot Arthur, rising on that word as on wings.

"You forgive me."

"I forgave you, dear."

"Would God I could forgive myself!"

"You will have to forgive both yourself and Arthur."

"Arthur! Yes. What has he done? Has he, too, repaid your kindness in the coin of the mother's treachery?"

"Pauline," his voice was stern, "cease from this. Not treachery—the boy is kindly, but he has drifted into trouble. He needed money for the races, I suppose, and ——"

"He took it from the bank," she finished, a strange calm suddenly possessing her, giving her the proud look of the girl he had first loved.

"Yes, he took it from the bank."

She drew herself up. Her weakness had fallen from her like an old tattered garment. Invested with a new tragic dignity she faced him.

"How much did he take?"

"About five thousand dollars in all, of which to our knowledge he has replaced about six hundred. To his mind I suppose it was—a loan."

"No, he is a thief."

"Hush! It's a hard word."

"I will say it. Did I spare your father? I will not spare my son."

"But I wish to spare the mother," he said with quiet authority. "And to spare you I have made your boy my debtor, and not the bank's—criminal. I have seen the directors. I have repaid to the bank the forty-five hundred. They have—we have agreed to dismiss him quietly because he is your son, and John Marlowe's grandson."

"You may spare him"—her voice was low, deep, authoritative—"but I will not. Did I spare you? Did my judgment spare your father? I have slunk through life. I will pay now—pay to the uttermost farthing." She turned towards the door.

"Where are you going?"

"To Arthur."

"Where is he?"

"In the room across the hall with Anita Livingstone. She must know."

She waited for no further word, crossing the hall with a quick, sure step. He followed, wondering at the sudden, sharp play of steel, the gleam of it flashing back over the years to the night when it had cut her life from his. Now the sword was turned against herself and her own.

She threw open the door, stood on the threshold a pale, dissenting figure in the rose-light with which the room seemed almost literally filled. Caldwell, with a curious neutrality in his face, was just behind her.

The vivid look, transforming Arthur into a strong, new creature—the look which throughout the evening had suggested that a higher curiosity concerning life than ever before had penetrated his vague consciousness—was instantly changed as his mother's eyes met his; changed, however, without loss of intensity. He became as grave as he had been gay.

Anita glanced from mother to son with brilliant, searching

eyes. It was she who broke the strange, echoing silence which Pauline's reappearance had created.

"You wish to speak with Arthur?"

"I particularly wish to speak with Arthur."

Again the swift look from mother to son, then to Robert Caldwell, the negativity of his face now broken through with positive reluctance, with protest.

"Shall I go?"

"No, remain please," Pauline's measured voice brought out. "What I have to say you, above all others, should hear."

Then Arthur spoke, his voice hard and husky, but with a quality of firmness in it which seemed to express further, and to emphasize, the odd vivid look in his face.

"I know what you are going to say. I know what Mr. Caldwell has told you—that I have used the bank's money."

For an instant Pauline's face lighted, as if with gratitude that he had taken the words from her lips pronouncing a judgment over which the maternal voice might well have broken. Then the stern mood, born of her desire to atone to the man at her side, rendered her again impersonal, unwavering.

"You have, it seems, stolen nearly five thousand dollars from the bank. You know the penalty of the crime?"

He was silent. He moved a little nearer to Anita.

"You know the penalty of the crime?"

"You are cruel!" Anita's bell-like voice rang out of an astonishment of which this news was less the cause than the mother's inexplicable attitude. Pauline seemed to the girl a show-woman exhibiting a deformity with callous indifference.

"Arthur, is this true?"

The soul of the young man seemed to die before them, but the rigid body still retained that unaccustomed dignity which had seemed prophetic of an ampler life.

He turned pleading eyes to Anita.

"Yes, it's true, dear. I took it—before I knew you."

It was the strongest plea, they felt instinctively, that he would ever make, so thoroughly identified with this young girl were all his newborn gropings toward better things.

Anita knit her brows, but Pauline could see that she was preparing no hard judgment; rather seeking, in her clear, practical way, for the right road out. The mother saw this with a certain bitterness of resentment, as if she alone of all the world of women had been untrue to a lover in his hour of need. Anita was showing to Robert Caldwell, showing in the tremulous sweetness of her

mouth, in her pleading eyes, in the whole light of prophetic atonement flooding her face, what a miserable, cowardly spirit a girl called Pauline Marlowe had once betrayed.

The mother again sought to fortify herself in the midst of this ruin, which seemed all hers and not her son's, by magnificent judgment upon him.

"Robert Caldwell wishes to shield you, to make you his debtor. He has paid back the money into the bank. I desire, above everything else in the world, Arthur, that you should suffer the full penalty."

Anita looked searchingly at Pauline, then took Arthur's hand. The young man raised his face to Robert's, meeting his eyes squarely and hopefully.

"Is this true, sir?—that you have taken on yourself my——"

"Debt," Robert added quickly. "Yes, Arthur."

"It is ——" Arthur looked at his mother, "a theft—but, sir, it was not so in intention. I meant to pay back—but I lost race after race—kept taking a little more, hoping to wipe all out in one great stroke. I'm willing"—his grasp on Anita's hand tightened—"I'm willing to go to jail, to pay my penalty."

The girl's voice rang out in sweet, importunate pleading.

"Ah, no, Mr. Caldwell, not that! You say you've paid in the money. We'll sign a note for it. We'll go somewhere—we'll go out West, work and toil together to pay back every penny, and with interest. Will we not, Arthur?"

The old light of transfiguration shone through the gaunt lines of care in the young man's face.

"Sir, I am ready to pay any penalty, but if you will let me do this it will seem like heaven's own mercy to me."

"I will let you do it."

Arthur turned to Anita.

"And you are willing, knowing what you do, to stand by me?"

"I love you," she said simply.

Anger, as inexplicable to the youthful pair as it was clear to Robert Caldwell, filled Pauline's face—anger that she was thus robbed of her atonement.

Robert had followed her anguished moods throughout this interview, waiting, it seemed to him, as one might wait at the summit of the purgatorial hill for the last purification of the upward laboring soul. The light of the purifying, transforming fire was in her face now.

"Your way is made easy," she cried, "your burdens are carried by others. What of the great, innocent souls who bear the sins of

many! You take money that is not your own, yet you suffer nothing!"

"But I did suffer," he said, in a low voice.

"What did you intend to do about it?" she questioned harshly. "Would you have told Anita?"

He knit his brows.

"I'll tell the truth. I did not intend to tell her. I have been negotiating with a New York broker for the loan of the sum. I was trying to transform a—theft into a debt."

"You get off easily."

"Why are you so horrible to him," Anita cried. "Can't you see he suffers!"

Her dark, intense face looked her belief in the unnaturalness of Pauline's maternity. Robert Caldwell raised his hand.

"Hush, Anita! where you don't understand, don't judge."

The ice about the mother's heart melted at the words. A white light crept up her face as if she stood in that dawn, under that sky, which is aloof from all human justification.

"She shall understand. I will tell her," she said gently. "Years ago, Anita, I was engaged to Robert Caldwell; I broke the engagement because of his father's misfortune. I could not share disgrace, even vicarious disgrace. I had not your brave and true spirit. Can you not see now why I would not spare Arthur?"

The girl was silent for a moment. As she gazed at Pauline the brightness of her eyes was dimmed.

"Forgive me," she said.

"It is I who need forgiveness."

She turned wearily away, signing to the lovers to go back to their own world, closing the door upon them before she faced Robert in the dimly-lighted hall. In his eyes she read a cry to her, but she steeled herself against it.

"I am judged—judged by my son, by my daughter, by life itself; judged, yet incapable of atoning. Robert, if I could only atone!"

"Pauline, do you love me?"

"You know I do."

"I love you—have always loved you. Is there more to be said? Let us live out our lives together!"

As two who might meet in the fairest country, purged from the dishonors of the earthly warfare, they gazed into each other's eyes, while the years receded and an eternal vista opened. Then hand in hand they crossed the hall together, going quietly into the path of their recovered destiny.



Courtesy of Leslie's Monthly

A HOLD-UP



THE BEST NEW THINGS FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

The Eternal Feminine

It is no longer unfashionable for a woman to earn her own living. The columns of the press have over and over again contained stories of how women of title are carrying on businesses, usually, I am glad to say, with complete success.

In France they have less nonsense than we have in the affairs of daily life, and especially where women are concerned. Indeed, woman holds in France a position which is utterly unlike her place in any other country in the world. That nation, so absurdly dubbed frivolous by those who do not know her, is really one of the most industrious nations in the world, and idleness is held to be a vice with women as with men. Even the tripper to Paris knows that in every shop the till is, and the account books are, in the hands of women; and those who know social life intimately there are aware that the wife and mother practically rules the household.

In America women have not the same recognized place as workers as they have in France. The typical American husband still feels that it is his duty to make, and his wife's duty to spend, the money. But, nevertheless, American women are, as a rule, very energetic. That terrible question of servants, which vexes the housekeeper in all lands, is an even more difficult problem in America, and this has had the result of making the American housekeeper much more self-helpful than the housekeeper of England. Many a time one is greeted in country districts by a housekeeper who has evidently been brushing her own floor, and who in a few moments is transformed into the smart and graceful hostess ready to receive with ease and dignity any visitor. A little table which I find in the *World's Work* for January gives me a startling idea of how much women have entered into the occupations of men. For instance, take two of these items. Under the heading "Hunters, trappers, guides, and scouts"—all occupations that would appear to be the proper pursuit for men exclusively—the number of women employed is very large. The numbers stand: Male, 10,020; female, 1,320. When it comes to more intellectual pursuits, the numbers approach each other still more closely, as thus: "Authors and scientists": Male, 3,442; female, 2,616.—*M. A. P.*

Doing His Best

Diana has taught the twins that thunder is the voice of God. The three were strolling far from home one afternoon when the heavens began to utter their deep note of warning.

"Quick, quick, children," called Diana; "don't you hear the thunder? It says: 'Go home, go home! It's going to rain!'" Then she took little twin sister's hand and scurried along, while Nathaniel brought up a panting rear. Again and again the thunder rumbled and muttered. Each time Nathaniel looked impatiently over his shoulder and stumped on a little faster. Finally an especially threatening roar burst

forth from the sky. In exasperation Nathaniel called out:

"I hear you, good Lord; I hear you. Can't you see I'm going as fast as I can? You must 'member that I'm only four 'ears old!"—*M. P. B.* in *Harper's Magazine.*

The Apostle of Pessimism

Mr. George Bernard Shaw is impatient of the low plane of the modern stage. He declares that "the existing popular drama of the day is quite out of the question for cultivated people who are accustomed to use their brains"; and he believes that no regeneration can come so long as the drama of the day is written "for the theatres instead of from its own inner necessity." But although he has the poet's knack of seeing true, his method is not poetic, and poetry is not commonly the result of his intellectual labor. He spends no time on faint, nervous rhythms and wintry images. In his plays he is chiefly concerned with lifting the veil from popular morality and holding up the glass to its distorted face. It cannot be said that he does not greatly enjoy this somewhat gruesome occupation. His work is full of the humors discovered by him in the pursuit of his critical duty. In his drama, as in that of the Japanese playwright, the comic runs by the side of the grave and sober; the spiritual and the ludicrous have no repulsion for each other. His characters are set in a sharp, strong noonday, dazzling to the unaccustomed eye. Nor is he rebellious against the conventional arrangements of the stage. "I have always cast my plays in the ordinary practical comedy form in use at all the theatres," he says, "and far from taking an unsympathetic view of the popular demand for fun, for fashionable dresses, for a pretty scene or two, a little music, and even for a great ordering of drinks by people with an expensive air from an if-possible-comic waiter, I was more than willing to show that the drama can humanize these things as easily as they, in undramatic hands, can dehumanize the drama."—*Elizabeth Luther Cary* in *The Lamp.*

The Democratic Policy

The two great parties are fundamentally divided as to the tariff. The Democratic party stands for the principle that protectionism is a system of taxation, whereby



The Sphere

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW IN HIS STUDY
Drawn by Max Beerbohm



Photograph, copyright 1903, by Clinedinst

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS

DEMOCRATIC LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

many are robbed in order that a few may be hot-housed by legislation into artificial prosperity. The method whereby "protection" does this is by deflecting capital and labor from naturally profitable pursuits into pursuits made by legislation profitable, pursuits which without legislation would have been less profitable, or perhaps not profitable at all.

The ultimate goal of Democratic striving is "tariff for revenue only," but in the striving toward this goal common sense, good judgment, and conservatism will prevail, and time will enter as a factor. Perhaps it might be said that an "ideal Democratic tariff for revenue only" would consist in levying import duties upon all, or nearly all, imports, dividing them, however, into three classes: first, necessaries of life and necessaries of industries; secondly, comforts; and third, luxuries.

The same great Democratic principle of equality applied to the Philippine Islands will give as a result of its application the Democratic policy there. The Philippine Islands ought not to be retained as a part of the American body politic, because, from the very nature of the population—alien and inimical—they cannot, with safety to our rule, be given "equal opportunities" and subjected only to "equal burdens." A country which has been afflicted, as this has been, from the landing of the first slave-ship at Jamestown down to now, with an apparently insoluble race problem ought never to have annexed another, and, having annexed it, ought to "un-annex" it just as soon as may be practicable.

On the other hand, if, in spite of all the lessons of history, they are to be retained anyhow, then in their trade relations with the people of the balance of the United States, and with regard to their natural rights, they should have "equal opportunities and equal burdens" under the flag and under the Constitution. They should be permitted to grow rich as we have grown rich by sharing the magnificent benefits of free trade between all parts of the Union.

As to the isthmian canal question, the Democracy wants a canal. It wanted it, by an overwhelming majority within its ranks, at Nicaragua, because of the natural advantages of that route regardless of the first cost.

The question of first cost is a mere bagatelle in contrast with the attainment of these two great ends.

The Democracy, however, is for a canal, and is willing to take a canal at Panama, if at all, because it cannot get the other and because it will do the American navy, American commerce, and American industry a vast deal of good even if constructed there. On the other hand, we are not responsible for what the Administration has already done; we do not endorse it; we do not condone it.—*John Sharp Williams* in *Everybody's Magazine*.

Prescience

Love, hear the burden of my prayer:
'Twill not be always thine to woo,
And lifeless fingers have no care
If laid therein be rose or rue.

Love, hear the burden of my prayer:
Give me today to hear thee vow
How dear my eyes, my lips, my hair,
Nor wait for Death to teach thee how.

Love, hear the burden of my prayer:
Lock me today in thy embrace!
Too late when striving candles flare
To rain thy kisses on my face!

Love, hear the burden of my prayer:
Walk with me gently down the days,
Lest Death come on us, unaware,
And point the parting of the ways.
—*Rose Mills Powers* in *Good Housekeeping*.

Sailing Made Safe and Seasickless

At last the umbrella, or cyclone sail, is a reality. Time and again attempts have been made to construct a sail of this kind, but not until the past summer have the efforts been satisfactory. The umbrella sail, which is an English invention, is attracting attention of yachtsmen in all parts of the world. With this type of sail a small boat, which could not safely carry to exceed 200 square feet of canvas with an ordinary rig, can carry 360 square feet without danger.

In fact, the risk of being capsized is therefore practically removed, while the increased speed of the boat is nearly in proportion to the increase in her canvas. . . . The original boat put in service this year at Cowes, England, is only 17 feet on the water-line, but carries an umbrella sail



Courtesy of Popular Mechanics

THE UMBRELLA OR CYCLONE SAIL IN ACTION

which measures 30 feet horizontally, and 16 feet up and down. The sail also serves as an immense awning. *The American Shipbuilder* says the chief feature of the cyclone sail, which is practically a large umbrella, is that the wind pressure on it has no effect whatever to incline the boat. Roughly speaking, the pull of the sail is at right angles to its mean surface—that is to say, in the direction of the mast.

In other words, it may be described as a kite held by a rigid string. If the mast were stepped quite on the lee side of the boat, it is evident that the sail would lift the lee side and so list the boat to windward; and if the mast were stepped on the weather side, lifting the weather side of the boat, it would necessarily list the boat to leeward. It follows, then, that there is some certain point—which happens to be slightly on the lee side of the centre line—at which, if the mast is stepped, there will be no tendency for the wind to careen the boat at all. When actually sailing in the boat, the only way in which one is aware of a puff of wind is by noticing that the boat travels faster, and experiencing a slight sensation similar to that coming from the acceleration of the engines in a steamer. For sailing with the wind in different directions to the boat, the whole mast and sail are rotated by means of a turn-table, to which the mast is attached, and the mast is elevated and lowered by means of two tackles. There is also a balance-weight, which helps to elevate the mast and balance its dead weight.

The Thornycrofts, the great English boat-builders, are experimenting in the expectation that the umbrella sail can be adapted to rowboats, canoes, and other small craft.—*Popular Mechanics.*

"Business is Business"

I have sold goods over a quarter century. During that time I have traveled at least fifteen thousand miles a year, and in one year it was over forty thousand miles.

I go only to the large cities, and see only the large trade. There are railroads and large companies to which I cannot sell because I will not buy the purchasing agents. How do I know? By many little things which make me morally sure of it, so sure that there are large users whom I never call on. This has culminated in one or two rare instances by buyers asking me for a commission. I have seen purchasing agents on salaries of $2,000 and $3,000 grow very rich. This is all I can vouch for on personal knowledge, as I have never bribed a man to buy, and our company does not allow it.

My friend Jones had an understanding with his house that he could draw up to $30,000 a year without explanation as to how it was spent. The head of the concern was worth millions, and, of course, they did a large business. The goods they dealt in do not sell to municipal governments or to the railroads, but to the large jobbing trade.



The Tatler

THE NAPOLEON OF FINANCE
An English Prophecy of Morgan's Waterloo

It has been a common remark in the West that the purchasing agent of a railroad would become rich on a salary of $2,000 or $3,000. They have been known to build $25,000 houses out of the surplusage of one year's income. The vice-president of a car manufacturing company told me a few years ago that he did the bulk of the selling for his company, and that nine-tenths of his orders were got by bribing the purchasing agents and occasionally the president or vice-president. Sealskin sacks to the wives were a not uncommon method. In one case it was a fine horse and carriage; in another a yacht. The treasurer of another company dealing in railroad supplies told me how, before he went to a neighboring city, he invariably sent his own personal check (not his company's, because that would not look well) to the purchasing agent of one of the largest systems on this continent. This man, now dead, was a fine-looking, white-haired Scotchman, elder in the Presbyterian Church, and universally respected. When the salesman got there he went through the railroad's supply stock, made up the order, and fixed the prices. He remarked, with a wink, that his company did not lose any money even if they had paid a thousand dollars before each trip. These checks were never acknowledged and nothing was said. They ranged from $500 to $1,000 each time, and my friend shrewdly remarked that once or twice when the checks had been small the order had been cut short before finished, and the benevolent, white-haired old purchasing agent had remarked that he had to give so and so, mentioning a rival firm, a little of his business, you know. After these gentle hints larger checks were sent, and the rival did not get a smell of the business, no matter how low his prices were.

This corruption extends down to the smallest details of buying and selling, where the buyer is not buying for his own use but for some one else. Thus the milk dealers in New York complain that it is impossible to serve the

people in flats without bribing the janitor. If he is not bribed, something always happens to cause complaints.

And it runs all the way up the gamut to what Judge Grosscup calls the "incorporated dishonesty" of the shipbuilding trust, engineered by a Schwab and a Morgan.—*The President of a Large Corporation* in *The World To-Day*.

For the Over-Inquisitive

Beside a clock in a grocery appears the following gentle hint:

THIS IS A CLOCK!
IT IS RUNNING.
IT IS STANDARD TIME.
IT IS RIGHT.
IT IS SET EVERY DAY.
NOW KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!

This is not the best advice possible for the proprietor of a grocery.—*Mahin's Magazine*.

"Automatic Drawings"

"Automatisms" have recently been made a frequent topic of investigation by psychologists; and although the exact reason why some persons have them and others do not remains as little explained as does the precise character and content which they may affect in a given individual, yet we are now so well acquainted with their variety that we can class them under familiar types.

The rudiment of all the motor-automatisms seems to be the tendency of our muscles to act out any performance of which we may think. They do so without deliberate intention, and often without awareness on our part—as where one swings a ring by a thread in a glass and finds that it strikes the number of times of which we think; or as when we play the willing game, and, laying our hands on the blindfolded "percipient," involuntarily guide him by our checking or encouraging pressure until he lays his hands upon the object which is hid.

A certain man, C. H. P., married, fifty years old, made his living as a bookkeeper until the autumn of 1901, when he fractured his spine in an elevator accident. Since the accident he has been incapable of carrying on his former occupation. For several years previous to the accident automatic hand-movements, twitchings, etc., had occurred, but having no familiarity with automatic phenomena Mr. P. thought they were mere "nervousness," and discouraged them. He thinks the "drawing" would have come earlier had he understood the premonitory symptoms and taken a pencil into his hand. The hand-movements grew more marked a few months after the elevator accident, but Mr. P. can see no definite reason for ascribing to the accident any part in their production. They were converted into definite movements of drawing by an exhibition which he witnessed. The account which follows is in Mr. P.'s own words:



The Tatler

"A FELLOW OF INFINITE CHEST"
Drawn by V. James



Courtesy of The Popular Science Monthly

AUTOMATIC DRAWINGS

"The style of design which my hand draws is strange to me. I have never observed anything like it anywhere. Neither do I know of any influence, suggestive or otherwise, that could have given me this power, with the exception (as I have stated) of having seen a man make a slight exhibition of automatic drawing, but this exhibition was long after I had noticed movements of my own hand. However, that exhibition gave me the idea of taking a pencil into my hand to try for results. One point I might state clearly. While drawing, my eyes are fastened intently on the point of the pencil in contact with the paper, following the course of the pencil as if they were fascinated by it. Of automatic *writing* I have done little. Occasionally the name of a near relative will appear, sometimes with figures attached. Sometimes an incoherent sentence will be commenced, but not finished. The name and figures usually appear either on a face or under or over it. Occasionally a word or line is written in (as I suppose) some ancient language, under or close to a drawing.. I have never been able to discover what language this is. Perhaps it is, like the drawings, imperfect."

I saw Mr. P. make one drawing. His hand on that occasion moved very slowly in small circles, not leaving the paper till the drawing had, as it were, thickened itself up. He seemed to grow very abstracted before the close of the performance, but on testing his hand with a needle, it showed no anesthesia.—*Professor William James* in *The Popular Science Monthly.*

Song of the Box Office

Shove 'em in, crowd 'em in;
 Cord 'em in the aisles,
Jam 'em in the orchestra,
 Heap 'em up in piles.
Pack 'em in the galleries,
 Crowd 'em high and low,
All must pay, and money makes
 Ev'ry show a "Go."
Never mind the ordinance,
 We are up to tricks;
Commonly officials are
 Easy men to "fix."
Fire? Maybe. Let it come,
 We are well secured;
Everything inside of the
 Theatre's insured.
Ram 'em in, jam 'em in,
 Till the seats are sold,
Let the rest buy standing room—
 All the house will hold.
Leave the exit doors alone;
 Swinging them about,
Just to see if they will work,
 Wears the hinges out.
Suppose the lights get working hard,
 Wires will all get hot;
Insulating each of them
 Costs an awful lot.
Keep the crowd all streaming in,
 Chase 'em in by guess,
All must pay to get inside—
 That's what makes success.

—*James Montague* in *The New York Journal.*

School

The Cranbray School for Boys.

All the Distractions.

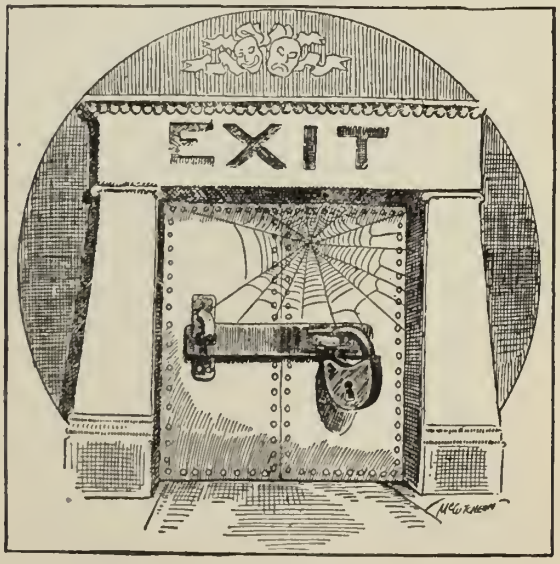
Healthy. In seventy-five years not a single pupil has died from overstudy.

Democratic. Out of thirty-seven boys killed at football last year, only fifteen were sons of fathers worth more than fifty millions. Other distinctions bestowed with equal disregard for family connections.

Military Drill. There is nothing like our military drill to impart the precision and cruelty necessary to success in modern life.—*Life.*

The French Industrial System

At times the French workman exerts an almost superhuman amount of energy. But at other times he relapses into a state of sloth and carelessness which it is diffi-



Chicago Tribune

SAVE THE HINGES!

Cartoon by McCutcheon

cult to imagine. He is very restless and continually changing his employment; the French law as to the giving of characters, which is very severe on the employer, enables him to do this with ease. A character means nothing in France, and it is equally easy for a bad "hand" to obtain work as for a good one. Moreover, as a natural consequence of this continual shifting, there are usually plenty of vacancies; things are kept on the move, so to speak; manufacturers are in constant need of hands, and are often obliged to recruit from a body of men who have had no previous experience in their particular branch. The effect of this on the output of wares is disastrous. Goods are often delivered in a shameful condition, the carelessness of employees about to leave and the inexperience of new hands are evidenced by some glaring defect. What is true of the simple workman is true also of all in the industrial scale. Warehousemen and packers, clerks, foremen, and managers are all tainted with unbusinesslike habits, and a purchaser's order has to run the gauntlet of all this incapacity. We do not for a moment suggest that the French are not industrious; that would be entirely untrue; but it may be safely said that in the field of manufacture they have but small capabilities. Agriculture in one form or another is their principal occupation, and a love of this pursuit is characteristic of the whole nation. Many commercial men at the point at which they might develop their businesses into great undertakings abandon them; they are satisfied with a small fortune, and retire into the country; where, on some small holding, they indulge in the passion of their lives—the culture of the soil. This change of direction adds another impediment to the progress of industrial efficiency.—*The World's Work (English edition)*.

Why the Sky is Blue

The blue color of the sky on a clear day is familiar to all. And yet how many have considered the source of this delicate mantle of azure which nature spreads over the dome of the heavens? Newton's study of the color of the sky was a part of the brilliant optical experiments which he finished about the year 1675. While absorbed in these labors, during the year 1666, the young philosopher admitted a beam of sunlight into his chamber through a small aperture in the window shutter. On passing it through a triangular prism of glass he produced the famous experiment of colors, leading at once to the solar spectrum; and when this spectrum was again passed through a reversed prism he produced white light. He used soap bubbles as the most practical means of getting films of water of the requisite thinness, and studied the colors which they exhibit.

It is well known that under the action of gravity the water composing such a thin shell tends to run down on all sides, so that the walls of the bubble grow thin at the top and thicken toward the bottom. After a time the bubble becomes so thin at the top that further flow of water from this point can hardly take place, and finally the bubble bursts. But before this last stage is reached a degree of thinness in the walls of the bubble is attained which causes it to glow with brilliant iridescent colors. Newton noticed that on top of the thin bubble illuminated by white sky light a black spot is formed; with increase of thickness downward from this point on all sides, a red band next appears, then a blue one; then again, red and blue, red and blue, and so on; the colors showing more extremes of red and purple in the higher orders. This blue band, which first expands outward from the black spot at the top, and descends slowly with the subsidence of the water, Newton called the "blue of the first order"; and although somewhat dingy, he judged it to be of the same tint as the blue of the sky. According to the laws of polarization of light by reflection, this proved that the light of the sky is sunlight reflected from solid particles in the air. Moreover, the maximum polarization occurs in a great circle of the heavens, ninety degrees from the sun. In 1853 the German physicist, Brücke, showed that the light scattered by fine particles in a turbid medium is blue, and that the blue of the sky is in reality much deeper than Newton had supposed, being of at least the second or third order.

In 1869 Tyndall showed by some beautiful experiments, which have since become famous, that when the particles causing

the turbidity are so exceedingly fine as to be invisible with a powerful microscope, the scattered light is not only a magnificent blue, but it is polarized in the plane of scattering, the amount of the polarization being a maximum at an angle of ninety degrees with the incident light. The definition of objects seen through this fine-grained medium was found to be unimpaired by the turbidity.

Having thus penetrated the cause of the blue color of the sky, it is not a very great leap to infer that a similar explanation holds for the color of the ocean, which next to the sky offers to our senses the most attractive tints of the great objects in nature. The saline and other mineral substances dissolved in the waters of the sea may be looked upon as infinitely small particles in a turbid medium; and these should reflect the sunlight and give a bluish-green appearance to the ocean, just such as we observe. For the salts are not in chemical combination with the water, but merely dissolved in the medium, and thus constitute an infinitely fine mixture



The Sketch

AFTER THE CELEBRATION

"I CANNA REMEMBER—HIC—WHAT THE BRIDE WAS LIKE, DONALD"
"WHIST, MON, IT WISNA A MERRIAGE! IT WIS A FUN'RAL"

of molecules and particles suspended in a colorless fluid. The light of the sun penetrates the ocean to a considerable depth before all the reflections are produced, and the depth of this layer is such that some of the shorter waves of blue are absorbed, while the slightly longer waves of green are transmitted. This accounts for the appearance of the well-known greenish tinge in the color of the ocean.—*T. J. J. See* in *The Atlantic Monthly.*

"The Better Part of Valor"

Mr. Nolan had received a long tongue-lashing from Mr. Quigley, and his friends were urging on him the wisdom of vindicating his honor by a prompt use of his fists.

"But he's more than me equal," said Mr. Nolan, dubiously, "and look at the size of him."

"Sure and you don't want folks to be saying Terry Nolan is a coward?" demanded a reproachful friend.

"Well, I dunno," and Mr. Nolan gazed mournfully about him. "I'd rather that than to have them saying day after tomorrow, 'How natural Terry looks!'"—*The Youth's Companion.*

A Lucky Man

In the good old times lived a lucky man
Who boarded himself on a simple plan—
 At least in his salad-days.
His meals were ready, foul weather or fine;
And when he was hungry he went to dine,
 Untroubled by means or ways.

He'd never been told of the microbes small
That wriggle and wiggle and creep and crawl
 In all things consumed by man.
He never had learned that bacilli bold
Are pining to fasten with bull-dog hold
 On our vitals when they can.

No doctor had warned him of ptomains, or
The bacteria vile that swarm galore
 In the cup that merely cheers.
Nobody had told him what drinks to shun,
That coffee's a snare of the evil one,
 And that bugs infest all beers.

No rumor had reached him that meat's a fad,
That fish is a danger and fowl's as bad,
 That pie should be draped with crape.
No hint had he that the juice of the cow
Is alive with beasties that don't allow
 A guilty man to escape.

He never had dreamed of the grewsome things
With teeth, beaks, claws, and most poisonous stings
 That dwell in the deadly ham;
Nor had he surmised that the typhoid germ
In the oyster's innards delights to squirm,
 Or that death lurks in the clam.

No journals of health and no "pure food" ads.
Ever scared him silly and took his scads,
 Or told him, "Uneeda bite
Of our shredded thistles and flaked baled hay,"
"Stop the grazing-habit," "Take Anti-Bray,"
 "Try Balaam's bran mash—it's light."

.

Poor, ignorant, unhygienic lad!
You didn't know what an escape you'd had
 When you dined with ox and ass.
And Nebuchadnezzar, be glad *inside*
That sterilized health-foods you never tried
 Nor ate predigested grass.

—*W. E. P. French* in *Life.*

Etiquette for Flat Dwellers

People who must live in flats will be glad to hear that Mr. W. E. D. Stokes, proprietor of the Ansonia, one of New York's best apartment houses, has formulated a code of rules for his tenants that may become the standard of etiquette in flat-life generally. The need of some sort of law governing this matter has long been felt. Many a lady whose apartments are on the top floor has been wondering whether she ought or ought not to consider herself the equal of the lady who has the first flat on the second floor. Their maids may sit together on the rear stairway and gossip through the dumb-waiter shaft, but these facts cannot be regarded as sufficient in themselves for the obliteration of social barriers between our ladies of the flats. Therefore the rules promulgated by Mr. Stokes will remove a great strain and be hailed with deep gratitude. Here are the principal laws of apartment-house etiquette as Mr. Stokes has interpreted them:

1. Don't feel that you are forced to receive other tenants in your apartment house as social equals just because they pay the same rent you do.

2. Don't feel obliged to call on Mrs. A. because your children and hers play together. That doesn't make the parents acquainted.

3. Gentlemen residing in the same apartment house with a lady will bow to her



HENRY HARLAND, THE NOVELIST

IN HIS LONDON HOME

when they meet, on the elevator or in the hallway. This shall not apply to meeting on the street, however, unless there is some further claim to acquaintance than being tenants of the same landlord.

4. If you are calling on one tenant in an apartment house and wish to call on another in the same house, go downstairs and send your card up to the second tenant. Do not go direct from the first apartment to the second.

5. A quarrel between you and the other children's parents should not prevent your children from playing with the others, but must keep them from visiting.

We might add, not for the purpose of discrediting Mr. Stokes, but merely because we fear that he has in his haste overlooked a few important points, these supplementary rules:

1. Don't suppose because Mrs. B. takes ice from the same iceman whom you patronize that you must regard her as your social equal. Give her the cold stare just the same as if she got her icebox filled by somebody else.

2. Never permit your husband to run across the hall at night when the J. woman yells for help. The burglars who are disturbing her may be the ones who entered your flat the week before, but that does not necessarily raise her to your social level.

3. Remember that because Mrs. F. gets milk out of the same can from which your milk is dipped she is not necessarily a member of your set. Don't invite her to call merely on that account.

4. Don't imagine that you are obliged to receive Mrs. N. simply because she came downstairs to jaw the janitor while you were giving him gowdy.

5. If you have quarrelled with the people in the flat below you because they don't like your pianola, and they have also fallen out with the people below them on account of their talking machine, you are not to suppose that you and the other offenders are social equals.

Through a strict observance of these simple rules people who live in flats may avoid many heartaches, and the stability of our democratic institutions will be assured. —*Chicago Record-Herald.*



Motor

THE RURAL ROCKEFELLER

WHAT! FIVE DOLLARS A GALLON FOR GASOLINE! THAT'S OUTRAGEOUS! WAL, THERE'S ANOTHER STORE TEN MILES FURTHER ON. MEBBE YE MIGHT GET IT A LITTLE CHEAPER THERE.

A Latter-Day Dickens

The picture of the late Mr. Gissing, on page 421, is the work of Mrs. Clarence Rook. It was made on his last visit to England at the house of Mr. H. G. Wells, who for a joke had signed Mrs. Rook's sketch as well as Mr. Gissing. This picture gives a capital impression of the late novelist.

Mr. George Gissing, it seems to me, was a demonstration that it is not only of the poets it can be said that

> They learn in suffering what
> they teach in song.

It was his experience, through some years of penury in London, of the life of what are called the "lower middle classes"—those illiterate classes whose favorite expressions may be summarised in "Isn't it?" and "Only fancy!"—that his greatest gifts came out.

Here, I think, he had a grip on the realities of life that left him unequalled among recent English writers of fiction. Others have described the poor, the rich, and Mr. Matthew Arnold's great "middle class," with abundant talent; but that class which Dickens knew so well in the thirties, when, as I am inclined to believe, it had higher spirits and more of humor than it knows today—spirits and humor which were not all of the author's invention—has only been described as it is today by Mr. Gissing.



The Sphere

THE LATE GEORGE GISSING

Drawn from life by Mrs. Clarence Rook

Mr. Gissing knew that world, as it has existed in the eighties and nineties, thoroughly. He had seen it in all its monstrous sordidness and unloveliness, and he has painted it with the truthfulness of one of the Dutch masters. I am not sure but that some of those early books of Mr. Gissing's, containing as they do a picture of a phase of English life that has not been painted by any other artist, will outlive the work of most of his contemporaries—of the men, that is to say, of the same age as himself. Yet it cannot be said that any success attended the presentation of these marvellous pictures. I know one editor who published one of Mr. Gissing's books serially in a newspaper, and for many years was constantly publishing his short stories, though I am confident that there was practically no public appreciation of the work. It secured a few genuine admirers, and among them Mr. Gissing was naturally most gratified by the appreciation of such eminent contemporaries as Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, and Mr. Barrie.

I recall several pleasant Whitsuntide holidays in Mr. Gissing's company at Aldeburgh when the days were delightfully

passed on Mr. Edward Clodd's boat, the *Lotus*. Mr. Gissing contributed the following verses to our host's notebook on one of these occasions:

The *Lotus* on a sunny reach,
And friends aboard her frankly human,
Chatting o'er all that time can teach—
Of heaven and earth, of man and woman.

An eddy in the silent flow
Of days and years that bear us—whither?
We know not; but 'tis well to know
We spent this sunny day together.

—*Clement K. Shorter* in *The Sphere*.

How Medicines "Go to the Right Spot"

Recent experiments in France show that the white-blood globules, also called "leucocytes," fulfil a very important function in distributing medicinal drugs to all parts of the body, and in carrying them to the spot where they will do the most good.

This is shown by various experiments. Here, for instance, is a rabbit under whose skin is injected a little strychnin or atropin. At the end of, say, half an hour, some of the blood is drawn off and divided by centrifugal treatment into its three parts—leucocytes, red globules, and plasma. Equal quantities of each are injected into three animals, and it is seen that the one that receives the leucocytes is poisoned, while the others are not.

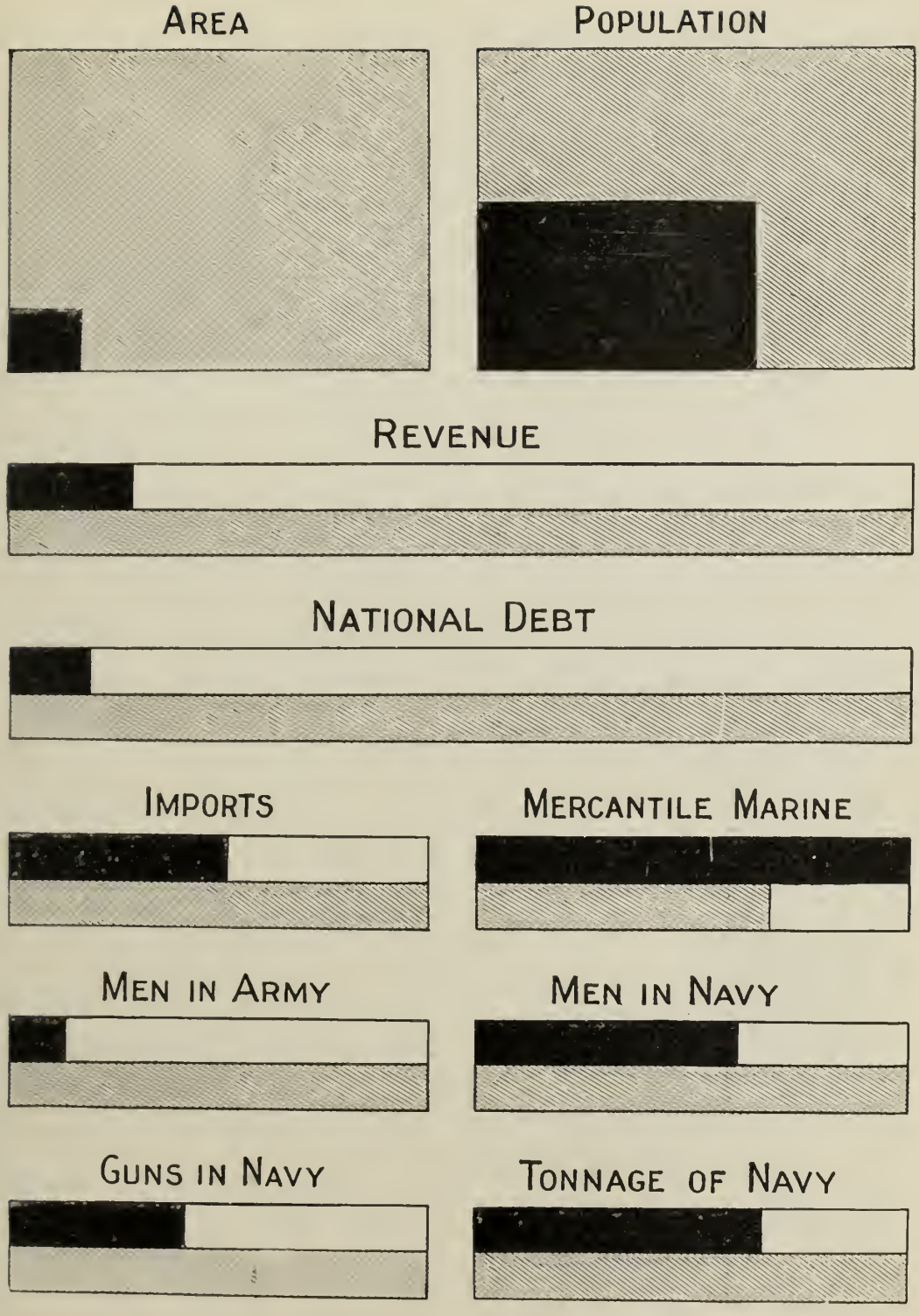
The leucocytes transfer these from one part of the body to another, and this is their greatest utility. It is the more so that the place where they transport these substances varies according to circumstances. In normal conditions—that is, in health—the leucocytes carry the drug to the liver and marrow. In illness they carry it to the affected points, to the centres of irritation, where the arrival of the leucocytes is most desirable. . . . Here there is a remarkable, but very natural and in no way mysterious, electricity by which the organism profits greatly. All we have to do is to discover the element that we should give to the leucocytes to act most effectively. But we



Courtesy of The National Magazine

THE CONGRESSIONAL "ROGUES' GALLERY"

FOR PURPOSES OF IDENTIFICATION, AND TO GUARD AGAINST MISTAKES, THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF ALL MEMBERS OF CONGRESS ARE FILED ON THE WALLS OF THE OFFICE OF THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, WHERE MEMBERS DRAW THEIR PAY



A GRAPHIC COMPARISON OF RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE RESOURCES

RUSSIA—SHADED AREAS
JAPAN—SOLID BLACK AREAS

can depend on them to carry iron to the blood-making organs, iodoform to tuberculous lesions, salicylate of soda to affected joints, etc. . . . There is another fact that must be taken into account. The leucocytes, it is true, carry drugs to affected points, but they carry them also, with special insistence, to certain organs. Different organs attract different drugs: the liver, iron; the thyroid gland, arsenic and iodin; while the skin, the spleen, the lymphatic ganglia, and other organs seem to constitute regions of choice for several chemical substances. This specificity of localization is well known in the case of certain drugs—iodin, iron, arsenic—and we should be able to recognize it in all other medicaments. This knowledge would doubtless enable us to control useful action and, perhaps, also to avoid certain injurious forms of action. In fine, the rôle of the leucocytes in the transportation of medicines is of high importance, and it is to be hoped that investigation along this line may be followed out with great care.—*La Révue Scientifique.*

Rules and Regulations

At the New International Woman's Club, which is now in process, the following rules will be enforced:

All members will be continually posted—about the affairs of the others.

Private gossip rooms, holding two comfortably, can be had at the desk.

The Whist Club will meet invariably in the music room.

Any waiter or employee who can succeed in getting any member to tip him will have his salary raised.

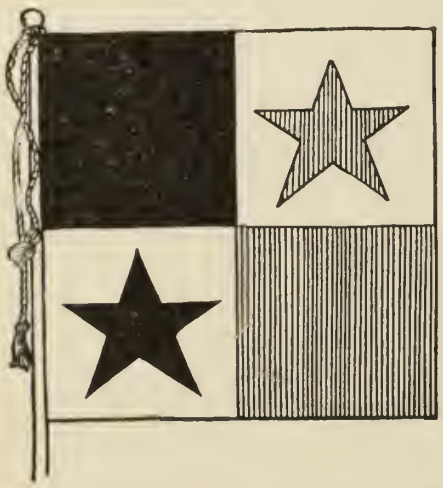
Members will please remove their diamond earrings while playing pool or billiards.

A special perfumery room will be provided for scent incurables.

One portion of food will not be served to more than half a dozen.

When the President and Board of Directors are transacting business, the Club-house will be closed.

Each member will be limited to one cozy corner.—*Life.*



THE LATEST THING IN FLAGS—PANAMA

THE FIRST UPPER SQUARE, TO THE LEFT, IS BLUE; THE FIRST LOWER SQUARE, TO THE LEFT, IS WHITE, WITH A BLUE STAR IN THE CENTER. THE SECOND UPPER SQUARE IS WHITE, WITH A RED STAR IN ITS CENTER, AND THE SECOND LOWER SQUARE IS RED.

Hat

The hat of the average Panaman,
In most social circles would ban a man,
But the sun, at the Isthmus,
Even on Christmas,
Would otherwise grievously tan a man.
—*Puck.*

The Pope on Church Music

We have deemed it expedient to point out briefly the principles regulating sacred music in the functions of public worship, and to gather together in a general survey the principal prescriptions of the Church against the more common abuses in this subject. We do therefore publish, *motu proprio* and with certain knowledge, our present *Instruction*, to which, as *to a juridical code of sacred music*, we will, with the fulness of our Apostolic Authority, that the force of law be given, and we do by our present handwriting impose its scrupulous observance on all.

The Gregorian Chant has always been regarded as the supreme model for sacred music, so that it is quite proper to lay down the following rule: *the more closely a composition for church approaches in its movement, inspiration, and savor to the Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes; and the more out of harmony it is with that supreme model, the less worthy is it of the temple.*

Since, however, modern music has arisen mainly to serve profane uses, greater care must be taken with regard to it, in order that the musical compositions of modern



l'Illustration

EX CATHEDRA

POPE PIUS ON THE PAPAL THRONE

style which are admitted in the Church may contain nothing profane, be free from reminiscences of motifs adopted in the theatres, and be not fashioned even in their external forms after the manner of profane pieces.

Singers in church have a real liturgical office, and therefore women, as being incapable of exercising such office, cannot be admitted to form part of the choir, or the musical chapel. Whenever, then, it is desired to employ the high voices of sopranos and contraltos, these parts must be taken by boys, according to the most ancient usage of the Church.

The employment of the piano is forbidden in church, as is also that of loud-sounding or lighter instruments, such as drums, cymbals, bells, and the like.

It is strictly forbidden to have bands play in the church, and only in a special case and with the consent of the Ordinary will it be permissible to admit a number of wind instruments, limited, well selected, and proportioned to the size of the place—provided the composition and the accompaniment to be executed be written in a grave and suitable style, and similar in all respects to that proper to the organ.

It is not lawful to keep the priest at the altar waiting on account of the chant or the music for a length of time not allowed by the liturgy.

Given from our Apostolic Palace at the Vatican, on the day of the Virgin and Martyr, St. Cecilia, November 22, 1903, in the first year of our Pontificate.—*Encyclical of Pius X.*



The Sketch

THE INTERIOR OF THE VENUSBERG

(BEHIND THE SCENES, TEN DEGREES BELOW FREEZING-POINT)

CHORUS OF SIRENS: COME TO THESE BOW—ERS!
RADIANT WITH FLOW—ERS!
HERE LOVE SHALL BLESS YOU,
HERE ENDETH LONG—ING;
SOFT ARMS SHALL PRESS YOU,
'MID BLISSES THRONG—ING.

An Indestructible Race

One of the strangest phenomena of literary history, or indeed of history at large, is the project for a Hebrew encyclopædia—which is now half way to completion, written in English, and owing its inception to the enterprise of an American firm. But an encyclopædia in Hebrew is a work which even an American advertiser might shrink from proclaiming indispensable to every household. Yet such an encyclopædia is not really so surprising a phenomenon as it may appear to Christendom. While popular ignorance deems Hebrew literature closed with the Old Testament, or at latest with the Talmud, the scribes have never ceased writing for a moment. None keener than they to welcome the invention of Gutenberg, "the art of writing at once with many pens," as one of them phrased it. Myriads of volumes, pouring forth pauselessly through the ages, attest the genius and the pedantry, the spirituality and sterility of the race. If the belief that Hebrew literature ended with the Old Testament is a vulgar error, no less an error were it to imagine that it is still a holy literature, in the sense in which holiness is synonymous with piety and ecclesiasticism. So marvelous a

survival of an ancient language, and so unequaled a flow of literature from Genesis to the last number of the *Hazeoi*, the Hebrew journal published in Jerusalem—produced by a race that lost its fatherland eighteen centuries ago, and has since lived on the edge of volcanoes—tempts one to consider the inter-relations between Israel's language and Israel's life.

Language is the chief index of life. As no man is dead so long as the mirror put to his lips reveals a breath, so no race is extinct so long as there comes from its lips the breath of speech. A people that speaks is not dead; a people that is not dead, speaks.

Let us apply this test of life to the so-called emancipated Jewries, to the Jewries of the post-Ghetto period. I will take England and America, which I know best. Among the richer and more educated Jews of London all words of a specifically Jewish character have been gradually dropped. Substract from the American Jewish dictionary all American terms, and what remains? Practically nothing. Roughly speaking, no specific Jewish language now exists in America, ergo no specific Jewish life. Very nearly the same statement is true of London. Unless, then, our test is false, we reach the undeniable conclusion that Jewish life disappears outside the Ghetto. It may have an apparent existence through Jews intermarrying, and this lingers on like an actor loth to quit the stage, but practically it is extinct.—*Israel Zangwill* in *The Lamp*.



The Sphere

ISRAEL ZANGWILL
Drawn by Scotson Clark

Jekyll and Hyde

Besides being a statesman Senator Dryden, of New Jersey, is also the president of a prominent life insurance company. The other day he received a letter like this:

"Dear Sir—I am desirous of taking out a life insurance policy, and as I am from your State, I thought I would write you directly, thinking I might get better terms, especially as I am in the best of health and would be an excellent risk. I have never suffered a day's serious illness in my life. I would be glad if you would have one of your agents directed to give my matter personal attention. Very truly yours, JOHN SMITH."

The next letter the senator picked up had been forwarded to him from the insurance company's main office, and was along this line:

"Dear Sir—Can't you get me a pension? I served in the Spanish war, contracted a fever in Cuba, and have since suffered with weakness of the back and legs, shock to nervous system, diseases of the stomach and digestive organs, vertigo, and other ailments until I am a physical wreck. If anything is to be done for me it must come soon. Very respectfully, JOHN SMITH."

Mr. Smith had made the embarrassing mistake of addressing the application for pension to the insurance office and the letter about the policy to Washington.

Had he not done this his deception would probably never have been discovered.

As a result Mr. Smith will receive neither the pension nor the policy.—*Boston Post.*

The Commuter

I could enjoy the mornings bright,
The robin's greeting each new day,
The hedges fringed with hawthorn white,
The meadows where the new-mown hay
Allures a lazy soul to stray;
But if I pause in field or lane
I hear the voice of conscience say:
"You won't have time to catch the train."

I could enjoy my breakfast, quite
In leisurely, old-fashioned way,
And ponder with a wild delight
O'er politics or foreign fray,
Yet, be my coffee weak and gray,
I 've not a moment to complain—
Cries Bridget: "Sure, if ye delay
Ye'll not 'ave toime to catch the train!"

I could enjoy in town at night
The latest music or the play,
And afterwards, perchance, a bite
At some great, laughter-filled café.
Alas! the bill-boards but portray
The pleasures from which I abstain—
My tyrant holds them all at bay;
I won't have time to catch the train.

ENVOY

Ah, prince of medieval sway,
Though naught was yours of modern gain,
The price of time you did not pay—
You never had to catch a train!

—*Charlotte Becker* in *Puck.*



Courtesy of The Theatre

SIGNOR ENRICO CARUSO
Drawn by Himself

Enrico Caruso

One of the sensations of the present opera season, apart from the production of *Parsifal*, has been the American début of Signor Enrico Caruso, the Italian tenor. The writer had a little chat with him the other day. As soon as one enters the house America is left outside. All is Italian, from the pretty black-eyed maid with her gold hoop ear-rings, who opened the door, to the artistic furnishings and bric-à-brac.

Caruso welcomed us in the affable Italian manner. He is very broad shouldered, with splendid chest development; and almost his first remark was to complain that the American newspapers have persistently described him as short.

"Am I short?" he exclaimed, drawing himself up. And standing beside a friend several inches shorter, he added indignantly: "I am five feet nine; is that short? I do not make use of devices for increasing my height either, no high heels or inner heels."

The singer has the black hair and eyes and the dark complexion usually associated in this country with Italians, nor is this strange, since he comes from Naples, the most musical part of that land of song.

"What are your favorite rôles?"

"I have none. I do not believe in favorite rôles. An artist, to be an artist, should sing all rôles—always provided they are well written and really good music—equally well. He should throw himself into them, become the character or else"—an expressive shrug—"he is not an artist."

"Do you sing any Wagnerian rôles?"

A characteristic shrug followed.

"I have sung Lohengrin in Italian, nothing else. The Wagnerian rôles are not for me. I do not wish to ruin my voice. My compass is so" (he measured a distance of two feet), "the Wagnerian

tenor rôles are all written here" (another gesture, indicating the upper third of his compass). "If I sing only up there, what happens? No, they are not for us Italians. When I am forty-five or fifty, perhaps then I will sing them. It will not matter then if I spoil my voice."

The tenor is very clever at caricatures, and was very willing to dash off the accompanying caricature of himself for *The Theatre* magazine.

Signor Caruso could not become enthusiastic over our climate. "It is not the cold, no, nor is it dampness, but these terrible and continual changes, every day different. Nor do I like your heated houses. They are too warm. And New York is too noisy—an *inferno.*"—*Elise Lathrop* in *The Theatre.*

The Uses of a Crank

"People called me insane," said the late George Francis Train, "and I don't blame them. What would a village of peanuts say if some day a cocoanut rolled in among



A BIG GUN IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT

"Bart" in The Minneapolis Tribune



Courtesy of D. Appleton & Co.

THE LATE GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN

DICTATING HIS MEMOIRS IN HIS ROOM IN THE MILLS HOTEL, NEW YORK

them?" His aid in founding the Union Pacific and introducing the tram-car system into England, some of his public speeches, and even his queer autobiography, show how lucid a crank can be, and how serviceable. For crank he certainly was—"champion crank," as he liked to call himself—and yet society could have better spared some saner people. Nature can often find no other way to drive a mind to useful work than by this same conviction that it is a cocoanut in a peanut world, and we all know men who accomplish little because they see too much. Many of us can only have the requisite absorption in the thing in hand in proportion as we are not philosophers, and it is astonishing how much of the world's business is performed by the most lop-sided of its citizens. In the mind of every crank there is apt to be one cultivated corner. To do one thing well we must temporarily forget everything else. The crank is a man who permanently forgets all other things or never knew them, and who has not genius enough to make us forgive his eccentricity. One of his main uses today is to show specialists what they may come to if they do not take care. "Young man, think of nothing but your job," was the solemn advice of a millionaire, and it points as clearly to a padded cell as to a fortune. Another blessing that we owe to him is the vivid way in which he reduces all extremes to their absurdity. Steadfastness with him becomes a fixity, stanch opinion a mere mental wart, and vanity, from taking no vacation, settles down into mania of greatness. Cranks win some followers, but they help all outsiders to be more sane. When she makes a crank, Nature is teaching the world by a practical joke to take more interest in her variety.—*Collier's Weekly.*

"Mark" and "Edward"

Mark Twain observed once at a public dinner that he had written a friendly letter to Queen Victoria protesting against a tax being levied in England on his head, on the ground that it was a gas-works. "I don't know you," he wrote, "but I've met your son. He was at the head of a procession in the Strand, and I was on a 'bus." Years afterwards he met the King at Homburg, and they had a long talk. At parting the king said: "I am glad to have met you again." That last word troubled Mark, who asked whether the King had not mistaken him for someone else. The reply—"Why, don't you remember meeting me in the Strand when I was at the head of a procession and you were on a 'bus?" revealed the strength of Royal memories.—*The Sketch.*

The Peril of the Law's Delay

Of remedies for the lynching evil the most notable yet proposed is that advocated by Justice David J. Brewer. In



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MARK TWAIN RE-TRANSLATING "THE JUMPING FROG" FROM FRENCH INTO ENGLISH
Drawn by R. Strothmann

cases of capital crime he would have the nearest judge convene court as early as possible for the trial of the accused. He would abolish appeals in all criminal cases, but would allow the prisoner to submit at once to the Supreme Court a stenographic report of the evidence, a new trial to be granted should the court reach the conclusion that the wrong man had been convicted, but never for mere violation of legal technicalities. We may not wish to go so far, but the fact that a member of our highest court suggests such a remedy for the weakness of the judiciary and the spread of lawlessness is enough to convince all of the need of genuine reform. For example, it is stated on high authority that "not a single public official charged with wrongdoing in New York within the last fifteen years has actually received legal punishment. Many have been indicted; a number have been convicted and sentenced, but some higher court has interfered in every case, always on the ground of a flaw in the indictment or some other purely technical defect, and never on the relative merits of the question at issue." One inexcusable fault was pointed out by a Southern bar association some time ago in a resolution which declared that new trials should not be granted on account of error "unless it appear to the satisfaction of the appellate court that such error probably and reasonably affected the result adversely to the appealing party." The mere statement of such a condition is argument enough for a change. Let us not blame the criminal lawyer for using these opportunities for delay; let us blame ourselves for permitting them to exist.

It is not the criminal's rights, but the court's rights, that we need to emphasize. In his heart of hearts every man must say with the lynchers that the rapist is a brute who has forfeited all human rights. But the law that we have set up in God's name, and in the name of all the people—this has the highest and noblest of rights, and it is the law's right to try the criminal, not the criminal's right to a lawful trial, that is violated whenever and wherever an irresponsible minority usurps the powers which the whole people have vested in our courts of justice. We need to teach that if Satan himself should commit a crime we should try him in legal form—not for Satan's sake, but for the sake of law and order and civilization; not that he would have the right to a court trial, but that our courts alone would have the right to try him; and that trial by any other body is, and will ever be, usurpation and minority rule — un-American, undemocratic, and unendurable.—*Clarence H. Poe*, in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

A Cheerful View

Two men who had been sitting together in the seat near the door of a railway car became engaged in an animated controversy, and their loud voices attracted the attention of all the other passengers. Suddenly one of them arose and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I appeal to you to decide a disputed point. My friend here insists that not more than three people out of every five believe they have souls. I take a more cheerful view of humanity than that. Will all of you who believe you have souls raise your right hands?"

Every hand in the car went up.

"Thank you," he said with a smile. "Keep them up just a minute. Now will all of you who believe in a hereafter please raise your left hand also?"

Every hand in the car went up.

"Thank you," he said. "Now while all of you have your hands raised," he continued, drawing a pair of revolvers and leveling them, "my friend here will go down the aisle and relieve you of whatever valuable articles you may have. Lively now, Jim."—*Exchange*.

Song for Sir Gawain

Love, hatched and fledged within my heart,
 Spread forth his wings to fly,
So glad and eager to depart
 He never said good-by.
 Heigh-ho,
 Let him go!
 He is not worth a sigh.

He flitted here, he flitted there,
 With many a turn and tack,
Till, weary grown of life elsewhere,
 He took the homeward track.
 Heigh-ho,
 Be it so!
 The wanderer's welcome back.

—*Henry Johnstone*, in *The Century*.



R. I. Aitken, Sculptor

A SYMBOL OF AMERICAN MASTERY OF THE PACIFIC

THE FIGURE OF VICTORY ON THE MONUMENT ERECTED IN SAN FRANCISCO TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY

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WHAT IS REALLY AT STAKE IN ASIA

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS

The Russo-Japanese war has suddenly altered the world's balance of continental power. Asia asserts itself after four centuries of ebb. From the battle of Lepanto to the torpedo-attack on Port Arthur you will look in vain for naval victory by an Asiatic fleet. The United States is first heard in war asserting its historic policy of the rights of neutrals over the conflicts and the convenience of belligerents. Russia, which in Asia has never known defeat and only once retreat—from Kuldja and Ili—faces the most staggering reverse yet inflicted on an European power in the slow process under which, through two centuries, northern Asia has gone to the Czar, and the heart of southern Asia, India, to the rival English flag. In a long curve from the Persian Gulf to eastern Thibet, from the mouth of the Euphrates to the source of the Brahma-Putra, English outposts today watch the advance of the Russian flag and wait for the last conflict which shall decide whether the future development of Asia shall be Muscovite or English, military or civilian, the work of despotism or the fruit of law—a contest Japan, the ally of England, may be deciding.

On the world's stage no such sudden, strange shifting of armies and alarums has been seen since the nineteenth century, in its first decade, saw England achieve the control of the Ocean at Trafalgar and secure India at Assaye, while the principle of nationalities asserted itself by the sudden rising of Germany and Spain against Napoleon in Europe, and the United States, by the Louisiana purchase, first claimed a continent for its own. All that has developed since for a century, in all seas and on all lands, has borne its inevitable relation to these four events. War and peace, the shock of conflict and the development of trade, have all for a century flowed in the channel created by the twin English empires of the Ocean and of India, by national forces remaking the map of Europe, and by the expansion of the United States.

A new epoch began when the first Japanese torpedo-boat exploded its Whitehead torpedo against a Russian battle-ship in the roadstead off Port Arthur. It was much that an Asiatic power, for the first time since Tartar and Turk began their retreat from the Vistula and the Danube,

took the initiative in war with an European power, and forced a heady and victorious fight. It was more that the newspapers which chronicled the event recorded, too, that the United States asserted itself as an Asiatic power, and drew the line where the rising tide of war must stop and its proud waves be stayed. The European power in Asiatic conflict has made small account of boundaries and neutral rights. Russia is in Manchuria without regard to them. Neither Clive nor Hastings, Wellesley nor Lawrence, waited on boundaries or treated Asiatic sovereignties as capable of either enjoying or enforcing neutral rights.

When President McKinley—remembering he was an American president, restrained by law—withdrew General Chaffee from Peking as soon as the work of succor was over, he showed the same respect for a friendly sovereignty in Asia as in Europe or America. When Russia broke pledge after pledge for the evacuation of Manchuria, it was by a commercial treaty and not by a military demonstration that Secretary Hay made plain to the Russian government the unfriendly verdict of the civilized world on its breach of faith in maintaining its illegal armed occupation of Chinese territory. Now that war has come, Secretary Hay, by a diplomacy as shrewd as it is effective, has not only pledged the united powers to limit war to Manchuria, but has rendered it certain that, when war ends and peace comes, the independence of the Chinese Empire and its present administrative limits must be preserved.

These are great results to secure without putting a ship in commission or moving a regiment, by a simple, high-minded appeal to the admitted rights of neutrals and the mutual respect of nations for law; but the appeal would have counted for naught if the United States were, as a decade ago, a power without a fleet or without foreign relations. It is because in the interval the United States has built a fleet, forced two arbitrations over Venezuela early and late, fought the battles of Manila and Santiago, and acquired the Philippines, that Secretary Hay speaks with authority. In the Philippines the United States has once gathered the second largest army any civilized power has had in Asia, equal to the army with which England garrisoned India, and second only to the great force whose cantonments stretch from the Ural to the Great White Mountains of Manchuria, from Ekaterinsburg to Vladivostok. Our fleet, as M. Pelletan, the French Minister of Marine, has just said in a speech, must be one of the greater fleets of the Pacific, and no European power except England could expect to exceed it.

Material force in these issues lies behind diplomacy, and diplomacy behind trade. The world's next great market is China. Its railroads will decide the iron demand of the world, as European railroads did from 1830 to 1870, and our own in their expansion and equipment from 1870 to 1900. Semi-tropical India is limited in its consumption by a climate which prevents any true civilization, which has never yet gone below the thirtieth parallel in its wider material development. All India lies south of this parallel, the parallel of New Orleans, of Thebes and Babylon, of Cairo and Bagdad, the southern limit of northern civilization and development. Three-quarters of China lies north of this parallel. The Chinese area above it is only a little short of that of the United States. The manufactures and material of civilization will be wanted for substantially all of China. They are possible in only a narrow rim of India. The real issue of the twentieth century is whether this vast market of China is to be open to the best comer, or be made the appanage and customer of Russian manufactures, just developing, and the Siberian railroad system. Our own trade steadily increases in China as one moves north. It is light at Canton. It is heaviest at Niu-chwang, the most northern of the free ports which are still held by Russia, though outside of Manchuria.

Behind all the web of diplomacy which has followed one unfailing policy since the Boxer insurrection precipitated interfer-



Drawn by Bradley *Courtesy of The Chicago News*

IS THE GRAND STAND SAFE?

ence — in the steadfast recognition of Chinese sovereignty, the early withdrawal of American troops, the declared policy of the "open door," new free ports opened by the treaty which so affronted Russia by asserting Chinese sovereignty over Manchuria, and lastly the maintenance of Chinese neutrality under an international sanction—there has run the same settled purpose: the preservation in the present for the future of the one great market not yet sealed as a garden enclosed by some national protection system, under which, if Mr. Joseph Chamberlain succeeds in his plan of surrounding the British Empire by a tariff fence, even India must before long fall.

Secretary Hay, to accomplish this, has proposed in Asia a wider application of the principle of neutral territory, already in force in Europe for a century. Switzerland was set apart as neutral in 1815, and its boundaries have since been inviolate. Nothing so arrayed the public mind and conscience of Europe against the system of Napoleon as his headlong violation of Helvetian neutrality. It has found no one ready to meddle with it. Belgium was neutralized in 1839; Luxemburg in 1867; the Ionian Isles just before. The neutral character of Belgium, Luxemburg, and Switzerland has been preserved under the stress of successive wars. If the policy of Secretary Hay places China under the same moral protection, a vast and populous region, unwarlike—which for a thousand

years, since the Sung dynasty, has never successfully resisted invasion—is given, by diplomatic action accepted by all the powers at peace and the two powers at war, the lasting defense of an international guaranty of neutrality. Made now for a single contest and conflict, it is certain—experience shows — to harden into a general precedent universally observed.

If, for nearly a century, it has been possible to secure and enforce this for small and defenceless lands—environed more than once by great armies in conflict and strategically cramped by these neutral territories—it should be possible still more to do it for China. Once done, a great step has been taken towards a recognition of the claims of peace and the defence of the weak. Spanish-American lands are already screened from war by our guaranty, and the operations of the allies a year ago against Venezuela are the last this generation will see. It is an unwritten chapter of Anglo-American diplomacy, already perceived by the far-sighted and the subject of informal discussion and conference among the few competent to an opinion, that if England were involved in an European war, it would be cheaper to accept the neutralization of Canada and the North Atlantic by the United States than for England to gain the few men who would be furnished by the Dominion. The United States has already announced that it can permit no colony to be transferred by war or purchase from one European power to another. It is a short step from this to prevent their invasion in war. Nor would any power care to undertake so perilous an enterprise at cost of hostility from the United States.

Let China be neutralized by common agreement—a step already taken for the current conflict—and another great area is dedicated to peace, on the initiative of the United States and under the common protection of the powers. If China is to remain under the corrupt and corrupting administration of the Manchu and Mandarin, the palace at Peking and the yamen of every province and city, its preservation from conquest and annexation will be a dubious boon. Its great bulk will rot, like a stranded whale, unable either to preserve life or direct its course. Nothing kills like bad government. Neither trade nor a market can long exist where justice and administration are both corrupt. Domestic manufactures are sure to disappear under foreign competition. New industries cannot be organized. Mills only rise where contracts can be enforced, and where plans made for the future can be rendered secure by just courts and an honest administration.

Japan has already, in the first flush of success, pledged itself to make no conquest in Chinese territory. The Island Empire is more interested than any other power in seeing China preserved inviolate. It was a Japanese protest which forced Italy to withdraw from San-mun Bay and halts the advance of France from the south. It has addressed itself to the task of driving Russia across the Amoor. Whatever the result of the campaign, Japan has already made itself the hope of every Asiatic. The new China desires, as Mr. Wu Ting-Fang reminded us, to see Asia preserved for the Asiatic, and protected against European encroachment. Japan has the secret of using European science without ceasing to be Asiatic. It is a shallow view of the Japanese nation which regards it as Europeanized. It remains at the core Asiatic. What it has borrowed is small by the side of what it has retained. The prospect, strong twenty years ago, that its upper and intelligent classes would adopt Christianity, has vanished. There has come instead a renaissance of Shinto faith, a revival of Buddhism—just as Islam grows stronger in every Moslem country—and a widespread desire to preserve the Japanese attitude in faith, in morals, and in social life. The Japanese soldier and sailor—in arms, armament, uniform, organization, discipline, and drill—is European, but he addresses himself to his task with a reckless disregard of life, a secrecy, a subordination, and a freedom from personal ambition which recall Asiatic rather than European tradition.

Japan is making the last stand of Asia. If it fails, Asia ceases to be a separate integer in human development, and becomes an appanage of Europe. If Japan wins, it has wrestled well and overthrown more than its enemies. It will become the teacher, first of China and then of a wider Asia. Japanese education wisely retains Chinese as its classic tongue, playing the part in the training which Greek and Latin play, or did play, in our own scheme of liberal study. Its administrators and officers are alone in knowing both Chinese classics and modern science. They are ready for their task. They have already begun it. The prestige of victory will give them authority and acceptance in remodeling China. Japan, after all, is alone in raising an Asiatic State to free self-government. Its institutions are less like ours than they seem on the surface. Prescription plays the prodigious part it always has in Asiatic society. The sense of personal loyalty to the Emperor is strong to a degree no European, much less an American, can appreciate or understand. That singular attitude of mind which permits what to us seems abasement in attitude, ceremony, and action, and yet preserves a complete self-respect, is retained by the Japanese. They vote, they have parties, they practice an amazing freedom of speech in Japan ; but at the final limit political action is bounded and controlled by influences and principles unknown and alien to the West, but perfectly comprehensible to the Asiatic, who never forgets that the state and its supreme head is greater than himself, his party, or his policy.

These things render it certain that Japan will be the teacher of China for a season, but only for a season. China, too, has a type and character—stronger at many points than the Japanese—which for thirty centuries of little understood history have absorbed, colored, and conquered its conquerors. It is the reorganization and resurrection of China, rather than its conquest, which Japan may be expected to accomplish. Our own new and notable experiment in the Philippines—of teaching self-government to the Malay Asiatic in a generation—may yet outdo Japan ; but thus far Japan is alone and unique in being both Asiatic and free. It has—none more —freedom, self-government, law, loyalty, and political institutions.

Free Japan, in this conflict, faces the world's last great powerful despotism. It is not long, a matter of three centuries or so, since all the world was a desert of despotism, and a flickering flame of freedom was fed and tended alone in a few Dutch fens and marshes, and behind the tossing bulwark sailed and fought by Drake and his men. They have all gone, one by one, those great despotisms. They are moribund all, or vanished. The Escurial is empty. The Grand Turk a name. The last of the Moguls died in exile and a prisoner. The Manchu exists by sufferance. Free nations rule the world—all save one, Russia. It remains the one absolute, autocratic despotism with power. Its fleet has failed it at the moment of need. Despotism and the sea in all ages go ill together. No despotic power ever won a great naval victory. The Russian army will be facing its test as these lines are read. By a strange fate, not wholly accident, the most Asiatic of civilized armies is arrayed against the one Asiatic free state.

Defeat may, after all, be more fruitful to Russia than victory. The Crimean war brought the emancipation of the serf. Had not a nihilist bomb torn Alexander II limb from limb, the project for local self-government on his desk, waiting his sign manual, would have become law. The struggle now in progress may bring self-rule for the Zemstvo, or provincial assembly, and open elementary education in Russia. The Russian army is twice the size of Japan's army. Japan has almost twice as many children in elementary schools as Russia. It is by schools rather than armies that modern wars are won.

Talcott Williams



Courtesy of the California Promotion Committee

IN THE CHINA TRADE



THE TWO PACIFICS

by Harold Bolce

II · THE EXPLOITATION OF CHINA

It has been pointed out in a previous article that the nation which manages to secure the greater part of the commerce of the Pacific will have control of what must inevitably become the leading trade of the world, since it deals with two-thirds of the world's population, dwelling in lands of the richest possible natural resources. It has been set forth, moreover, that such commercial dominion will crown the nation that enjoys it with the sovereign power of the earth. America has as much interest in the shiftings and evolutions of empire in the Far East as has any of the nations of Asia or Europe. The control of Chinese trade is the real prize at stake in the Eastern struggle.

The awakening of China is the most important commercial development of our time. The modern movement in that empire has already acquired such momentum that the whole commercial world is interested. Two phases of development in that country are as significant, in determining Chinese destiny, as the march of armies. One is the establishment of modern schools and the reaching out for Western learning; the other is the beginning in earnest of the era of railway construction and the installation of river steamers upon the vast waterways of the empire.

When the Imperial Court of China issued an edict directing that a special railway line be built to convey the emperor on his pilgrimage to the Western Tombs, it was clear that the ancient prejudice in China against modern innovations was beginning to pass away. Activities directed by progressive Chinese officials soon confirmed the belief that China was entering the railway age.

Before American capital could be invoked to gain control over the thousands of miles of projected lines in that empire, China became the storm-centre of the world. Torn by rebellion and harassed all along its borders, and even within its lawful confines, by ambitious powers of both Europe and Asia, the Celestial Kingdom seemed so insecure a field for the investment of capital that the inauguration of



MAP OF EASTERN CHINA

SHOWING RAILROADS, TREATY PORTS, AND PORTS OF FOREIGN CONTROL

China's great industrial career passed into the hands of men whose governments are disposed to safeguard the Asiatic operations of its citizens.

Had America taken the lead in the international adjudication of China's problems, the construction of its vast projected railway system, the exploitation of its great mines of gold, coal, and antimony, the building and managing of its factories, and the introduction of steam vessels upon its rivers would today be under the direction of American energy and American capital.

China was anxious to have America take the lead in these matters. Despite our rigid exclusion laws against Chinese citizens, China has a warm regard for the United States. Taught by centuries of inheritance to look with contempt upon the people of alien nations, and up to the time of recent treaties referring to them in official documents and dispatches as "barbarians," China voluntarily made an exception of the United States. "The reason was," said a Chinese official, "that the moral strength of the American people and their principles of commercial honor appealed to the Chinese. It made us aware, too," he added, "that these ideals may be associated with modern methods."

American residents who have spent many years in China say that the moral dignity of the Chinese people as a whole, and particularly of the commercial classes, must not be overlooked if one would understand the principle that has made that nation great throughout many centuries. "For years we have heard of China's weakness and of its impending collapse," says President Edmund J. James, of Northwestern University. "What I should like to know, and I think what many thoughtful Americans would be glad to find out, is the secret of China's strength." The question was submitted to a Chinese statesman. "China was great for centuries," he replied, "because it founded its acts on the precepts of Confucius and Lao-tsze. In evil later days came opium to degrade the lowly, and intrigue to corrupt the high; as a result, China struggles with trouble. Now, however, as we behold the beginnings of dismemberment, the best men of our empire are pledged to reform. If China passes through its present crisis it will emerge not only a modern nation, but one reconstructed on its original ideals of honor."

With amiable but penetrating satire Wu Ting-Fang, while Minister at Washington, observed that for ages the word of a Chinese merchant was accepted as a bond. His verbal promise to pay was sacred and sufficient. "But we are progressing," said this statesman. "Since our contact with Western civilization we no longer conduct business in that way; we demand the obligation in writing now-a-days." The arraignment is less searching than it seems. Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and now a leading official in one of the great New York banks, declares that the chief requisite for success in Wall Street is absolute, unquestioned integrity. "Let there develop a single spot on a man's financial honor," he added, "and he might as well close up his office in that intense business centre."

That gospel is practised and preached throughout America. The exceptions to the prevailing code are made by the men who become, sooner or later, business pariahs. It was this element of commercial probity in America that awakened the trust of the Chinese, and the willingness to give the United States first chance in the creation of modern China.

Inasmuch as the exploitation of China, with its four hundred or more millions and its prodigious undeveloped resources, is the central speculation in the Pacific struggle —it rises to the same international interest whether the awakening is to be an evolution of its people, or whether the modernization of the empire is to be worked out by alien agencies. For two things are obvious: first, that a development, giving promise of a revolution in the world's commerce, has begun; and second, that Russia, Japan, England, Germany, France, and

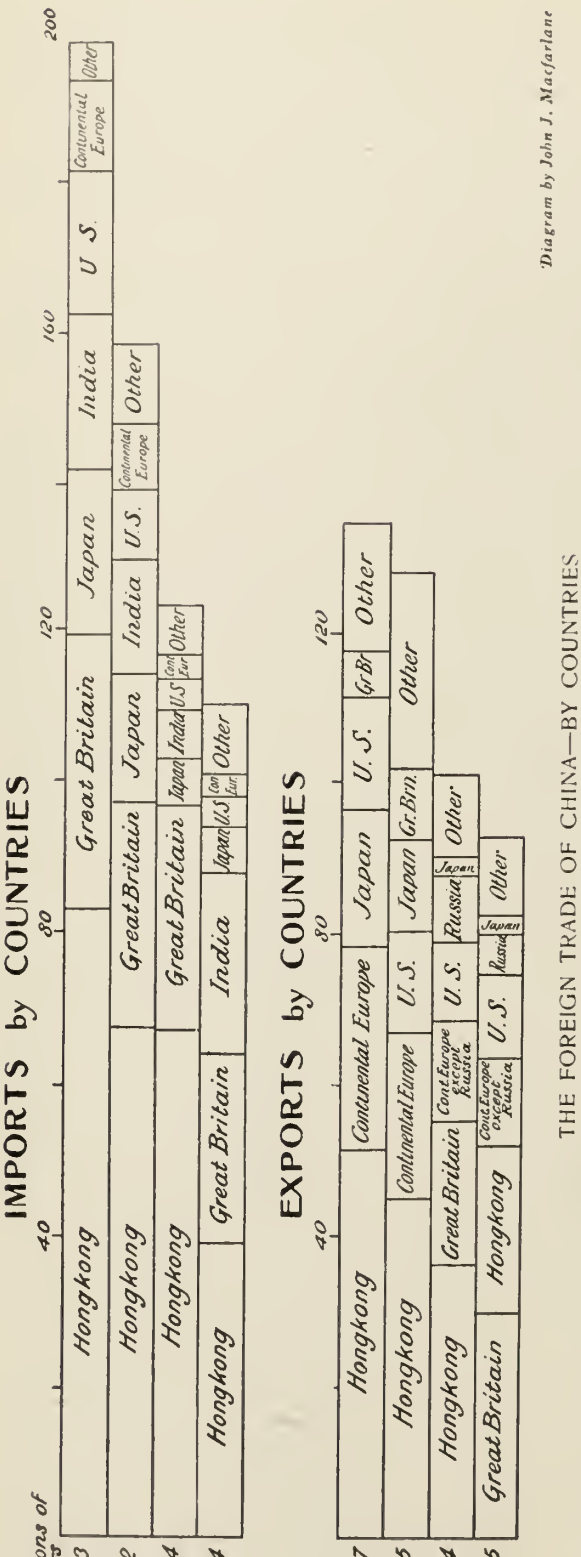


Diagram by John J. Macfarlane

THE FOREIGN TRADE OF CHINA—BY COUNTRIES

the United States are vitally concerned in gaining trade concessions or control in this marvelous land, when it shall have become rejuvenated and transformed.

The percentages of the share taken by each country in the total tonnage entered and cleared at Chinese ports during the years 1882, 1892, and 1902 are very instructive. In 1882 the share taken by the United Kingdom was over 62 per cent. In 1902 it was 50 per cent. Japan's share in 1882 was a trifle over 1 per cent. In 1902 it had leaped to 14 per cent. Germany in the same period developed its share from 5 to 13 per cent.

In 1882 the proportion of China's trade carried under the American flag was 97-100 of 1 per cent. In twenty years it has grown exactly 3-100 of 1 per cent. Today the Stars and Stripes float over but 1 per cent. of the total cargoes of the Celestial Kingdom. That, of course, does not represent America's total trade with China, for much of our commerce is conducted by ships of foreign register, but it is an instructive revelation, and one which statesmen and shippers alike are pondering gravely.

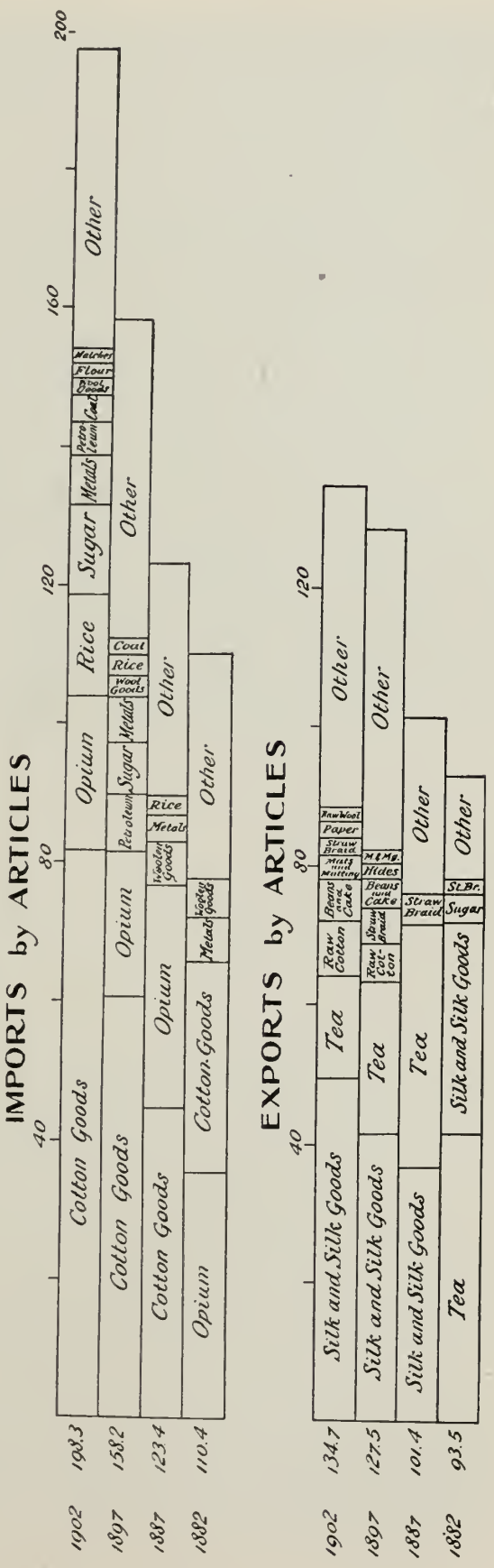
The persistent development of Germany's advance in the Far East is a theme much discussed in American business centres. The commercial leaders of this country realize that China, the one remaining empire whose markets await the adventurous agents of modern houses, is becoming Germanized as well as Russianized. In Siberia, Manchuria, and in many parts of China, the leading merchants are German. This fact has greatly impressed recent travelers in those countries.

The great and perhaps the only reason why the United States has not established itself more securely in the field of Asia is that, thus far, it has had abundant outlet for its energies in the expanding West.

Germany, on the other hand, has been forced to send its commercial legions round the world. There are modern gasoline launches on Lake Galilee; they are German. Caravans of camels halt to let modern railway trains pass through Palestine; these lines are financed by German capital. And now, with the slow and certain advance of Slavic dominion along the Pacific, is proceeding the German commercial invasion of the Far East, a movement fraught with perhaps more international importance than the American trade conquest of western Europe. Side by side with the German, and impelled by the same national necessity for expansion, is the aggressive shipper and merchant of Japan. England, starting out vigorously with the same motive, has developed the imperial instinct which has secured for her the commercial mastery of the world.

The total imports of China for the year 1902 amounted to $198,000,000, of which nearly two-thirds were from Asiatic countries. A large part of the imports from Hongkong, however, came originally from Western countries. Great Britain supplied 18 per cent., the United States 9½ per cent., and all of continental Europe, including Russia, only 6 per cent. of the imports into China. The United States, therefore, has a larger commercial interest in the affairs of China than any continental European nation. As a Pacific power, however, we are entitled to a much larger share of import trade than 10 per cent.

In the awakened activities of Japan, there is an element which is of grave commercial significance: that kingdom is sending to America almost twice as much as it is purchasing from us. According to the figures of the Japanese Department of Finance, the total value of commodities exported from Japan to the United States in 1902 was over



THE FOREIGN TRADE OF CHINA—BY PRODUCTS



WHEAT READY FOR SHIPMENT, SAN FRANCISCO

$40,000,000, while the value of imports from this country was less than $24,300,000.

On the other hand, Japan's trade with Great Britain shows a marked balance on England's side of the ledger, the imports to Japan from Great Britain alone exceeding our sales in the Sunrise Kingdom, while the combined imports from England and British India into Japan aggregate in value more than $50,000,000. Yet in 1902 Japan succeeded in selling to England only $8,500,000 worth of goods.

In other words, Japan is selling the bulk of its products in America, and taking the greater part of the money realized from these sales and spending it in the markets of England. Surprising as it may seem, the figures of the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor show that we sold more goods in 1902 to Cuba than we did to either China or Japan.

It is plain that America has her Oriental commercial victories yet to win. Even if there should be no further carvings of Asia among European powers it is obvious that, to secure anything like commercial preëminence in these far Pacific waters, the business world of the United States must pursue something more than a policy of chance. And when it is realized that what trade we have with the Far East is threatened by the aggressions of other nations, it is plain that a stirring policy is necessary to secure for our Republic its proper status as a sovereign power of the new Pacific.

Although it is through the commercial pioneering of only a few big-brained business leaders of America that the United States is making headway at present in the Far East, the hold the opportunities of the Orient have upon the minds of Western people, particularly of its farmers, cannot be imagined by the inhabitants of the Atlantic States.

Western railroad presidents share that feeling, and point out that they would not

be able to run trans-continental freight trains at a profit but for the fact that they now carry loaded cars in both directions. "For example," said President Hill, "the operating expenses in hauling a car between St. Paul and Puget Sound is sixty-four cents per hundred miles, or $256 for the round trip of four thousand miles. If loaded westward with flour at twenty-five cents per hundred pounds, and averaging thirty tons per car, the car earns on its outward journey $150. If on its return the car is loaded with twenty tons of lumber at forty cents per hundred pounds, it earns on its round trip for one car $310. Deducting the operating expenses of $256, the profit is $54.

"If, however," he continued, "the car were loaded only on its westward bound trip, and were hauled east empty, the loss to the company would be $106; and if hauled westward empty, and loaded on its trip east, the loss would be $96."

Inasmuch as the railroads and the people of the West alike base their larger future on their prospects in the Orient, there has grown up a reciprocal feeling between the people and the transportation kings which it is difficult for an Eastern man to understand. Railway presidents have held farmers' meetings, the former setting forth the operating expenses of railways, the latter showing what it costs to raise a bushel of wheat. These unique conferences have brought about reduced freight rates; and today many farmers in the Northwest surprise the traveler by acknowledging that they owe their prosperity to the railroads. Some of these plainsmen will even supply statistics to attest the benefit derived from the railway merger which the government has so strongly opposed.

Right or wrong, the people of the prosperous West are to a great extent in accord with present railway policies. It is an anomalous condition. Communities that



SHIPPING ON THE SHANGHAI RIVER

Photograph by Rau

were uncompromisingly populistic a few years ago are today sturdily defending the corporations they recently denounced.

A railway president complained generally about the opposition now directed from Federal sources against the merged companies. Getting to the Pacific end of the subject, he said:

"They want us to publish our rates, with the understanding that we are not to change them without several days' notice. That would mean that the big carrying lines would be at the mercy of tramp steamers, which could make a slightly reduced rate to capture some special cargo, and get off with it to the Orient before we could legally adjust our schedules to meet the competition. It would be giving every advantage to the tramp vessel at the expense of the companies who have expended millions in establishing regular lines. We have," he added with some warmth, "been fighting the elements ahead of us and ignorance behind us."

"If the Government should insist upon the publication of those rates, what would the big companies do?" he was asked.

"We should be forced to take our fleets out of commission," he replied, "and sail them under a foreign flag."

He went on to insist that the lawmakers at Washington had failed to grasp the splendid opportunities in the Orient, and therefore were blind to the big purposes of railway combinations. "Russia's presence in Asia, of course, makes our battle harder," he said, "but our real obstacle is the opposition at Washington."

"Do you share the fear, then," he was asked, "that America will lose her chance to be the commercial master of Asia?"

His reply was quick and emphatic: "America has already lost it."

That is the statement of a millionaire American railway king. Other large operators, equally interested in the Oriental future for our trade, are disposed to regard his views as too pessimistic, and superinduced, perhaps, by impatience at what he believes to be interference with the ambitious international programs of amalgamated railways and ocean fleets. They agree with him, however, that the gravest possible conditions confront American commerce in Eastern Asia. Their agents in that field report constantly by letter and cable in regard to the situation; and as a result some of the big companies are as thoroughly informed concerning significant national movements in Asia as are the departments of state and the foreign offices of the various powers involved in the struggle.

An incident of great importance, which took place recently in one of the treaty ports of China, illustrates how closely the commercial and political tendencies of the Far East are being watched by some of these large business houses in America.

An eminent Belgian engineer was blackballed in one of the leading clubs of this Chinese city. To be denied fellowship in one of these institutions in Asia means more than a loss of social prestige, inasmuch as extensive commercial operations in the Far East radiate from club life. There was nothing against the personal standing of the Belgian. His antecedents were of the best, his achievements were recognized, and his own character above reproach.

Forthwith one of the largest companies in the United States, through representatives in China, sought the reason of the club's blacklisting of this engineer. The company, to make certain of the causes, even invoked in its investigations the assistance of diplomats representing one of the leading powers. The report disclosing the whole animus of the club has reached America. It is most sensational in its character, and gives promise of rising to the dignity of an historical document.

Some time ago American capital secured a concession to build a railway from Hankow to Canton, a distance similar to that from Chicago to New York. The population of Canton is 1,600,000, and Hankow has about 1,000,000. Between these two centres dwell a hundred million inhabitants. The estimated cost of constructing the railway is thirty million dollars, and it has



Photograph by Rau

A RAILROAD TRAIN LEAVING TIENTSIN

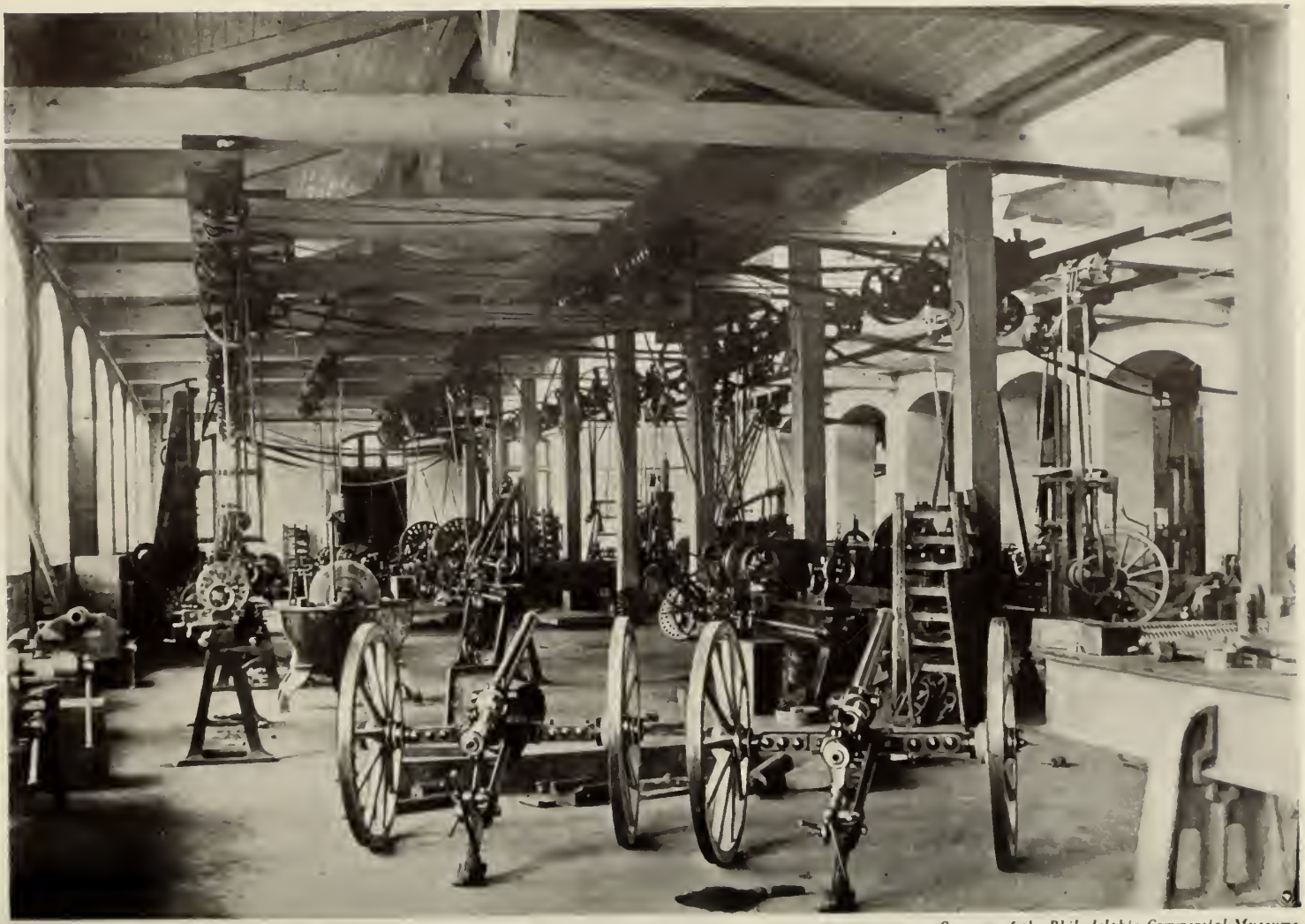
been regarded as one of the most promising investments of capital in Asia. American engineers surveyed the line, and American contractors inaugurated its construction. From this point the report in question, which is signed by an eminent official, takes up a series of transactions, the culmination of which will challenge the attention both of our own government and of some of the nations of Europe.

In substance the report states that the Belgians, who are now building the American line, are in reality agents of the Russians; that Russia has secured, or is securing, control of all the Chinese railways; and that through these strategic and commercial lines of communication it is far better equipped to establish sovereignty over China than the outside world imagines. It is believed, therefore, that it was either a knowledge or suspicion of this that led the influential business club to deny membership to the Belgian engineer.

Not long afterwards the Peking Foreign Office, the Wai Wu Pu, interested in building the Peking, Chang Kia Kou railway line, instructed one of its representatives to negotiate with wealthy Chinese citizens for the necessary capital. In the presence of political uncertainties in China they hesitated, whereupon a Chinese banker offered to furnish the capital to carry out the project. The report states that investigation disclosed that he was an agent in the service of Russian interests.

An addendum to the report explains that the original concession to Belgian capitalists to build the road from Peking to Canton was given to quiet national jealousies, Belgium having little interest in the contentions of the Far East. No provision, however, was made against the possibility of the Belgians surrendering their control to Russia. The same condition has prevailed in regard to the American-Belgian line from Canton to Hankow.

"It may," concludes the report, "be safely concluded that Russia has more at stake in fighting the Manchurian question than is generally supposed. Her contention in carrying her trans-Siberian railroad,



Courtesy of the Philadelphia Commercial Museums

A CHINESE FIELD-GUN FACTORY

HAN-YANG IRON WORKS

in conjunction with the Chinese Eastern Railway, through to Port Arthur, was ostensibly to secure an eastern outlet open to navigation at all seasons of the year, which may be considered but a reasonable demand. It will, however, now be seen that the Port Arthur extension is but the thin edge of the wedge, and that, when an agreement eventually comes to cover the present Manchurian difficulties, the world will suddenly realize that the entire trunk railroads from North to South China are virtually under Russian control."

What is of significant interest to the United States, aside from the grave international problem this document unfolds, is that such an important revelation should be secured to the people of this country through the medium of an American business corporation. It is a timely expression of the extreme solicitude on the part of great American interests in regard to our future commercial opportunities in Asia.

The attitude of the great mill owners and important flour shippers in the United States throws a revealing light upon the situation. The leading flour man on the Pacific Coast, who dominates the traffic in all wheat products Orient-bound, consented, in an interview, to furnish figures and a general outline of the outlook, which will be a surprise to the majority of the people of America. He showed very clearly that the manufacturers, not the flour-mill men of the United States, are the people to be concerned in the exploitation of Asia by other nations.

He stated that the idea of supplying a developed, industrial China with all the flour that nation will require is the wildest kind of talk. It is not because flour is now a luxury in that country, and that only Chinese engaged in business can afford to buy it. Laborers working for ten cents a day cannot, of course, buy flour at ten dollars a barrel. But it is believed that, with the termination of the present international turmoil in the Far East, there will take place an industrial awakening in Asia such as the world has not before seen. When the thousands of miles of inaugurated Chinese railroads are pushed to completion rates of wages will advance, an exchange of commodities will follow, and the general prosperity will be so stimulated that the common people of that empire can afford to buy not only flour but all kinds of products of advanced civilization.

The strong point made by the flour-mill magnate in question is that, when any considerable number of the millions of China shall call for flour, the entire wheat-growing area of the world will not be sufficient to supply the demand. "Even if all Japan should become a flour-eating people," he said, "the whole available supply of the Pacific Coast would provide this commodity for only twenty per cent. of the population of that kingdom."

There is likelihood, too, that a greater portion of the inhabitants of Japan will acquire the habit of using flour. It was represented to the Mikado by his ablest advisers that, in modeling the Japanese army on the latest military standard of the modern powers, the important matter of diet had been overlooked. Not only had all modern nations a standing army, but the food of these formidable hosts consisted in great measure of wheat products. Rice-eating regiments, it was feared, might not be able successfully to contend with a foe whose sinews were built of wheat. Japan, to be up-to-date, must maintain not only a big, well equipped, and well drilled military force, but its soldiers, like the men of arms of other lands, must eat flour. So an imperial edict went forth recently; and now every soldier in the armies of Japan gets a daily ration of Oregon, Washington, or California flour. This ukase of the Emperor will mark the beginning of a very important chapter in commercial history, for this mandate on the part of the Mikado has already greatly stimulated the demand in the kingdom for wheat products, the people being alert to keep abreast of whatever is decided to be progress along modern lines.

American flour men call attention,



THE WATER FRONT OF AN AMERICAN PACIFIC PORT

moreover, to the fact that Japan, both commercially and educationally, is exerting a great influence over China. Japanese drummers are penetrating everywhere in China, and are spreading a contagious desire for all kinds of western products. It is expected in America that the Chinese demand for flour will increase out of all proportion to the increase in the yield of the wheat field of the United States.

"Thus," said a miller and shipper in Portland, "we are not alarmed as to the future markets for flour." He repeated the assertion of one of his colleagues that there would not be fields enough on the planet to furnish flour to a modernized China. "The future of flour," said he, "is secure, so far as a sale for it is concerned. The only alarm for it that should be indulged in is that the supply will run short. If Chinese agents, at any time in the future of industrial China, succeed by shrewd buying in getting control of the season's supply of wheat in the world, there would be in all civilized lands a bread famine of the most disastrous character."

Inasmuch as a large part of the roseate hopes of the general outlook toward the Orient has consisted of the promise in the Far East's growing demand for flour, the disclosures of the leaders in this industry that the future must concern itself not with the Asiatic demand for this product, but with the American supply, indicate that the real interest of the United States in the opportunity in Asia lies in the commercial disposal of such of its commodities as have no limit in their production.

This brings the discussion back to the tide-lands of the Pacific, and to the factories to be built thereon. It will surprise many eastern readers to learn that hundreds of acres of mud flats, which were considered valuable only as an occasional field for the casual clam-digger, have become in the past three years immensely important as sites for manufacturing plants, and have been seized upon by the most adventurous agents of big corporations. From the foothills, a few miles eastward, trains of flat cars are hauling gravel and rock by the thousand tons. Many miles of hitherto worthless shore, along western sounds and bays, are to be so filled that deep-sea craft may anchor at the new American factory line.

For manufactured stuffs, the flour men point out, unlike cereal products, may be turned out in practically infinite quantity. The bigger the market, the bigger the plant. There is little danger that China —by the awakening demands for modern goods—will create a shoe famine, a dearth of cotton goods, or cause the rest of mankind to shiver while it corners the woolen garments of the world. But, when these multiplying western factories turn out products vastly in excess of the American capacity to consume, where will the ships, that are already beginning to crowd the Pacific Coast harbors, carry these cargoes, if not to the Orient?

It is impossible of belief that America will, in the long run, permit itself to be shut out of Asia, or that it will be content to remain a second-rate Pacific power. Deep in the thought of the people of this nation is the conviction that the awakening of Asia must mean a new commerce for greater America; and yet, serious business men point out, in that confidence of our ultimate trade expansion in the trans-Pacific field lies a grave element of danger, inasmuch as it obscures the necessity for immediate action. "It is true that the trade of the United States with the Far East is increasing," said an American shipper, "but not with the momentum that characterizes the American occupation of other fields. Opposed to that lack of determined purpose are the vast and deeply laid programs of Russia and Japan."

That this nation will be called upon ultimately to display fearlessness and strength is the sober expectation of many American business men. It has to deal in the Pacific problem not with a moribund Spain, but with two mighty nations moved by immeasurable ambitions. "Russia," said Pobedonosteff to Senator Beveridge, "Russia is no state; Russia is a world." In the opinion of numerous students of



Courtesy of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum

A SILK-SPINNING FACTORY IN CHINA

Asiatic conditions the question as to what nation is to be paramount in the far Pacific has already been answered. They are convinced that Japan has begun its career as master of that sea. They set forth many reasons why the commerce of Asia will be monopolized finally by Japan. It has coal fields, oil wells, and endless water power. Labor is cheap, abundant, and readily controlled. Japan has already begun to be a manufacturing nation, and aside from the fact that it can produce articles at less cost than other countries, its geographical position enables it to distance all other nations in the commercial race for the markets of China. Moreover, Japan is vigilantly at work now, securing the field and studying the wants of these awakening millions.

A glance at the statistical table of Japan's trade with China, in 1902, will reveal the tendency of this Pacific commerce. The Chinese official statistics show that in 1902 the exports to China from the United States amounted in value to $19,000,000. The same report shows that the exports from Japan to China in that year aggregated in value $22,265,000. In round numbers, therefore, Japan sold over three million, two hundred thousand dollars worth more goods to China in 1902 than the United States did.

It would appear that what was needed, in the solution of the problem of trade supremacy on Pacific waters, was not so much an awakening of Asia as an awakening of America.

"Beyond and above all considerations affecting the present or the future of American trade in Manchuria and in the eighteen provinces of China south of the Great Wall," said Mr. John Foord, recognized as an authority on Far-Eastern problems, "is the larger question of the position of the United States as one of the great powers of the Pacific, with a longer coast



Courtesy of the Philadelphia Commercial Museums

A CHINESE PEDDLER



Courtesy of the Philadelphia Commercial Museums

QUEEN STREET, HONGKONG

line on that ocean than any other country, and with an interest in the development of its commerce closer and more vital than that of any of the other industrial nations. That interest antedated our acquisition of the Philippine Islands; but, when the question of what we should do with these new possessions was under discussion, the argument for their retention was based mainly on the ground that they were the centre of a great trade area. We needed the Philippine Islands, it was said, to be in position to take advantage of the great trade development that would sooner or later occur in China. But if the continued possession of the Philippines is to be justified on the ground that they offer the most favorable position for taking a share in exploiting the trade of Asia, then it ought to be clear that, having adopted such a policy, we cannot afford to allow ourselves to be shut out from the Asiatic continent after we have succeeded in establishing ourselves, at an enormous cost, in this newly acquired and highly advantageous trade station."

The appearance of the United States upon the islands of the Pacific has had, as is well known, a marked effect upon the plans of rulers and the counsels of statesmen throughout the world. And now, as the result of an expedition under the direction of the United States Government, a geographical discovery has just been made in the Pacific, the value of which both commercially and strategically, in the ultimate contest of the nations for dominion in those waters, cannot be overestimated. In the opinion of naval experts, nothing in the explorations of the past hundred years equals it in importance.

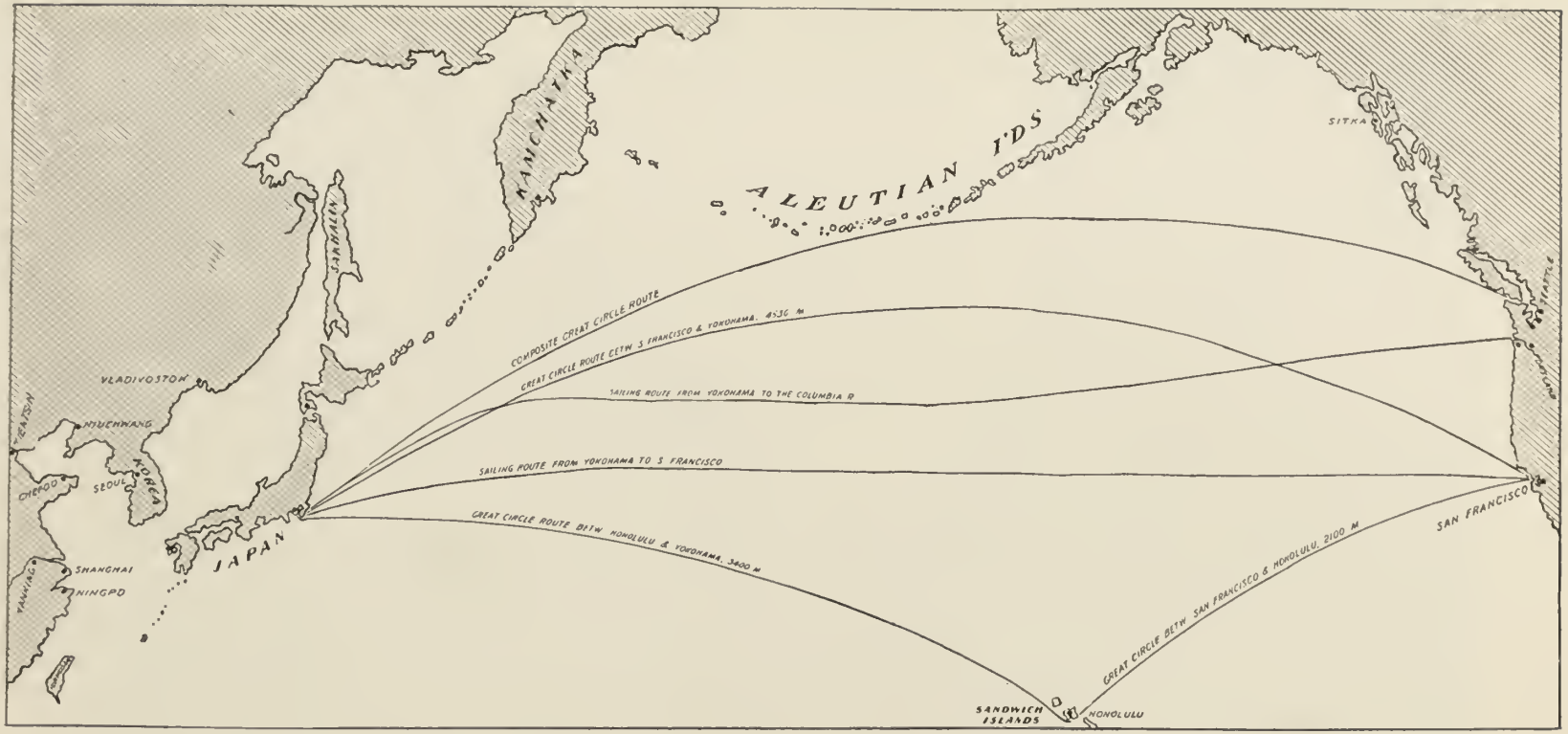
The discovery is that in the long chain of Aleutian Islands, stretching westward from the Alaskan mainland almost across the Pacific, there is a succession of harbors; that they are safe and open throughout the year; that they are unobstructed by rocks; and that the channel to some of them is so deep and commodious that half a dozen fleets could enter them simultaneously.

In the event of war, should a squadron flying the flag of the United States start for Chinese waters, it could stop every night in a safe American anchorage until it reached Attu Island, nearly four thousand miles west of Puget Sound. Steaming from that distant island-outpost of the United States our men-of-war could, within a short run, reach the centre of the contested seas of Asia. The ownership of an archipelago reaching far outward toward Asia, and indented with many convenient harbors, is a national asset of incalculable future value.

For many years there has been vague knowledge of the Aleutian chain. Harbors here and there were indicated, but formidable rocks were charted at their mouths; and as there has not been until recently any inducement to merchant vessels to venture into these uninviting ports, the mythical barriers remained on the maps.

It was in line with the general national policy of coöperation in the commercial evolution of the West that the revenue cutter service, under the direction of the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was invoked to explore the hitherto comparatively unknown Aleutian chain. It was believed that the expedition would result in the finding of many facts in regard to depths and shore lines, of value to nautical science; but that it would lead to a discovery of lasting international significance, and would mark the cruise as one of the great geographical undertakings of modern times, was undreamed of when the trip was planned.

This historic voyage, just completed, was made by the revenue cutter, *Manning*, under the command of Captain McLellan. As the result of a painstaking and scientific exploration of every section of the shore line of this remarkable series of islands, the entire archipelago is to be remapped. Some of the islands are now down in the wrong degrees of latitude. What were considered mere rockbound curvings of coast line were found to be entrances to perfect harbors. Imaginary rocks, that menaced mariners, will have to



THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS: AMERICA'S STEPPING STONES TO ASIA

A group of about 150 islands stretching across Bering Sea, from Alaska to Kamchatka. They were discovered in 1728 by Bering, and were purchased, along with Alaska, from Russia in 1867. Hitherto these islands have been neglected as almost valueless; but, as Mr. Bolce points out, a recent survey by the U. S. revenue cutter, *Manning*, has revealed the great strategic and commercial importance of the chain. The late explorations make it clear that they offer numerous safe and commodious harbors, and that they have a relatively mild climate, rich agricultural possibilities, and vast mineral deposits.

be omitted from the reconstructed charts. It is, in fact, a new bridge of islands the Treasury Department has given to the United States, and the rôle this far-reaching archipelago, with its mild climate and inviting harbors, is certain to play in the future maritime and naval history of the world will undoubtedly make it one of the most valuable possessions of the nation.

The Aleutian Islands are more west than north. Attu, the westernmost island, is in latitude only fifty-three degrees north, which is eight degrees south of the northern boundaries of the British Isles. The island of Attu is almost due west from the northern point of Maine. There is a distance of 7,500 miles between these two extremes of American territory. In fact, when the sun sets on Attu Island, the day begins to break in Maine. The island is fifty miles long, and has an excellent harbor. The land is fertile, and the natives already cultivate turnips, potatoes, and other vegetables. It is the theory of ethnologists that the Aleutian chain, in prehistoric times, was densely populated. Recently, in some of the caves of the islands, mummies have been found, and with these bodies were spears and other implements of a much more finished character than those employed by the present inhabitants. The supposition is that this forgotten race had arrived at a higher state of development than the survivors of today enjoy. This is interesting as an indication that the archipelago is fitted to support a far greater population than that now located on the islands.

Captain McLellan found the streams of Attu and of the other islands crowded with salmon. On Buldir Island, in fifty-two degrees and thirty minutes north, he found new fur-seal rookeries. That this discovery may prove to be of great financial value may be realized when it is considered that the revenue from the rookeries of the Pribilof Islands has amounted thus far to over $50,000,000. On Umnak Island the revenue cutter steamed into a harbor two miles long and three-fourths of a mile wide.

So strongly convinced are some of the alert men of the northwest that the Aleutians are now destined to assume great importance in the affairs of the Pacific, that a company has been formed to colonize the archipelago. Wharves and storehouses are to be built, and trading-stations established. Stock raising is to be begun first on Akun Island. There, it is estimated, fifty thousand head of cattle can find abundant pasture the year through.

It is claimed that, on account of the mollifying influence of the Japan current, the Aleutian Islands have a more desirable climate than any part of the Atlantic seaboard north of Cape Hatteras. Aside from stock-raising, general agriculture is to be inaugurated. It is stated that copper, gold, oil, and coal are found on the islands, and that there is a great abundance of water power, as in Japan. One town, called Jarvis, has already been started in Lost Harbor. The problem of transportation will not have to be solved, as in the interior of Alaska, for steamers to and from the Orient, Siberia, St. Michael, and Nome now pass daily within a few miles of some of the best harbors in the archipelago.

Without consulting a globe, or following the ocean track of trans-Pacific steamers, it is difficult to comprehend the vast future importance of these rediscovered Aleutians. It is a shorter distance between Oriental and Pacific Coast points by way of the great north circle route, which skirts the southern shores of the Aleutian Islands, than it is straight across the Pacific. All the American, British, and Japanese vessels from Puget Sound to Yokohama, and some even from San Francisco, select the northern route. In fact, the few inhabitants of the Aleutian Islands, now harvesting the first fortunes from this archipelago, report that it is almost a daily occurrence to sight steamers moving between Japan and America.

Maps issued by the hydrographic office of the United States reveal that a straight line drawn from San Francisco to Yokohama measures 4,791 miles, while the circular path between the points running



THE BAY OF WATERFALLS, ALEUTIAN ISLANDS

REVENUE CUTTER "MANNING" IN THE HARBOR

just south of the Aleutian chain is only 4,536 miles in length. A straight line from Port Townsend to Yokohama is 4,575 miles long, while the way by the Aleutian circle is only 4,240 miles. Similarly the trip from San Francisco to Manila, by way of Midway Islands and Guam, is 6,578 miles, while the more northerly voyage under the Aleutian Islands is 6,241 miles.

It will thus be seen that this Aleutian archipelago is along the chosen path of Pacific commerce. The fact that, as fishermen point out, the future cod-fisheries of the world will be conducted along the Aleutian Islands would alone make them immensely valuable, and would insure their occupation and settlement by a hardy race of men.

These islands have a still further value. Concurrent with the shore line explorations conducted by Captain McLellan and his nautical experts in the revenue service, Professor Trevor Kincaid, of the University of Washington, an alert Western scientist, has been making a study of the valleys and mountain slopes of the islands. He first became interested in Alaska at the time of the Harriman expedition. As a result of this voyage of scientific discovery he amazed the entomological world by the bewildering collection of insects he brought out of Alaska, thousands of them being species that depend for existence on the nectar of blossoms. It was a revelation not only of the presence of unnumbered flower-hunting hymenoptera, coleoptera, and lepidoptera in Alaska, but incidentally it called the attention of scientific men to the fact that Alaska, instead of being a wilderness of perpetual ice, was a vast, wild garden. Extending his investigations in subsequent trips to the Aleutian chain, Professor Kincaid has made the discovery that in the valleys and slopes of those islands a number of kinds of succulent forage grasses grow in luxurious abundance.

"I am convinced," said he, "that our beef cattle will ultimately come from this interesting archipelago."

It is pointed out by others who have begun to study the Aleutian Islands that



OFFICERS AND CREW U. S. REVENUE CUTTER "MANNING"



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AN ALEUTIAN BASKET MAKER

they are, in reality, an extension of the chain of which the islands of Japan form a part. It is believed that had the Aleutians belonged to Japan they would today be as densely populated and highly cultivated as the Sunrise Kingdom. It is true that there are precipitous mountains and some volcanoes on the Aleutian Islands. The same is true of Japan; in fact, there are now fifty active volcanoes in Japan. Dr. Hugh M. Smith, of Washington, D. C., who recently took a trip through that interesting country, visited one of the craters of Japan which is said to be the largest in the world, having a diameter of from ten to fourteen miles. Smoke issues from it constantly, and only ten years ago it disgorged lava and flame; yet, so pressed is Japan for room, that the villages which have been built within this huge cone number no fewer than one hundred.

On Puget Sound one hears the confident prediction that a cosmopolitan shipping-centre, like Yokohama, will be developed in some one of the Aleutian harbors. At all events it requires no great credulity to accept the prophecy that from the Bay of Waterfalls, from Dutch Harbor, from Constantine Bay, from the Glory of Russia, Kiska Bay, Buldir Bay, Lost Harbor, and the Bay of Attu our merchant marine and our ironclads will ultimately descend upon the commerce of Asia.

Harold Bolce

American Art at Pittsburgh

Pittsburgh's rank in the artistic world is as secure as it is new-born. It is only eight years since the first exhibition of the Carnegie Institute was opened, amid much polite sarcasm from sister cities whose culture was a generation or two thicker, as to the plutocratic standards to be expected from the City of Steel and Smoke. Those who came to scoff remained to apologize. Each year since, thanks to the enterprise and liberality of Director Beattie and the trustees, and the discrimination of the juries and foreign advisory committees, the Institute has more than maintained the high standard then set.

The recent exhibition was no exception in breadth of interest and high excellence. It is true that the first impression of the American section was one of disappointment. The predominance of low-keyed canvases, characteristic of the art of the hour, contributed to this feeling. But chiefly it came from the fact that the plateau of the collection's excellence was still parallel with mediocrity's plain, however far above it. With some rare and welcome exceptions the paintings shown were eminently discreet, unimpeachable repetitions of former successes. They lacked the daring vitality, even if they avoided the crude excesses, of the foreign pictures in the adjoining galleries sent by the International Society of Painters, Sculptors and Gravers. But if the perhaps questionable thirst for new men and new motives found little assuaging here, there was good reason for gratitude for the old. One is impressed anew with the unity, the independence, the national character of recent American art. It can no longer be reproached as exotic, a reminiscence of Parisian ateliers. The technic is high and thorough. Everyone has himself well in hand. As usual of late, portraits and landscapes share the honors. The story picture has virtually disappeared; the marines are few, if notable; of the nude there is a single example. The big canvases that used to sprawl over the walls of academy or salon have passed with never a tear of regret. Concentration, in more senses than one, is everywhere the watchword.



CHILDE HASSAM



LEONARD OCHTMAN

Impressionism has lost some of its fickle disciples, but Mr. Childe Hassam's allegiance is unwavering still. With him

impressionism, that much-abused word, has been vital and original, an expression of his own personality, not a cut and dried fad adopted from other men's formulas. It is largely to this thorough-going individuality that Mr. Hassam owes his rank as the leading impressionist painter in America. In all his work—his Breton village scenes, the light-filled glimpses of New York's streets, that find beauty where the common eye finds only commonness, his landscapes and harbor scenes and portrait pieces—the note of personality is strong. It is markedly evident in *The Jonquils* as well as in the other painting, a study of moonrise at sunset, shown by Mr. Hassam at Pittsburgh. The low, delicate tones, combined with the brilliant wealth of light and color, the freedom and impetuousness of the whole, the care and exactness of the detail, are as distinctly his as the more intangible charm of piquancy and freshness, alive to the point of challenge.

By sending Leonard Ochtman to America, Holland did much to redress the unfavorable balance against us caused by the steady export of American artists to Europe. Mr. Ochtman, who was born in Zealand in 1854, came to America at twelve, so that in training and interests he is thoroughly American. After a short apprenticeship at engraving he turned to landscape, with immediate and increasing success. In the straightforward rendering of nature's simpler and gentler aspects he has no superior today. *Wooded Acres* is typical of his best in the quietness of its mood, in its poetic feeling, and in the refinement and subtle beauty of tone.



DAVID ERICSON

Out of the routine is Mr. David Ericson's *Pont Aven*, which was awarded honorable mention. This promising and virile young painter—born at Duluth, thirty-four years ago—shows the benefit of the influence of Whistler, under whom he studied in Paris. He has evidently understood his master's feeling for color and his theory of it, and, more to the point, has been able to express his understanding. His *Nativity* and *Orphée Désolé*, shown recently at the Paris salon, met with gratifying recognition. The picture of artist-haunted Pont Aven, painted from a sketch made at midnight, is full of the charm and mystery of the night's silence. Out of its luminous low tones merge half-seen the outlines of the fishing boats, while the shadows are full of subtle suggestiveness.



JOHN W. ALEXANDER

Mr. De Camp's *The Sea Wall: September*, is characteristic of the Boston school, of which he is a prominent member. Their frequent theme of a woman and child bathed in sunlight is in this instance handled in masterly fashion; Mr. De Camp's clever brush has admirably expressed what his impressionist eye has rightly seen—the predominance of the color patch, the haziness of outline—where our untrained eye and too well-trained imagination often see only firm outlines.

Figure painting is not prominent in American art today. Among its few votaries Mr. Alexander is conspicuous and persistent. His figure subjects, of which *Autumn* is one of the most notable successes, display all the technical skill of his portraits while they afford more scope for the play of imagination.



THE JONQUILS

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHILDE HASSAM



WOODED ACRES

FROM THE PAINTING BY LEONARD OCHTMAN



Copyright, 1904, by Joseph DeCamp

THE SEA WALL; SEPTEMBER

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOSEPH DECAMP



PONT AVEN

FROM THE PAINTING BY DAVID ERICSON



AUTUMN

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER

JOHN WHITE ALEXANDER

AN AMERICAN PORTRAITIST OF DISTINCTION

A few years ago American art was almost synonymous with landscape. To-day landscape, though aggressive and successful still, yields the first place to portraiture. In one aspect the change is encouraging. It betokens the final passing of the old reproach that American artists avoided portraiture because unable to draw, seeking refuge in forms of art where the public, though not the artistic eye, was slower to detect a fault. That provincial stage has gone; in technic the men of to-day have assimilated the best that Paris has had to offer. Yet it is not all gain. As one surveys the current exhibitions, with three-fifths their space devoted to portraits, admiration for the masterpieces is tempered by regret for the art's labor lost, the acres of good canvas diverted to portraying, in styles of little distinction, people of less. In some part the prevalence of portraits is due to the artist's conviction that while Mr. John Jones, rich and in search of a modest gallery, may or may not be captivated by a landscape or still-life or genre picture, unless signed by an old master, he is always sure to find a place on his walls for a portrait of the Misses Jones, or Master Jones and dog, or John Jones, Esq. Perhaps our boredom will be posterity's gain; the ancestral galleries of next century will be free from the deplorable gaps that are today the despair of people in search of a grandfather.

Among the elect few whose work, beyond all carping, proves that they have been born to portraiture instead of having had it thrust upon them, Mr. Alexander has for years held a foremost place. On this side the ocean he has been regarded as essentially French in his tendencies, while in Paris he is considered typically American. The significant balance thus suggested makes it worth while to recall the familiar details of his career. It is well known that he is a product of Pittsburgh, in whose cap he was a chief feather till someone unkindly suggested that, as Doctor Johnson said of the Scotch and Scotland, he found Pittsburgh a good place to come from. When Mr. Alexander was born there, in 1856, Pittsburgh was not the art centre it has since become, and so at an early age he set out on his hegira to the artist's mecca, New York. After the conventional struggle, without which any artist's or American millionaire's biography would be spurious and incomplete, Mr. Alexander won sufficient success as an illustrator to enable him to go from New York's mecca to Europe's paradise. There he spent his time chiefly in and around Munich, and later in Venice and Florence, where he received from his countryman, Duveneck, the only formal instruction of his career. After three years of eager work and gallery haunting he returned to New York, only to leave it for Paris in 1891. Two years later he made his first appearance at the Champ de Mars, exhibiting a *Portrait noir*, a *Portrait jaune*, and a *Portrait gris*. Their fresh, masterly technic, the new subtle note of feminine grace they held, took Paris by storm. But his Parisian popularity did not make Mr. Alexander forget the rock out of which he was hewn. To both France and America he continued to pay an allegiance as unique as it was fertile. By spending six months of the year in Paris and the other six in New York, he shared

in the inspiration and avoided the ruts of both. Now that this nomad period of his career is over, it is significant that it is on this side the water that he has permanently pitched his tent. He finds New York's strenuous atmosphere more conducive to good work than that of Paris, where the temptation is strong to rest at one's ease in a studio where the successes of earlier days that line the walls give the comforting illusion of present industry.



Owned by Dudley E. Waters, Esq.

PORTRAIT

BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER

There is an aggressive originality about Mr. Alexander's work that immediately challenges attention. It is not the artificial originality that seeks novelty for novelty's sake, but a genuine outcropping of personality and conviction, reasoned and free from all trickery. A minor characteristic is his use of a coarse, rough-grained canvas and dry transparent colors, which combined give an effect of tapestry, or even of fresco. A more essential distinction is the mastery of line, a quality in which, now that Whistler is gone, Mr. Alexander has no equal among contemporary painters. His spontaneous ease and fluency, checked on the border-line of too sheer facility by his sense of proportion, give a splendid breadth and largeness of effect. His sweeping spirals and reversed Rossetti curves sometimes come dangerously nearer a mannerism than a style, but are rescued by an inexhaustible fertility of resource. Conventional poses and remembered gestures have no place in Mr. Alexander's portraits, which show at the highest the fascination that the billowing curves of a woman's gown can yield. His sitters, especially his women, are always posed to bring out the rhythm and flexibility of the human figure. The arrangement is unfailingly good, and the quality and suppleness of the drapery well rendered.

So prominent is the decorative element in Mr. Alexander's work that his portraits become not portraits merely, but pictures, merging imperceptibly at times into the



A QUIET HOUR

By JOHN W. ALEXANDER



FRANCIS LANDEY PATTON

By JOHN W. ALEXANDER



A SKETCH

By JOHN W. ALEXANDER

purely imaginative studies. The suspicion must flit over the minds of some of the sitters, who find their portraits named after the yellow dress or the black cat or the flowers which supplied the keynote of the setting, that in the artist's mind they were but an afterthought, part of a scheme of line and color, incidental opportunities for skilled brush work or tone harmonizing. To some the fact of Mr. Alexander's delight in these "arrangements" classes him rigidly with purely decorative portraitists and bars him from inclusion with their poetic, interpretative cousins. This judgment seems based on a part only of this artist's work. In truth he occupies a middle ground. He is absorbed in portraying externals, but not to the exclusion of



Owned by C. Ledyard Blair, Esq.

PORTRAIT

By JOHN W. ALEXANDER



Owned by Mrs. W. C. Denny

PORTRAIT

By JOHN W. ALEXANDER

attempting to seize the personality of his sitter. It is true that his interpretation is individual, not general. By sheer concentration on the sitter before him, he produces remarkable psychological results. His masculine portraits, especially, are triumphs of subtle insight and sympathy, caught in the characteristic moment.

Although best known as a painter of portraits and figure pieces, Mr. Alexander has done notable work in other directions as well. The series of mural paintings made for the Congressional Library at Washington some years ago, representing "The Evolution of the Book," awakened much interest through their virile dramatic force and rare harmony of color. In still life he finds an avocation, a restful variant from portraiture. Quite recently he has turned to sculpture, and in a bust of the late Abram S. Hewitt, has given further proof of a remarkable versatility.

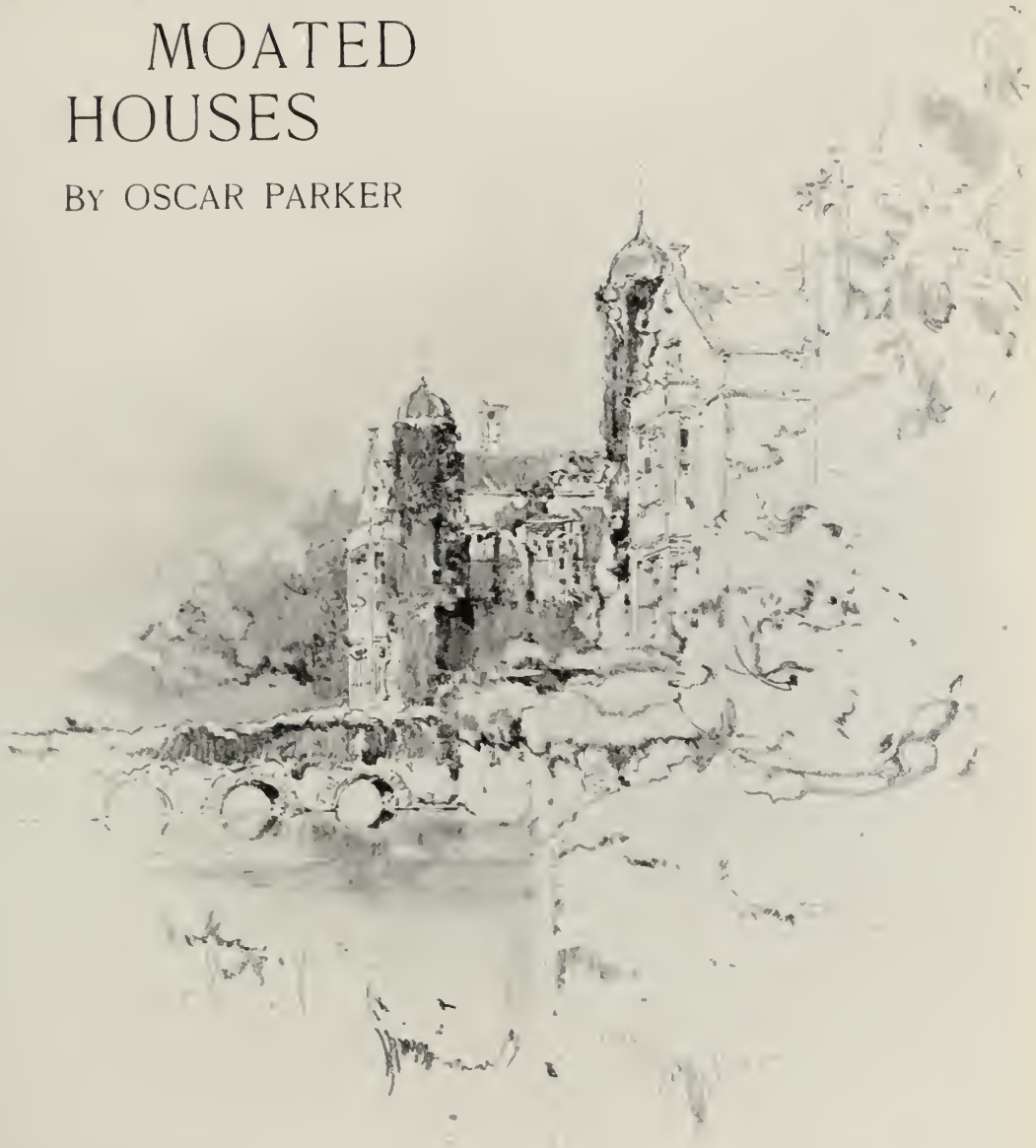


FROM A DRAWING BY HERBERT RAILTON

BIRTSMORTON COURT

ENGLAND'S MOATED HOUSES

BY OSCAR PARKER



KENTWELL MANOR

FROM A DRAWING BY HERBERT RAILTON

In that relic of days, the Moated Grange, so dimly seen through the magic mist of many centuries, romance has its abiding place. There the wassail of merry holidays rings true among the great oak rafters of the vaulted hall. There the dim and winding passages, the secret panels, the hidden rooms that set the nerves quivering with an ecstasy of mystery and dread, are real. From those latticed panes, set deep in mullioned frames, the faces of fair women have looked out, brimming with joy upon the mail-clad husband or lover riding home from the wars, or tear-dimmed upon the stiffened figure borne through the gateway on a bed of spears. Ringed round by its protecting moat, the old house stands like a Sibyl guarding its precious volumes of memory, stored

with human records of surpassing charm. Over its stone causeway and lowered drawbridge and rough cobbles many a yule-log has been dragged screeching to its festival bier. Ghosts walk the corridors and crouch in shadowy corners. The imagination here needs little spur from invention to conjure up the romance of comedy or tragedy. Love and hate, joy and grief, battle and murder, greed, pity, lust, and chivalry—all human emotion and action live in the history of these ancient walls.

And yet if we try to accurately define the source of this romantic interest in the moat-encircled dwellings of our forbears, we are puzzled. Is it the historical association? Is it the hint of legend and story? Are we most affected by the contrasts between domestic life today and that when every home was either a fortress or a hovel? Or is the exciting cause merely the picturesqueness of ancient architecture in ruin or in well-preserved decay? We may know nothing of the history of a moated house to which our idle footsteps have led us in an idle walk; we may scorn its traditional



SOUTH FRONT OF IGHTHAM MOTE, KENT

FROM A DRAWING BY HERBERT RAILTON

legends, and assure ourselves that romance is as real in a suburban villa of 1904 as in a moated grange of the reign of the third Henry. If we attempt to picture home-life four or five centuries ago, we find it comfortless as well as perilous, from which we are thankful to be delivered. But still the charm remains. The old house enchants us. Unconsciously, we endow it with a personality and a memory, a calm introspective age after a boisterous youth and a strenuous middle life. We question it, not ashamed of our foolish credulity, and love it for its dignified reticence. If it disclosed the mystery of its influence the spell would be broken. If we were to learn that the moat made the dwelling insufferably damp, and that ill-smells and fever-germs rose from its sometimes stagnant waters, we should resent the information as impertinence. We would rather picture the solitary horseman riding up to the carved gateway, the face of a maiden peering through the lattice, the summons, the parley, the clatter of chains, the clang of the falling bridge, the thud of the hoofs on the wooden timbers.

So long as fancy can play these agile tricks with us, our question is answered. Not history or legend, or fact or picturesqueness, singly or all together, captivates us, but only as the setting—the frame for the undying soul—we recognize in it all.

And who could put into a drawing of an ancient moated house this subtle suggestion of age, calmly contemplating its past, better than Herbert Railton? In his hands the softened lines of decay, the dignity of mellow and refined antiquity, the personal distinction of feature, the soul of the place, are all expressed. His drawing is not a photograph, but an interpretation: it plucks out the heart of the mystery, the very pith of the scene, that which exalts the imagination and creates the enchantment.

It is still possible in what remains to us of moated houses—from manor house to castle—to conceive these protected dwellings as scattered over the whole of England, though they were far more numerous in some





FROM A DRAWING BY HERBERT RAILTON

parts than in others. There are comparatively few in Kent; one of the best known is Ightham Mote, near Sevenoaks—a pleasant day's journey for the cyclist from London. Portions of Ightham date from the fourteenth century, but the additions since that remote time have blended with the earliest structure, and with each other, in an almost incomparable harmony. From the moment we step upon the old stone bridge and approach the tower-gateway, the twentieth century slips away from us like a dream of fantastic presage, and we are living in the days of Agincourt or the blood-stained Richard. This conviction is deepened by the courtyard, with its quaint gables and carvings, the mullioned windows, the timbered superstructure, and most of all by the beautiful old hall. But Ightham House is not to be described, for its charm lies beyond the meanings of words. Another beautiful survival within the borders of Kent, but close to Sussex, is Groombridge, which is still in occupation as a country seat, and has, of course, been preserved with more



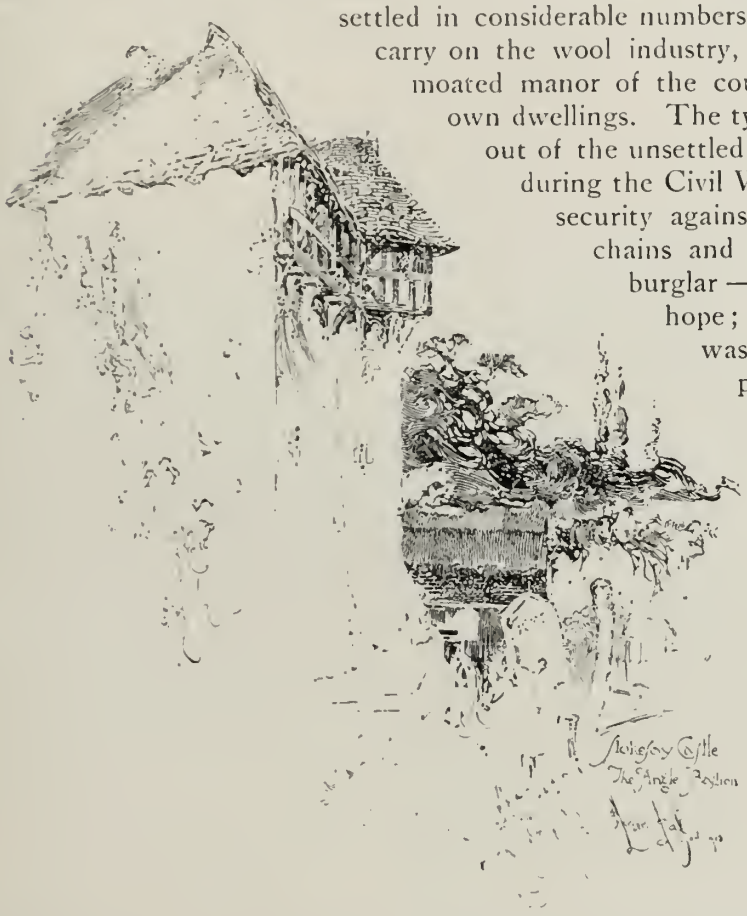


CROWS HALL

FROM A DRAWING BY HERBERT RAILTON

care than is usually expended on these ancient dwellings. So imposing a structure as Bodiam Castle, the finest example in Kent of the medieval moated fortress and dwelling combined, is quite outside the modest designation of "moated house."

Suffolk is especially rich in these picturesque dwellings, many of which have fallen from their original purpose to base uses. Well-to-do Flemish merchants, who settled in considerable numbers in the Eastern counties to carry on the wool industry, seem to have adopted the moated manor of the country as the type for their own dwellings. The type itself had risen naturally out of the unsettled state of the land, especially during the Civil Wars. It afforded the same security against marauding bands as our chains and bolts against the modern burglar — more effective, let us hope; for when the drawbridge was up and the gate fast the prowler was kept at his distance.



Associated as they are with the idea of defense against an attacking force, it is strange that so few of the remaining moated houses betray signs of such a purpose beyond the moat and drawbridge. No doubt, in many instances, with the advent of more peaceful times, battlements and loopholes have disappeared; but Little Wenham Hall, some parts of which date from the reign of Henry III, still betrays the loopholes through which the garrison could fire upon an enemy. A very diminutive garrison it must have been, for the whole building contains but four rooms and a chapel, a most meagre accommodation, one would think, for a family of any distinction. Its diminutive size may account for its degeneration in dignity of use, since in modern times it has become a granary. The Gothic ornamentation, still to be seen in some profusion, would be sufficient proof that Little Wenham Hall has, despite its size, seen better days.

Though not so small as Little Wenham, Crows Hall, near Debenham, has very few rooms, but the house is rich in carved woodwork, and has among its treasures a magnificent overmantel. The country owed to those Flemings who settled here the introduction of carved wood, a taste brought with them from the familiar architecture of the Low Countries. The English artisan soon picked up the art, however, and it took root and flourished amazingly throughout the Kingdom, overflowing from interior decoration to exterior use as well.

Kentwell Hall, in Suffolk, is one of the best preserved of the old moated houses. It dates from the time of Elizabeth, and is approached through a beautiful avenue of limes nearly a mile long. Gedding Hall, near Stowmarket, and Parham Hall, near

Framlingham, are also among the more noted Suffolkshire survivals. As Sir John Geddyng, who died in the reign of Richard I, was the last of the name who held Gedding Hall and Manor, the foundation of the house must have been laid at a very early date. In Henry VI's time it appears to have been in the possession of a family named Chamberlain. Moreton Hall, in Cheshire, is another good example. Its erection is assigned by Mr. Croston, in his *Antiquities of Cheshire*, to William Moreton, who was born early in Henry VIII's reign, an earlier building having



occupied the same site. The author of this volume, which was published in 1883, sympathetically describes the "picturesquely broken outlines, its projecting upper stories and numerous gabled roofs, its quaint casemated windows, its curious columnar chimneys, partially draped with ivy, and its walls chequered in black and white and diapered in patterns wrought in trefoils and quatrefoils and chevrons and lozenges upon the white ground of intervening plaster. It is a singularly interesting specimen of the half-timbered manor house of the early part of the sixteenth century, and, though in a decayed and dilapidated state, still possesses more nearly its original form and features than, perhaps, any other example of domestic architecture of equal antiquity in the country."

Originally more of a castle than a simple manor house, Stokesay, in Shropshire, rose in the thirteenth century and, as one of the border lines of defenses against the irrepressible Welsh, was long in the very thick of the tumult of those bustling times. Fragments of a building yet older than the great tower and hall are to be seen, but the erection of the tower is attributed to Lawrence de Ludlow in 1280. It is sixty feet high, built with massive walls, pierced with loopholes, and crowned with battlements. The hall, too, is of great antiquity, lofty and finely proportioned, with thick buttressed walls and a stone roof, supported by sturdy beams. Further evidence of the antiquity of the hall is the absence of a fireplace, and the indications that the heating of the huge apartment was dependent entirely upon a brazier. In common with most medieval buildings the original structure has been the nucleus for many additions and changes at later dates. The half-timbered gatehouse is distinctly Elizabethan, and replaces, without doubt, the more strongly fortified gateway, with drawbridge and portcullis, which would have accompanied the castellated structure of the thirteenth century. Stokesay remained in the Ludlow family for over two hundred years. Its preservation in modern times is due in a large measure to the interest taken in it by Lord Craven.



Most of these ancient halls had their secret hiding-places. In the long gallery of Parham Hall a sliding panel in a window-seat exposed a narrow passage leading to a hole beneath the floor, wherein a proscribed priest might take temporary refuge from a too zealous officer of the Commonwealth. In Birtsmorton Court, in Gloucestershire, a secret passage once ran from a concealed chamber in the oak-paneled dining room to a tunnel beneath the moat, and so on to an exit beyond. Sir John Oldcastle is said to have been secreted here during the Wars of the Roses. The hidden chamber now harbors nothing more romantic than the family provender. A secret room, with a sleeping apartment, was constructed over the kitchen of Moreton Hall, and access to the moat was feasible down a narrow shaft in the wall. Alas! the secret chamber has been modernized into a store room for cheese! It is a miracle that romance has any breath left in its emaciated body.

The moat was the family fish-pond in the good old days, and it was usually kept stocked with carp, pike, and perch. From a convenient window a line could be dropped into the placid waters, and the larder replenished at no cost and with little delay. Monster pike of hoary age still survive, it is said, in some of these old moats.

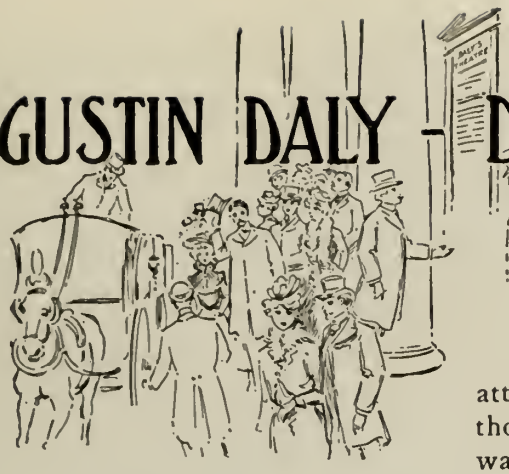


Photograph by Sarony

AUGUSTIN DALY

AUGUSTIN DALY — Dramatic Dictator

Some Reminiscences by Deshler Welch



In these days of the triumphant display of dainty lingerie on the stage—for it seems as if this were becoming a dominant factor in dramatic art—it is good to turn to the serious consideration of such a manager and student as Augustin Daly, whose theatre in the metropolis stood for years as at least one temple where could be found the best that the contemporaneous stage could produce, and the best examples of the dramatic art of other times. Mr. Daly's career as a manager and playwright extended over some twenty-seven or twenty-eight years. After he established what he was pleased to call on his bill of the play "a parlor home of comedy," without any important interruption he stood his ground for more than a score of years—manfully, honestly, and artistically. He never swerved from his first sincere principles, and the most studious observer of his constant and splendid work in his chosen field is bound to remember with admiration and wonder that he so enthusiastically held his position in the face of so many discouragements. For even the intellectual public too often failed to appreciate his high ideals, though in reality it was deeply indebted to him for his revival of the classic drama.

Augustin Daly, the most forceful and intelligent theatrical manager of his generation, and I dare say of any time, if historical accounts can be used in present-day judgment, was a man of positive literary attainment, keenly perceptive in art, and a thorough student of dramatic qualities. He was, moreover, an able business man and a competent administrator. Perhaps his greatest weakness was in not always being able to adapt himself to pecuniary conditions. He was a genius and an artist—he *made* artists—and it was not to be expected that he could keep his money-drawer with the same iron-like politeness and merciless grasp as the corporate "business man." Sometimes he "grabbed at the spigot and let go the bunghole," as he said to me one day when mourning over the lack of appreciation of the really true and beautiful.

"Most of the people are quite as well satisfied with veneer," said Mr. Daly. "Then," I returned, "why the expense of going any deeper if you are the only one who can see it?" This was all *apropos* of the production of the *Two Escutcheons*, in which a real parquetry flooring that cost several hundred dollars was used in the drawing-room scene. It did not produce the effect that Mr. Daly wished. But the polish of it set off the women's gowns as well as the furniture; and although it was very difficult for Miss Rehan to glide about on it with all the ease she would wish, and although George Clarke came near executing a double somersault on several occasions, yet the parquetry flooring served a very good purpose. It was an evidence of Mr. Daly's conscientious care for detail and thoroughness. When Mr. Daly bought anything for stage decoration it was generally the real thing. Beneath the auditorium and in the many winding halls and entry ways of his theatre

there were piles of *bric-à-brac* worth many thousands of dollars. Most of the furniture used in a play was exactly what it pretended to be; there was very little sham. If the play was of the Renaissance period, its furniture and accessories were quite as dainty and as valuable as any you might find in the most aristocratic drawing-rooms. In *The Countess Gucki* there were some exquisite bits of cabinet work, much of it being worth a great deal of money—pieces that Mr. Daly had picked up abroad, including a spinet that was a marvelously fine example of old-time wood inlaying, made in the last century. Even the open music book was an extremely rare old print. But it was in the costuming of his women that Mr. Daly was perhaps more particular than with regard to any other stage effect. He insisted upon real stuffs; there were no shoddy silks and satins. In this he was as decided as Napoleon when he ordered Josephine to purchase the best always and patronize home manufacture. It was only the antique that Mr. Daly bought abroad. He was thoroughly American, and so proud of it that he was ready to stand any sacrifice of money to show the advancement of our theatrical art to a foreign continent. His European experience was a series of triumphs, but it sometimes cost him very dear. Whether it was in the extravagance of his decoration of modern plays or in his realism as allied to the fanciful, he delighted London and astounded Paris.

So long as Mr. Daly lived and had his theatre we were pretty certain to have good drama and the most delicate treatment of stage art. His name became an extremely valuable trade-mark, and is still so to-day—a monumental one, as it were. He kept faith with his public. When a play was set forth under the direction of Augustin Daly, the statement meant that what was promised to be well done was most generally better done than people were led to expect by the promises. So jealous was he of his name and artistic faith that he often sacrificed large possibilities of profit to uphold his high ideals of dramatic art.

An artistic success seemed to overwhelm him with a delight that was singularly neglectful of the practical. On one occasion he presented a charming Japanese light opera entitled *Lilli Tse*, which preceded the play of the night. In order to accomplish this it was necessary to employ a full opera company, and thus there were two distinct organizations under one management, requiring no end of toil and expense. The operetta did not seem to serve any purpose except to add to the richness of Mr. Daly's entertainment, and was entirely unnecessary so far as the nightly receipts were concerned.

Lilli Tse was brought on to Boston at the Tremont Theatre as a "curtain raiser" to Miss Rehan's appearance. It was an acknowledged piece of art, but the critics asked "why?" It did not bring a dollar into the house. In fact, the double engagement was miserably attended. Mr. Daly was very anxious to make a tremendous hit with this operetta; but it had the very opposite effect, and Miss Rehan and the "legitimate" company suffered. It was finally shelved, and the following engagements were brilliant successes without it. Yet Mr. Daly's silent perspicacity was abundantly evident in his persistence with *Lilli Tse*. And he told me at the time that he believed "musical comedy" was what the people then wanted, and that he intended to establish it at his theatre. He planned to have two seasons divided by a large company of players, the cast for a musical comedy to be chosen from it as occasion warranted. And so it was launched with *The Gaiety Girl;* and then came the great favorite, *The Geisha*, full of chrysanthemums and women with faces like the moon-buds outside the Temple of Buddha at Agra, and with just a scent of sea-salt to tell us we were still on *terra firma* and not moving among the embroidered gardens of a Japanese tea-cosy. Then came *The Circus Girl*, the words of which were



MISS REHAN AND HER DOG

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1885

written by two professors of Homeric Greek, one at Oxford and the other at Cambridge!

Mr. Daly's company was as apt in the varicolored sphere of divertisement as in the well-kept lawns of Shakespearian comedy. It is not every actor who can play tonight one of the heart-shaped men in *Much Ado About Nothing*, and tomorrow an up-to-date buck in a musical play such as *The Circus Girl* or *The Gaiety Girl*. The versatility found in Mr. Daly's companies was of no trivial order; for example, Herbert Gresham's Andrew Ague-Cheek and Sir Titus Wemyss were just as far apart as the nineteenth century is from Elizabeth's day. In *Twelfth Night* all was art on Mr. Daly's stage; in the musical comedy art is rendered grotesque, inverted, and is at cross purposes from beginning to end. The actor, then, whom Mr. Daly engaged must be capable of many things. He must not only give us a world of seriousness, but also a world of pleasantries; he must, at the manager's will, be a Romeo or a Dick Deadeye. Versatility, it is said, is the actor's ruin in this day of specialists, but it was not so in Mr. Daly's company. In his eyes an actor should be able to act any part. The word "speciality" was not in his blue-book, and he never used it in ordinary talk. Mr. Daly absolutely insisted upon versatility in the members of his company. It was his watchword. He himself was notably versatile. All he denied himself was an actual appearance before the curtain. He dominated everything behind it.

It was a pertinent remark of the critic who suggested that it was hard to determine whether one was in the presence of Shakespeare or Daly, in speaking of the latter's sumptuous revival of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It was really marvelous that the famous manager—with all his gifts of fancy—had been able to extract from the bare lines such an unending lot of material for stage beautifying. It would have been marveled at even by Shakespeare himself; for certainly in his day he could have had no conception of present-day stage possibilities, or else he would have done more than he did. When Mr. Daly brought the comedy forward (in 1888) with the perfect wealth of scenery, costume adornment, and musical accompaniment, it was declared to be the most masterly stage production of Shakespeare ever done in this country. It seemed a bold thing to do when Mr. Daly transferred *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to his London theatre, but its run there of a hundred nights was evidence that American brains were fully appreciated in teaching the people of the land of Shakespeare how Shakespeare should be done. It was indeed carrying coals to Newcastle with a vengeance. He introduced much new and effective "business" in it. Little of the original text was omitted, but there was a clever rearrangement of some of the scenes. In records of the play—concerning its production in this country, England, and Germany—the critics endeavored to show that the comedy lost its poetry and its atmosphere by being transferred to the stage. The notable productions of the play have been very few. Mr. Daly's vied in importance with that of its performance in Berlin when Mendelssohn stood in the orchestra on the initial night to conduct his famous music, and the great production by Charles Kean, when the Puck was ten-year-old Ellen Terry.

Perhaps, if there was anything that worried Mr. Daly regarding the drama itself it was the limitations of the dramatic art, even in its wonderful power of expressing the human emotions. At a banquet given on the stage, after the one hundredth performance of *The Taming of the Shrew*, General Sherman paid a tribute to dramatic art and to Mr. Daly for the great part he had played in this country in establishing it far above the reach of bigoted brains. "But," said he, slowly and impressively, "if you have ever heard the bugle call to battle; if you have ever seen a rifle leveled to kill, and heard the bullet whistle through the air; if a wounded comrade has ever been laid at your feet, and you have put your hands upon his heart and felt it flutter and go out, you

will realize then that there are some things your art cannot express."

It was a rare schooling, indeed, to attend a Daly rehearsal. He knew every line of the play—whether his own or Shakespeare's; and every intonation, every position, every method—in fact, every bit of business—was positively worked out by him and drilled into the company. He was relentlessly persevering; indomitable and certain. He had a most faithful coadjutor in George Clarke. James Lewis once told me that there was not an actor or an actress on the American or English stage that could not profit by one day's tutelage under Mr. Daly. I have seen three rehearsals going on in different parts of his theatre at one time, all of them more or less controlled by his ubiquitous direction.

I think most of the people engaged by Mr. Daly truly appreciated that he was the master of his craft, but he so dominated them by his imperious will, and serious and apparently indifferent face, that they were only aggressively receptive. Many of the new-comers had mistaken notions. What little experience or observation they had in the more or less bohemian business of theatricals, with its singular familiarities and "good fellowship" too often extended into vulgar contact, led them to believe that such conditions in some degree at least were to be found at Daly's theatre. One severe rehearsal, however, generally succeeded in dismissing all their preconceived ideas, and brought them up with a short turn as effectively as a snaffle-bit would halt a young colt. From that time on many of the new-comers began to be actually afraid of Mr. Daly. Among the young women hysteria from fright was not uncommon. Among the more sensitive and highly-strung young men Mr. Daly's manners and methods caused much self-humiliation, and affected their mental puissance. They could not, and would not, understand him. They thought him arbitrary, dogmatic, and pedantic. They knew the history of his theatre, of its tremendous successes, and how it had turned out stars, but nevertheless they hurled anathemas—at his back. Some few at-



ADA REHAN

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT

tempted it at his face, but their walking papers were made out on the spot, and they have done a great deal of walking ever since! Yet, strange as it may seem, Mr. Daly was quite unconscious of the unpleasant feelings he stirred up among his performers. He did not wish to cause any of them to feel humiliated, or "nobodies," in his presence. He once said to me: "Professional people constantly misunderstand me. For *seriousness* they construe indifference and ugliness; for *business* they construe meanness. I am told that I am unmannerly because I do not lift my hat every time I meet one of my young ladies in the theatre, or say 'good morning' to this or that member of the company. I have not the time for those little pleasantries, and my mind is too seriously involved in my purposes for the day. I want to begin work at once, just as the officers and overseers do in Mr. Carnegie's steel works." I think Mr. Daly had more consideration for those who were under him when they met him with directness, but politeness. He had no use for the Uriah Heeps. I got along with him well because I began right. I had heard nothing about his disposition and I was never afraid of him—perhaps because I was not intoxicated by the exuberance of my own histrionicism!

There was but little opportunity for sudden inspiration at a Daly rehearsal. The amateur discovered at once that "going on the stage" was not what it had been represented to be by those who were equally deceived by its outward glamour. It meant work, hard, plodding work, under eagle-eyed scrutiny, and under the mastership of one who knew the value of every little detail in making a harmonious whole. Miss Rehan did not become the graceful artist by carving her own destiny in the school as she chose. Mr. Daly taught her expression: movement, suppression, advance, yielding, anger, terror, grief, despair, desolation; joy, happiness, merriment and romp; elocution and declamation, and general stage deportment. Some of the most expressive attitudes and speeches of James Lewis and John Drew were the result of Mr. Daly's vigilant drilling. He was relentless in his stage rules, and oftentimes the fines made sad inroads into the salary. While, as I have said, the work seemed unceasing from morn until midnight, "The Governor" had a most able coadjutor in George Clarke, who frequently directed the rehearsals; and later on another one, Mr. Herbert Gresham, who was absolutely necessary in the musical productions, for in such work Mr. Daly frankly confessed that he knew his limitations; yet in the presentation of *La Poupée* and other similar productions, Mr. Daly's artistic comprehension obtained pictorial triumphs.

When Mr. Daly issued an order or posted a new "rule," it was rigidly enforced, no matter what the consequences might be. One need not be very old to recall the uproar caused by an order to George Clarke to shave off his moustache for his appearance as Charles Surface in *The School for Scandal*. Clarke's handsome moustache had been the adoration of the town. Its success in *Divorce*, *Frou-Frou*, *False Shame*, and *Fernande* had been phenomenal. Clarke refused to cut it off! He was told to resign, but he finally came back to the fold like a shorn lamb.

Mr. Daly endeavored to suppress all bohemian tendencies on the part of his people. He tried to enforce some idea of personal dignity, and insisted that the ladies and gentlemen of the company should not appear conspicuously in public places; and he particularly directed them not to court special newspaper mention. Many times a flattering "personal" brought weeping. Mr. Daly did not wish this kind of notoriety. He frequently discharged members of his company for being seen together in street cars and theatres. On one occasion I had a personal experience in this line that was rather amusing. We were doing *The Circus Girl* in Chicago. I asked one of the most prominent ladies in the cast to attend a lecture with me on a Sunday night. "The Governor" was there and saw us, and the poor girl shivered in her



Photograph by Sarony

JAMES LEWIS AND MRS. GILBERT IN "7-20-8"



MR. DALY READING HIS NEW PLAY
TO HIS COMPANY

THE GROUP INCLUDES MR. DALY, MISS REHAN, MRS. GILBERT, EFFIE SHANNON, PHOEBE RUSSELL, MISS ST. QUENTIN, VIRGINIA DREHER, WILLIAM GILBERT, GEORGE CLARKE, OTIS SKINNER, CHARLES FISHER, JOHN DREW, JAMES LEWIS, CHARLES LECLERQ, FREDERICK BOND, AND JOSEPH HOLLAND

boots the rest of the evening. The next morning after rehearsal she told me that "The Governor" had "called her down" and said he would discharge her on the spot if he ever again saw her in my company. Perhaps, among other reasons, he believed she would influence certain press-work. However, that night, while I was "counting up the house," Mr. Daly quite suddenly appeared and, much to my astonishment, placing his arm around my shoulders as I bent over the table, said: "How is the little circus girl this evening?" I was almost paralyzed. I thought he referred with astonishing flippancy to the affair of the night before, and while I was trying to recover myself I discovered that he only meant to inquire concerning the receipts for the evening! He never spoke to me about the innocent escapade, nor did he at any time during my long acquaintance with him talk with me otherwise than as a gentleman should.

Pay-day was always an especially interesting event. At "home" it was on Tuesdays, and on the road was generally on Saturdays. Every member of the company had to "show up" personally at the business office on Tuesdays, and wait in the little outside box until Mr. Dorney pulled the string on the door and let one in at a time. On a table was the black receipt-book in which the name was to be signed, under a declaration that all demands to that date were paid. That book became a very precious packet of autographs, and was occasionally intrusted to one of the staff to take to Boston or Philadelphia to obtain the signatures of the company that might be playing there. I had it once in my possession, and was thankful enough to get it back in Mr. Dorney's charge. No one knew by any official statement the amount of salary paid another. Sometimes an envelope would contain five or ten dollars more than the salary due; but there was no mistake about it, for Mr. Daly himself, curious to relate, counted the money and sealed every envelope in private every week! We never could understand just why he assumed all th's trouble. But, as I intended to say, when an envelope contained an extra "tenner," it also had a little brown slip on which was written: "With compliments of A. Daly"; and the recipient generally understood. I knew of one occasion when an envelope contained an addition of five times the amount of the salary. On the slip was written: "You are welcome; words at such a time are useless." The receiver of this had just gone through a calamity. And yet there are some people who have said Augustin Daly had no heart!

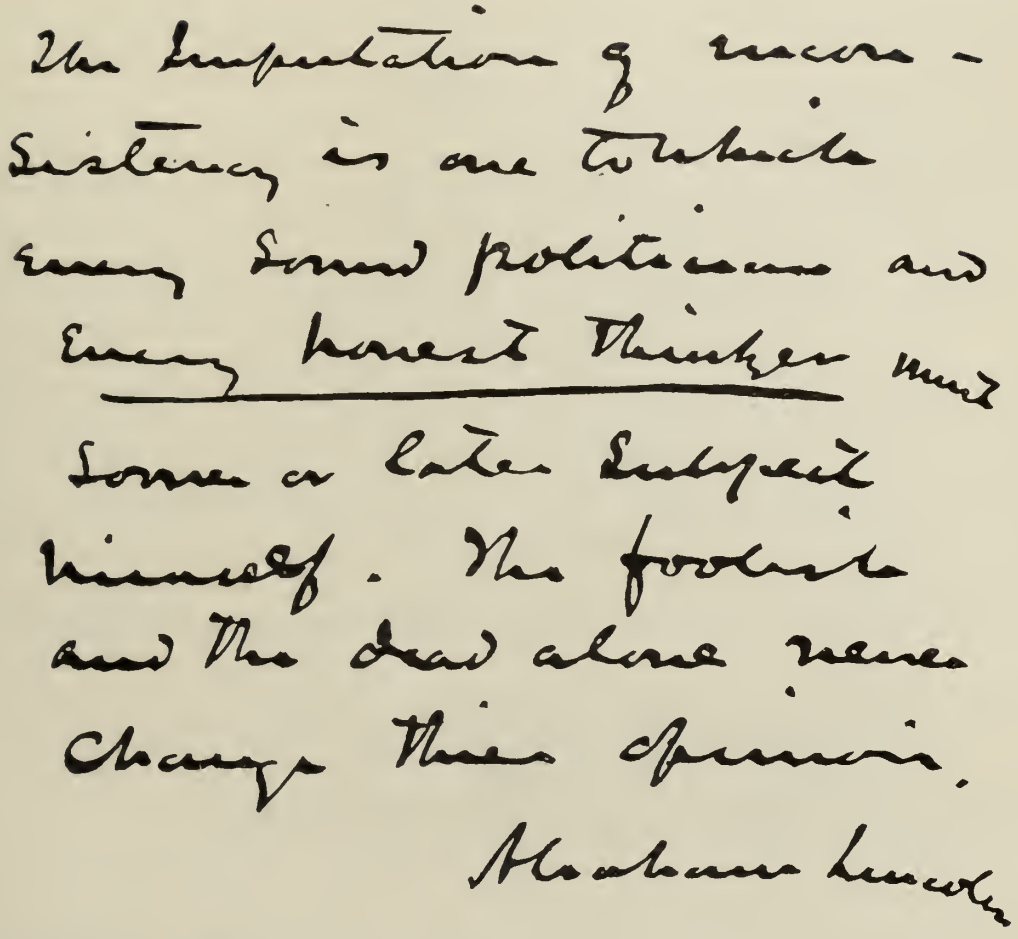
Mr. Daly was a brave enemy, but he was quick to substitute a meritorious right for an egregious wrong; and while I used many times to think him a hard master, he subsequently proved his sincerity and good heart to me very effectually. He would have gone to great lengths publicly, but seemed to fear his generous acts might be construed as theatrical advertising. I had the happiness on one occasion to serve as a peacemaker between him and his old friend, the late Andrew C. Wheeler, better known as "Nym Crinkle," the dramatic critic, and as "J. P. Mowbray," the novelist. They had not spoken to each other for several years, and I knew from both that it was a source of much regret; but, rather childishly, neither gave in. I told Mr. Daly how Mr. Wheeler felt about it, and then confided to the latter how Mr. Daly felt. One day "The Governor" called me into his wonderful private office and, copying a saying of Abraham Lincoln (p. 501), asked me to hand it to "Andrew."

Wheeler studied over it for a moment thoughtfully, and then said, "Tell Gus that's what I think, too." Finally I arranged that Wheeler should accompany me to Mr. Daly's Fiftieth Street residence the following Sunday night. Wheeler put on his evening dress, an act that he generally wiggled out of, and appeared like a starched-up schoolboy, full of trepidation. The meeting in Mr. Daly's parlor was positively affecting. I was particularly moved by emotional delights; several lumps came into my throat solid enough to affect my appetite for the little supper that followed



Photograph by Sarony

ADA REHAN, HENRIETTA CROSMAN, AND JAMES LEWIS
IN "AS YOU LIKE IT"



[The imputation of inconsistency is one to which every sound politician and *every honest thinker* must sooner or later subject himself. The foolish and the dead alone never change their opinion.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.]

MR. DALY'S COPY OF LINCOLN'S FAMOUS SAYING
THE OLIVE BRANCH SENT TO NYM CRINKLE

in his library. The talk that ensued among the rare books and manuscripts, and the plans Mr. Daly then set forth for the future, were of a surprising nature.

Daly's theatre was an institution unlike any other on the face of the globe. He rightly called it an "Academy." Perhaps it was just in this effort to treat art academically that many young men and women who obtained an entrance, became his and their own worst enemy because their egotism refused to be taught by his methods. Those who did submit to his rigorousness, and duly profited by it, graduated with fame. He was a prodigious worker; he was prolific but never prolix. Eight o'clock generally found him at his desk in his private office. This retreat was in the second story front room of a "brownstone front" on Twenty-ninth Street, near Sixth Avenue. This house was connected with the stage of the theatre, and every room in it was occupied. There were waiting rooms, an office for the private secretary, the costumer's rooms, Mr. Daly's private offices, and several others stored with stage "props." The front hall of the house, which was used as the stage entrance, was faithfully guarded by two porters, a white man (Owen) and a colored man (Richard), who had been with Mr. Daly for years, and of whom he would ask an opinion on the previous night's production. No one could possibly climb up the

stairway to Mr. Daly's office without the permission of these men—after they had been up with the card or message to "The Governor."

His hand was forever at the helm. After going through his mail and making such memoranda for replies as he thought necessary, the letters and papers were ready for his lieutenant, Richard Dorney, the business manager. About nine o'clock many people began to assemble in the waiting-rooms at the stage entrance. They all came to see Mr. Daly about something or other: young girls seeking an engagement, with letters of introduction from influential persons—and Mr. Daly preferred novices who were ladies, and whom he could train, to untrained women who boasted of their experiences; or perhaps a representative of the mercantile house from which the manager bought his costly fabrics; an upholsterer or a bootmaker; girls who were applying to "go on" in some scene where there was a "chorus"; a newspaper man awaiting an interview; a playwright with his manuscript under his arm. The errands of all these people were quickly dispatched, but others continued to come during the whole day. At ten o'clock Mr. Dorney saw "The Governor" and got his instructions, or affairs of business were talked over with his aides-de-camp, J. C. Duff and Arthur Rehan, regarding an out-of-town trip for the company. Mr. Daly then turned to his private letters and correspondence; examined the typewriter's work on his new play, or dictated more thought-out "copy" until eleven o'clock. The "call" was at that hour. On the stage the people of the company were waiting, and pre-



I do not read your paper with interest when I see "gush" over the inexpressible charms of some of the most impracticable but pretentious "incapables" now on the stage, whose heads have been swelled out of all usefulness in the dramatic profession because they are praised for talents altogether outside of their stage work & for qualities which are of no possible practical use to their managers. Rot!

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MR. DALY'S OPINION OF INCAPABLES
CONTRIBUTED TO "THE THEATRE"

cisely on the moment "The Governor" stepped into his chair, which was "down front," close to the footlights, facing "up stage." A huge bunch-light towered above him, casting a weird reflection; and viewed from the auditorium the whole scene was worthy the pencil of a Doré.

In the afternoon there was generally another "call," and again in the evening Mr. Daly was there, supervising the performance and talking business in the front of the house. Besides his New York theatre and all it necessitated, he had his London theatre to take care of, and a thousand and one little responsibilities that I will not undertake to name. Can you imagine, then, with what intensity he watched the trial of a new play—the result of its production? Think of the concentration of all his resources, his toil in the formation of one grand thing, like the assemblage of all the thoughts in a musical climax! Fancy, again, his feelings when he read the flippant notice in one of the journals by someone who wanted to be "smart"!

I think I am justified in paying some special tribute to Miss Rehan in this article, for surely in all that he strove for this fair personage stands as the most ample fulfilment of his artistic desires among his stage people. Her career, since the night she first appeared under the management of Augustin Daly in the theatre that now bears his honored name, September 17, 1879, up to the time of Daly's death was a series of unbroken triumphs. Her rare personal charm and the radiance of her talent endowed his theatre with a certain atmosphere of studious delight, culture, and brilliancy. There has not been in all the history of the American stage any single example of dramatic environment so purposeful and so prodigiously influential as that which surrounded Daly's theatre during the reign of Ada Rehan. The audiences which she drew were composed of the very best element in metropolitan life; in fact, the majority of the strangers in New York who went to see Miss Rehan were of the most thoughtful and refined class throughout the nation. She glorified the theatre, and always—instantly, on the first personal contact—deepened one's regard for the profession as among the great arts. Miss Rehan held her place in the esteem of the public by a dignified conservatism that was the proper curtain which separated her public performances and her private life.

I saw Miss Rehan's first triumph in New York when she was but a slip of a girl. In 1878 Mr. Daly produced Zola's *L'Assomoir* at the old Olympic Theatre on Broadway, and Miss Rehan attracted immediate attention in the laundry scene, where in her small character she encountered Gervaise, played by Maud Granger, an older and at that time a more experienced actress. Miss Rehan's first part at Daly's Theatre was in *Love's Young Dream*. Then I saw her in Mr. Daly's own play, *Divorce*, in which she was Lou Ten Eyck. Then followed a long series of successful comedies.

But it was in Mr. Daly's superb revivals of Shakespeare's plays that Miss Rehan did her greatest and most enduring work. Her Katharina in *The Taming of the Shrew* was by all odds the best within the memory of the present theatrical observers. William Winter, the poet and competent critic of the *Tribune*, told me, while witnessing Miss Rehan's portrayal of this character, that it was incomparable; that the present generation would never live to see its equal, and he doubted if it ever would be matched in the future.

On January 20, 1891, was given the first presentation at this theatre of *The School for Scandal*, with Miss Rehan in her splendid and regal performance of Lady Teazle. She appeared in memorable contrast with her predecessor Fanny Davenport, and was eminently superior to all others of her time. Her Viola, her creation of Maid Marian in Tennyson's *The Foresters*, her Helena in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, her Pierrot in *The Prodigal*—all severely different in mind and character—were an exhibition of histrionic force and versatility seldom

equaled in the annals of women of the stage.

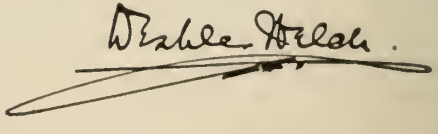
From the very first hour of her New York appearance Miss Rehan was considered a model for general deportment. So marked was her grace, carriage, sweetness, and careful modulation in voice and manners that she was studiously observed by teachers in the various walks of physical and mental training. It was no uncommon thing for large numbers of seats to be sold in blocks, for nights or matinée performances, to the heads of fashionable New York schools—such as Reed's or Ely's—in order that the young pupils might be especially enabled to study Miss Rehan's deportment. On tour the same evidence of appreciation was manifested in other towns. At Northampton the young ladies of Smith College always gave her an ovation; at Poughkeepsie the Vassar College girls did likewise; and it was the same way with the pupils of Miss Willard's school in Troy. Especially has Miss Rehan endeared herself to women; and while she has never been personally familiar with people, as many actresses are, it has been largely owing to a retiring and modest disposition, and not to a sense of her own importance. Her influence in this country has been far-reaching. It has been noble, refined, and instructive. In Europe Miss Rehan has been regarded with admiration and affection. Her Rosalind was declared to be incomparably beautiful as an ideal of womanliness. Lord Tennyson, then in his eighty-third year, paid her marked personal attention, and it was only Miss Rehan he wanted to create his lovely Maid Marian.



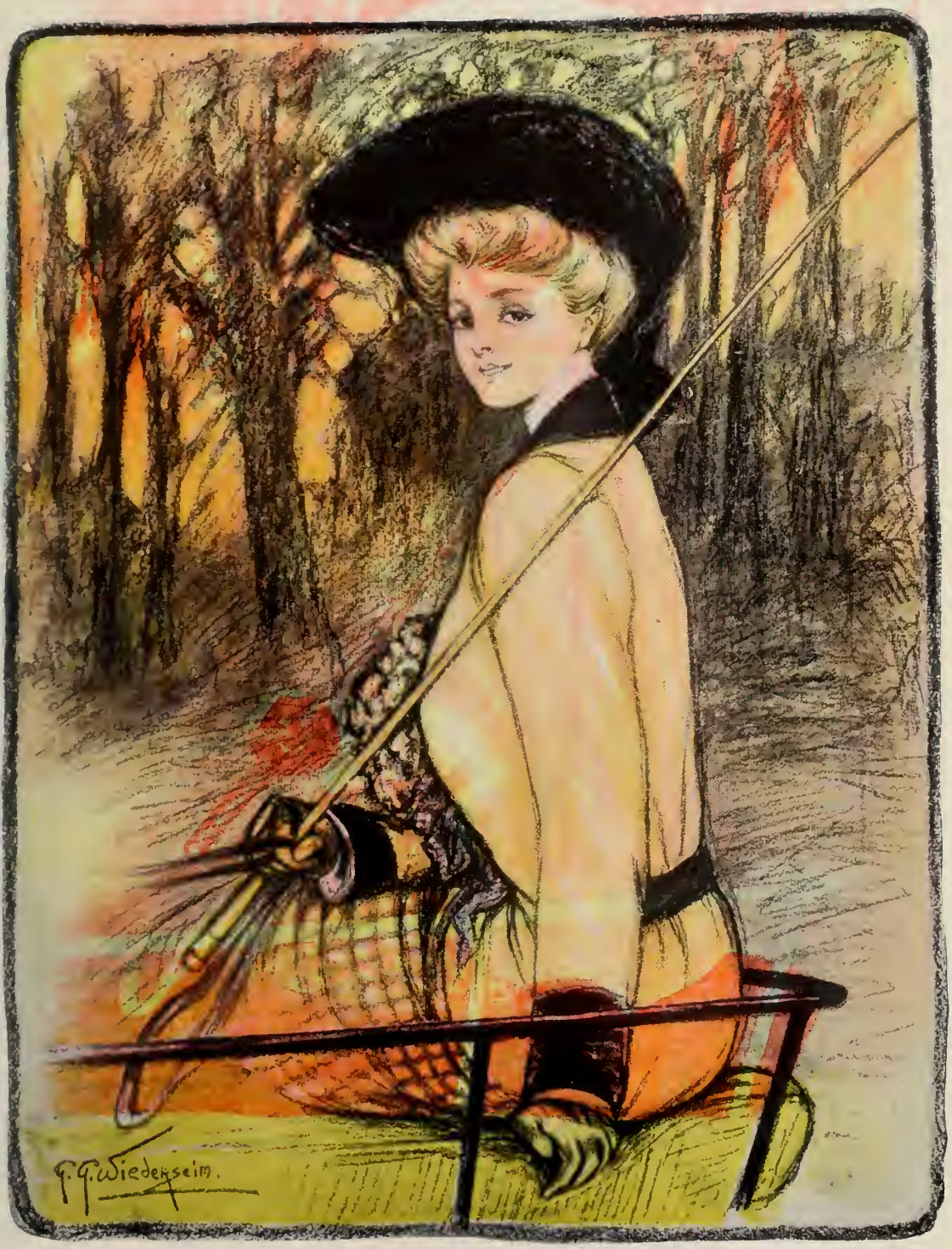
CLARA MORRIS
IN "ALIXE," 1873

It may surprise many of my nearest associates, but nevertheless it is true, that Augustin Daly had another positive aspiration outside of his theatre, and this was to found a magazine that would rank above anything published, superior in art and text. He actually began operations by purchasing the majority of the stock in *The Theatre*, of which I was then the editor—Edwin Booth being one of three owners—and became now doubly interested in its future. He immediately became interested in its position with the profession, and had an opportunity to judge privately of the personal eccentricities of actors outside his own theatre. For good and sufficient reasons, precipitated by a domestic calamity of my own, we finally gave up the project for the time being, and I immediately discontinued the publication and joined him in a private capacity.

More than ever Mr. Daly became solicitous as to the *clientèle* of his theatre, and now felt satisfied that it was peculiarly his own and of a kind to be very proud of. It is a pity that Augustin Daly died early. His removal was a distinct disaster in the realm of worthy dramatic art.




THE OUT-OF-DOOR GIRL
DRAWINGS BY
GRACE G. WIEDERSEIM



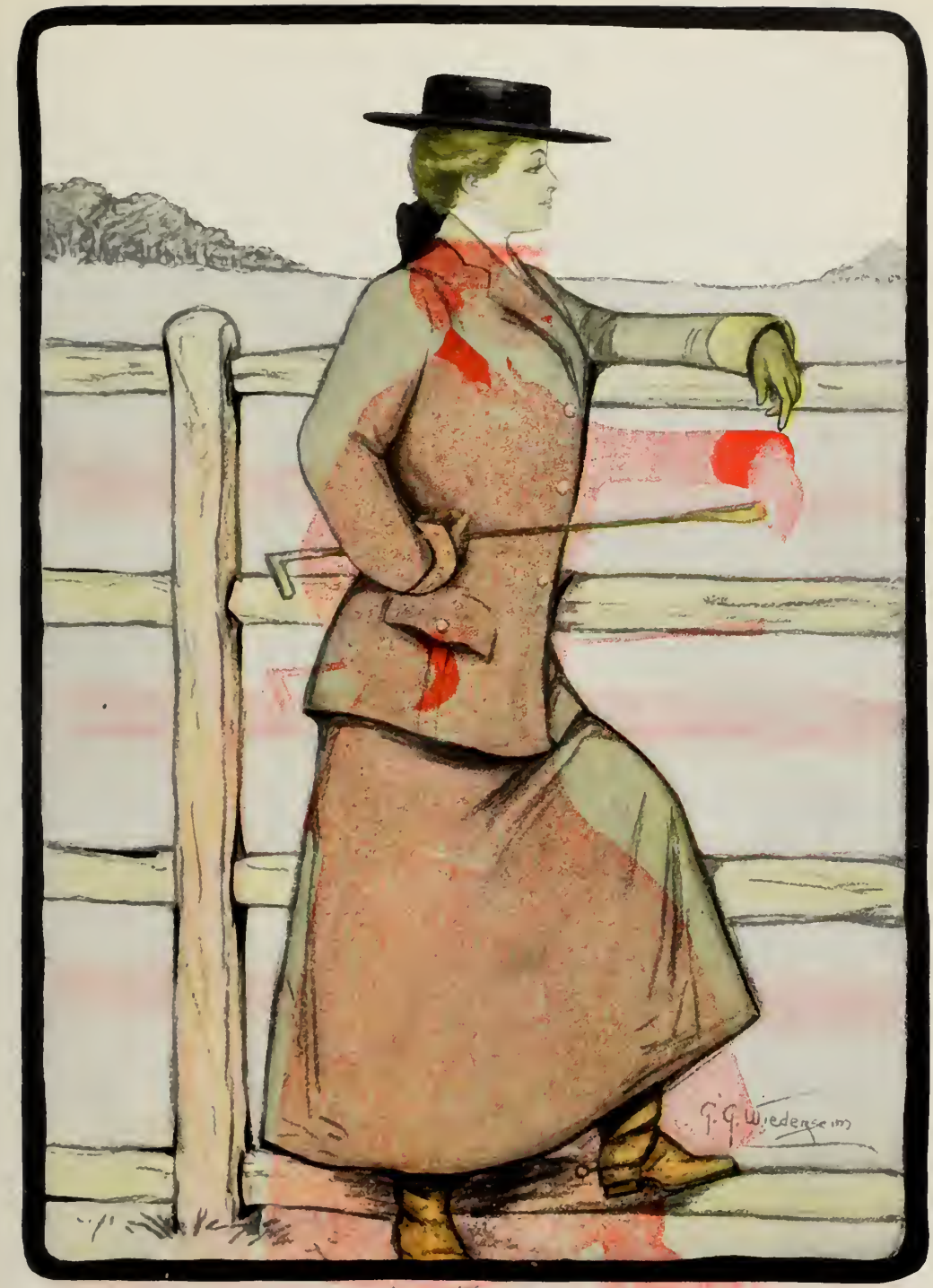
ON THE VILLAGE ROAD

DRAWING BY GRACE G. WIEDERSEIM



ON THE LINKS

DRAWING BY GRACE G. WIEDERSEIM



READY FOR THE CANTER

DRAWING BY GRACE G. WIEDERSEIM

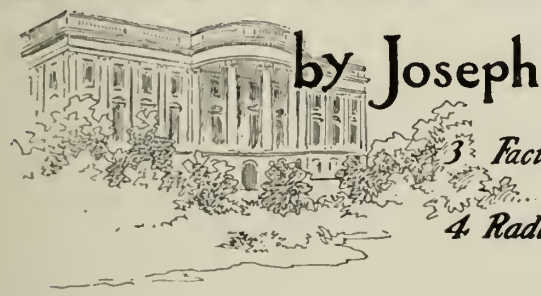


Judge, 1892

Courtesy of the Judge Publishing Co.

J. G. B.—TO BE OR NOT TO BE, THAT IS THE QUESTION

Fateful Presidential Conventions



by Joseph M. Rogers

3 Faction Paralyzes the Republican Forces - 1892

4 Radicalism Captures the Democratic Party - 1896

[In this series of two articles Mr. Rogers has undertaken to describe the four national nominating conventions which were peculiarly dramatic in character, and which in each instance led to party defeat. The March number of this magazine contained his account of The Division of the Democratic Party in 1860, and The Disintegration of Republican Power in 1880. In this number the series is concluded.—EDITOR.]

III

The story of the Minneapolis Convention of 1892 can best be understood by narrating two incidents as they fell from the mouth of General Benjamin Harrison soon after he left the presidency. The first has an important bearing on the course of the convention itself, and is as follows:

Early in 1892 Mrs. Blaine was anxious that her son-in-law, Colonel Coppinger, should be made a brigadier general. He had been a colonel only a year, and there was a long list of eligibles ahead of him. Mr. Blaine talked over the matter with the President, and the latter clearly showed not only that it would be a wrong to the men ahead of him, but that practically it would be objectionable. To this Mr. Blaine agreed. Some days later, while busily engaged, the President was asked to receive Mrs. Blaine, which he did, to the exclusion of other visitors. The moment she entered the storm-cloud appeared. In terms not to be misunderstood she demanded Colonel Coppinger's unmerited promotion. The President explained the situation. In vain. Neither questions of principle or policy affected Mrs. Blaine's position in this matter. "When she swept out of the room with an ominous swish of her skirts," said General Harrison, "I knew there was to be trouble."

It came soon enough. Mr. Blaine resigned from the Cabinet on the eve of the convention, but did not get the nomination. Neither was General Harrison reëlected. And thereby hangs the second story also told by General Harrison.

Some weeks before the election President Harrison was waited on by three leading Republican politicians who had opposed his renomination at Minneapolis. They came with an ultimatum in their hands. If the President would agree to make certain appointments, the gentlemen present would guarantee his reëlection. The converse of the proposition was not stated in terms, but was fully understood. The refusal was complete.

As General Harrison evidently believed that the gentlemen in question would be able to carry out their promises, or their implied threats, and seemed convinced that his defeat was due to his failure to placate those political leaders who had fought him at Minneapolis, he was questioned closely on the subject. Would he not have been willing to agree to the terms offered, on condition that the nominees were men of the highest character and abilities, and such as he would normally have appointed in any event? The answer was categorical: "I would under no circumstances agree to

such a bargain, as it was foreign to my nature to do so."

Whether General Harrison was or was not correct in his views of the reasons for the fight against him at Minneapolis, and for the succeeding failure of the Republicans to support him, may be questioned. As a matter of historical interest his own views are important, and are here published for the first time.

The second-term idea has received much impetus of late. From the days of Jackson to McKinley no president was made his own successor except—during the Civil War and events growing out of it—Lincoln and Grant. Van Buren failed. Cleveland failed in 1888. Harrison's campaign for renomination began immediately after his accession, although he declined absolutely to declare himself, actually going on record as refusing to do so. Nevertheless his candidacy was generally understood, and until early in 1892 was scarcely opposed.

Republican politicians had a curious experience with the President. No one doubted his abilities or the soundness of his policy. Yet he had hardly become warm in his chair before there was a revolt against him. Senator Quay, chairman of the national Republican committee which had so triumphantly elected Harrison, began it. General Harrison was reported as saying that his election was due to Providence—a statement most irritating to Quay. General Harrison went to his grave ignorant of the means used to accomplish his election, but in life he was not disposed to yield honors to campaign managers. Senator Quay wanted his son—a subaltern in the regular army—given a staff position with the rank of captain. There were gray-haired captains in the line at that time, looking for some relief from arduous campaigns; and the President refused to promote a boy, just out of West Point, over hundreds of his superiors. This was perhaps not the whole cause, but the last straw which led Quay to separate from the President, to resign the chairmanship of the national committee, and finally go into opposition. Others had many griefs. The fight came in the spring of 1892.

General Harrison owed the opposition to him more to temperament than anything else. It was a common statement that one could go to Harrison and get a request granted with as much satisfaction as handling a live frog; while Blaine, as Secretary of State, would refuse a consulship in a way that would dismiss the disappointed man with a feeling that Blaine was his big brother, and grieved to death at the compulsion of refusal. Among his closest friends Harrison was as jovial and free-hearted as Blaine, and could not believe that in many cases the manner of doing a thing was as important as the matter. He protested against the current view of his temperament, and in private sought to impress his friends that he possessed as much red blood as any man. Partly from temperamental repulsion, partly from centrifugal forces, and in a sense believing in a call from the people, the ruling forces of the Republican party—as was supposed—declared against Harrison and in favor of Blaine.

The curious situation was that men like Quay and Platt, who had fought Blaine to the death in 1880, were now his devoted adherents. The Old Guard had gone to pieces. Not that they hated Blaine less, but Harrison more. The situation early in 1892 was peculiar. Harrison had given a good administration. The McKinley bill had been passed, the country was prosperous. The Sherman silver bill had been thrown as a sop to the West. The crops were good, and things generally pointed to a Republican victory.

It was not until May that the revolt against Harrison became important. For one reason or another, mostly private griefs, State leaders like Quay, Platt, Alger, Clarkson, Foraker, Hale, General Mahone, and others, were ranged against a renomination. There was no objection to this, since Harrison refused to announce himself and Blaine's position was long enigmatic. He wrote a letter to Clark-



Puck, 1892 *Courtesy of Keppler & Schwarzmann*

"SHOOING 'EM IN"

son, chairman of the Republican national committee, saying he would not be a candidate under any circumstances; but this was discounted. There were subsequent conferences; and though Blaine never retracted his letter, he became, perhaps under the domination of his wife, a willing or receptive candidate about a month before the convention.

It has been affirmed—and denied—that early in Harrison's administration Blaine said he would never again be a candidate for the presidency. It is even said that he told Harrison, in accepting the Department of State, that he renounced ambition. If Blaine had at any time up to January, 1892, come out flat-footed for the presidency, he could have won it substantially without a contest. But he dallied long, then refused, and finally coquetted. Even Henry Clay had no such career. Blaine never got the nomination but once. Thrice he came near it. In 1892, he was dragooned into being a candidate.

Early in 1892 he said that those who were begging him to be a candidate were those whose influence had defeated him in 1880. He was shrewd enough to see that if they were devoted friends of himself then it must be for selfish reasons, since with

more reason they could have supported him in the contest against Grant, whose ambitions they so warmly espoused. Normally, Blaine was a man of profound insight. Where his own interests were not concerned he seemed to be a seer and prophet. Left alone, he could cast his own horoscope. But when his wife and his former foes played on the heartstrings of his ambition and his imagination, not to mention some other strings which the public could not know, he seemed to lose his normal grasp and to become a willing instrument in the hands of others.

Before the convention met at Minneapolis it was seen that the fight was to be bitter. The Blaine forces were led by James S. Clarkson, of Iowa—who had succeeded Quay as national chairman—ex-Senator Platt, of New York, Senator Quay, General Alger, Governor Foraker, General Mahone, and Senator Hale. The Harrison contingent was marshaled by Consul-General John C. New, Senator Hiscock and Chauncey M. Depew, of New York, Powell Clayton, Chauncey I. Filley, Governor Warmoth, and John R. Lynch—the latest named having been temporary chairman of the convention of 1884, which nominated Blaine.

The Blaine men at the start made much of the fact that Southern delegations were largely composed of federal officeholders, solid of course for Harrison. Many contesting delegations appeared from these States, where it could nôt be claimed on either side that there had been any real voice of the people manifested. It was a battle between political leaders. The Harrison delegates were held by the consideration of the offices in possession. The bait to all held out by Blaine men was—benefits to come. The real strength of the Blaine people was that Harrison was temperamentally unpopular, while Blaine was universally beloved.

On the Saturday before the convention the headquarters of both factions were crowded with enthusiastic partizans, when, like a thunder clap, came the news of Blaine's resignation from the Cabinet. Both parties were bewildered. The Blaine managers tried to look wise and assume that it was part of their program. The Harrison men insisted that it came too late. On Sunday the Blaine men put forth the claim to 540 votes—an obvious overstatement, even including all the contested votes. Never had there been so much restless activity exhibited in headquarter rooms. In 1880 there was an atmosphere of calm and secrecy in the parlors where the leaders held conferences behind closed doors. Now the hurrah was kept up on all occasions, with the intention of manufacturing sentiment.

The great Blaine card was played on Monday when, at a meeting of the national committee, the temporary roll was made up with some loss to the Harrison forces. But, as events moved along, this proved not serious enough to shake the faith of administration leaders.

The convention met Tuesday, with J. Sloat Fassett in the chair, and preliminary business was hurried through. When the committee on credentials met the Blaine men were jubilant, thinking they had a clear majority; but their strength oozed away, and the committee's report was favorable to most of the administration delegates. The wind was taken out of the sails of the Blaine men by a caucus held by the Harrison men, in which Mr. Depew was the leading spirit. It was claimed that 463 delegates attended—showing a clear majority.

The Blaine men tried to belittle this, but it sent a chill down their spinal columns. When, on Thursday, the decisive vote was taken on the seating of the Alabama delegation, there were 476 votes for the administration, and 365½ against. A previous motion to substitute the minority for the majority report resulted: 423½ ayes, 463 noes—the real test vote and the exact caucus strength. All the real and manufactured Blaine sentiment—the latter very apparent in the convention—had failed to accomplish anything.

Then took place one of the most extraordinary attempts on record, an effort



Puck, 1892 *Courtesy of Keppler & Schwarzmann*

"HE'S ALL RIGHT!"

to stampede the convention to William McKinley, the permanent chairman. This was a complete failure, for several reasons. McKinley did his best to prevent it, and the attempt chilled whatever manufactured or spontaneous enthusiasm had been aroused for Blaine. For weeks the anti-administration managers had insisted that Blaine was the people's choice, that he would be nominated by a ground-swell of enthusiasm, and that they were only acting in obedience to the people's will. When he was suddenly dropped, to capture a few faltering votes, the opposition to Harrison fell to pieces. The first ballot was decisive.

Harrison - - - - -	535½
Blaine - - - - -	182½
McKinley - - -	182
Reed - - - - -	4
Lincoln - - - -	1

When the vote of Ohio was cast for McKinley, that gentleman, being in the chair, made a protest that was unavailing. He did not make the unalterable declination, as at Chicago in 1888, but he was not deceived as to the possibility of his nomination. Probably he had no objection to a large vote as an impetus for 1896, to which he was already looking. White-

law Reid was nominated for Vice-President, and the convention adjourned with little enthusiasm. The Blaine men were soured over defeat. The Harrison men's joy in victory was chastened by the fact that the old war-horses of the party were in ugly mood, and November already began to feel chilly.

Whether Mr. Harrison was right in his belief that he was defeated at the polls by the treachery of Republican leaders must long remain an unsolved mystery. It is certain that few tears were shed by the Minneapolis recalcitrants over Harrison's defeat. An examination of the election returns of 1892 shows that, although over 1,000,000 votes were cast for Weaver, the Populist candidate—a large portion of which, North and West, came from the Republican party—Harrison could have been elected by a small rearrangement of the popular vote. A change of less than 50,000 votes would have carried New York, Illinois, California, Wisconsin, Kansas, West Virginia, Oregon, North Dakota, and Indiana—nominally Republican, or very close States—for Harrison, and would have triumphantly elected him. Omitting New York, Harrison could have won in the electoral college by a change



Harper's Weekly, 1892 *Courtesy of Harper & Brothers*

AFTER THE CONVENTION

THE ONLY DRAWBACK TO THE SUBLIME PLEASURE OF THE OCCASION

of only 26,000 votes. Too much may be argued from such statements, but General Harrison believed he had been defeated by those who put personal concerns above party or national welfare.

Surely it was a fateful convention that met at Minneapolis, for in December of that year it looked as if the Republican party were demoralized beyond immediate prospect of recovery.

IV

The resurrection came sooner than was expected. The bad times of 1893, and thereafter, suddenly made the financial question of the first importance. The Bland act had failed to restore silver to a parity with gold. The Sherman act was even more impotent. The Populists, who had polled over a million votes in 1892, had grown so that they threatened to absorb the Democratic party. By 1896 the issue was squarely whether there should be free and unlimited coinage of legal tender silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. The Republicans at St. Louis nominated McKinley on a platform—adopted after a long struggle in committee—declaring for maintaining "the present gold standard," and pledging the party to promote international bimetalism, until which time silver was to remain in its existing status. The purchasing clause of the Sherman act had been repealed, and as a matter of fact the mints were closed to outside silver, and never since reopened. While the Republican platform was not as categorical as extreme gold men wished, it was sufficiently so to arouse the antagonism of the free-silver men.

Long before the Democratic convention met at Chicago, July 7, it was known that the fight would be warm; and the conservative, or administration, element knew its sole chance was in controlling over one-third of the delegates, and bringing about a deadlock and compromise. The leaders of this movement were national chairman William F. Harrity, Senator Hill, of New York, Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, and former Postmaster-General Vilas, of Wisconsin.

The free-silver men were led by Senator Jones, of Arkansas, Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, Senator Daniel, of Virginia, and a long list of men who had never before figured in a national convention. Secretary Morton, of Nebraska, had secured a delegation for the administration, which was contested by free-silver men under William J. Bryan, known as "The Boy Orator of the Platte."

As to candidates, both factions were very much at sea. The administration men had none, seeing their only chance was to force a conservative nomination as the situation developed. The free-silver men were divided. Congressman Richard P. Bland, of Missouri, seemed to have the most strength, due to his long service in Congress, where in season and out of season he had fought for silver. His forces were championed by Senators Vest and Jones, and their appeals to local sentiment and populistic predilections were through placards showing "Silver Dick" in his shirt sleeves, loading a hay wagon. This theme was worked hard, and over-worked. Governor Boies, of Iowa, had a following, as did Claude Matthews, of Indiana, Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, and John R. McLean, of Ohio. The only conservative candidate was former Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, who had twice carried the rock-ribbed Republican State; and this later became embarrassing to his friends, as he would not withdraw, though frequently asked to do so. He never had a chance, though he would not believe it. An abortive effort was made to boom Senator Teller, who had withdrawn from the St. Louis convention under such dramatic conditions.

The fight began at the start. The national committee, constituted in 1892 and controlled by the conservatives, put forward Senator Hill as the candidate for temporary chairman. A minority reported in favor of Senator Daniel. The debate was fierce, and portended the course of events. Daniel was seated by a vote of 556 to 349, and a tumult ensued which was with difficulty suppressed. The silver

men had won first blood, and were in an ecstasy of joy. This was tempered somewhat by the ensuing reflection that the gold men had a little over one-third of the convention as then constituted.

The fight was now transferred to the committee on credentials, where there were contests in Nebraska and Michigan. The contestants won in committee, and, after a fight of unparalleled bitterness on the floor, were given their seats. The Michigan decision was a clear steal, but essential to get the two-thirds vote. Second blood for the free-silver men! On Thursday the platform committee reported, and the declaration for immediate free and unlimited coinage of silver, without consulting any other nation, was not only categorical but in terms defiant.

It had been for some days apparent to the conservatives that they would lose at every point, and there was a grave question as to what policy should be pursued. Some were for bolting the convention at once, others simply to refuse to vote; but it was determined, at all hazards, to fight the platform to the last. The convention was in many respects the most extraordinary that has ever met. The majority were in a state of frenzy over free-silver and other populistic notions. They had the votes, but were weak in leadership. The two men who seemed to dominate the majority in the convention were Senator Tillman—whose loose expectorations of language angered his opponents and dismayed his friends—and Governor John P. Altgeld, whose action in pardoning the Chicago anarchists had aroused a whirlwind of opposition throughout the country. These were not proper leaders under the circumstances. They inflamed and maddened the delegates, and made coherence of their own people almost impossible. It was this situation which the gold men hoped to control by appeals to reason. Debate on the platform had been arranged between the contending forces. Tillman was to open for silver; Bryan was to close. Hill was to open against the platform, to be followed by Vilas and Russell. Hill's idea was to temper the plank about silver rather than vote it down entirely.

Tillman led off in a speech which was as undiplomatic as possible. He was vulgar, insolent, and brutal. The friends of silver chafed under his nauseating attacks on lifelong Democrats. When hissed at one period, the speaker turned savagely to the galleries and remarked: "There are three things that hiss: a goose, a serpent, and a man."

This did not tend to mollify the audience, and when he closed the convention was in a bad humor. Psychologically, the silver men had lost ground. They felt humiliated, wounded in the house of their friends. Then came Hill in a well-tempered, earnest argument against the folly of free silver for the present, and pleading at least that the experiment be tried only for a year, and that international bimetalism be made the policy of the party. Cogent and convincing to fair minds, the speech had no other effect on the majority than to make it sullen. They had been outgeneraled on the platform, and it galled them. Then followed the scholarly Vilas, in a clear argument against folly. Handsome in appearance, silver-tongued, logical, he made an impression wherever there was still the open mind. Here were delegates of no ordinary standing in their communities, men of force and intelligence, who could not but be affected by words of truth and soberness. They were not convinced, but made restless. When the clean-cut young Governor Russell—who had thrice carried Massachusetts against the Republican party—closed the debate for the minority, there was actual despair in the hearts of the free-silver men. They knew that they had been outclassed, that in the coming appeal to the country they were as yet without a champion who, upon the forum, could hold his own against the "wise men of the East."

Out of this seething vortex of humanity, angered, despondent, yet determined, arose the form of a young man above ordinary size, with clean-cut face and leonine head. Clad in low-cut vest, white tie, and alpaca

coat, he forged to the platform amid storms of applause.

It was Bryan!

Never did an audience hang more breathlessly on a speaker, and never were expectations more fully realized.

Starting with a modest reference to his lack of ability as compared with those who had preceded him, he caught the convention at once by his statement: "The humblest citizen in all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the whole hosts of error that they can bring. . . . The individual is but an atom; he is born, he acts, he dies; but principles are eternal, and this is a contest of principle."

The free-silver men began to take courage as the bell-toned, melodious voice, with infinite tact, led the audience away



Harper's Weekly, 1896 *Courtesy of Harper & Brothers*

THE COLISEUM, CHICAGO

WHERE THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION OF 1896 WAS HELD



Judge, 1896 *Courtesy of Judge Publishing Co.*

THE SILVER-PLATED DEMOCRATIC DONKEY

A TYPICAL REPUBLICAN CARTOON

from the arguments of the gold men and planted the new banner upon a platform of alleged devotion to the dearest interests of humanity. In ten minutes Bryan had confidence restored, and when he thundered, "We beg no longer; we entreat no more; we petition no more; we defy them!" the applause that burst forth was deafening, and lasted for minutes. Still holding them in leash, the speaker continued to uphold his cause, and when he announced that no longer would the party "surrender the right of self-government and place legislative control in the hands of foreign potentates and powers," the continued cheering made it long impossible to proceed. The peroration was a masterpiece of occasional eloquence. Artfully recalling the days when New York and Massachusetts fought side by side for American liberties against Great Britain, he announced that the time had come for another revolution against foreign financial domination, closing with the well-known defiance:

"If they dare to come out and in the open defend the gold standard as a good thing, we shall fight them to the uttermost, having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world. Having behind us the commercial interests and the laboring interests and all the toiling masses, we shall answer their demands for a gold standard by saying to them, you shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!"

At the conclusion of the speech there arose a tumult of applause never paralleled in convention history. The majority went wild with delight, almost insane with joy. Delegation after delegation rose *en masse* and, with banners flying, marched in front of the stand and yelled themselves hoarse with joy, while the galleries for twenty minutes joined in the echoes. Never was a single speech more potent. It was like the element which a chemist casts into a beaker of turbid liquor, and clarifies it immediately. History must be ransacked to find a similar psychological parallel. The speech today can be read critically and with little enthusiasm, but there is no denial that it was suited for the occasion. It made the candidate.

Up to this time Bryan's name had hardly been mentioned. Now his friends saw his strategic advantage. He was personally kept from the convention hall until he had won.

There were other planks in the platform besides silver which were odious to the conservatives, as they smacked of populism.

Governor Altgeld was perhaps the most conspicuous figure in the convention for two days. But for his foreign birth he would have been a strong candidate for the nomination. He detested Cleveland for sending federal troops to Chicago to put down the mobs during the great railway strike, and there was a strong plank denouncing this in the platform. After Bryan's speech there was no possibility of altering any word of it. Senator Hill's money amendments were voted down, 303 to 626; and a resolution commending Cleveland met the same fate, 357 to 564. The platform as a whole was adopted, 628 to 301; and the convention adjourned until evening.

That night the nomination speeches were made. The situation was satisfactory to few. The administration forces, with some exceptions, had determined to sit silent. Only Pennsylvania was compelled to keep in the ring because Governor Pattison refused to be eliminated, greatly to the disgust of chairman Harrity, who wanted to haul him off. The free-silver men were happy in their victory, but friends of the leading candidates saw with disgust that Bryan's eloquence had cost them dear. At the start delegations could be held for their candidates, but the situation was rapidly drifting toward the young man from Nebraska.

Bland, Boies, Bryan, Matthews, Blackburn, and McLean were put in nomination; but the speeches as a rule rang hollow, and voting was postponed until the morrow. On Friday the convention met to ballot, and it was known that the administration men would bolt; not in dramatic fashion, as in 1860, but in the no less impressive manner of expressing contempt, by silence. Many of the older heads among the silver men fully appreciated the importance of this defection, and they were the more anxious to secure a candidate with a large experience in public affairs, whose conservative record would appeal to the doubting Thomases of Democracy. Bland had the largest support, but he had many points against him. He came from a rock-ribbed Democratic State, and thus had no gift of otherwise uncertain electoral votes, based on local popularity, to offer as an incentive. His twenty years in Congress had been creditable, but aroused no enthusiasms. Governor Boies, of Iowa, who might otherwise have been strong, was too conservative for the populistic element. Others had merely a local following, and only Bryan seemed likely to grow in strength.

There were angry scenes during the first roll-call. The unit rule had been imposed by most of the State conventions, and these instructions had been rigidly enforced earlier in the sittings, with the result that the gold men lost many individual delegates — enough, they thought, to have given them over one-third of the convention. Now, when the gold leaders tried to enforce this rule, so as to prevent any voting in the delegations they controlled, angry protests were made; for in most cases there were a few who wanted to join the triumphant silver procession, and they succeeded. The redoubtable General Bragg, of Wisconsin—who years before had said of Cleveland: "We love him for the enemies he has made"—was irascible and defiant; but in vain.

The first ballot stood:

Bland	235
Boies	67
Bryan	137
Matthews	37
Blackburn	82
Pattison	97
McLean	54
Tillman	17
Scattering	26
Not voting	178

The last number was ominous. But for Pattison's candidacy it would have been really a hundred larger. The second ballot showed Bland 281, Bryan 197, Pattison 100, not voting 160, with half a dozen lesser candidates struggling far in the rear. On the third Bryan rose to 219, and Bland to 291. On the fourth Bryan had 280, and Bland had fallen to 241. The end



New York Journal, 1896

COLUMBIA IN FETTERS

had come. On the fifth there was a stampede to Bryan, who received 652 votes, Pattison 95, Bland 11, and a few others were scattered.

Then the convention went mad again, and in the saturnalia of vociferation there was no hint of the coming November frost. At night the convention completed its work by a most remarkable intellectual somersault. Mr. Sewall, of Maine, was named for second place, though he was a renowned "plutocrat," a national-bank officer, and supposedly a gold man at heart. When the Populists met later they endorsed Bryan, but rejected Sewall.

The Chicago convention of 1896 will long remain notable in our annals because of the peculiar conditions under which it met, the extraordinary scenes which took place, and the crushing defeat which followed. It nominated the youngest man who ever contended for the honor—one almost unknown, and one who made a remarkable personal campaign. The convention split the Democracy, and a gold faction met later at Indianapolis and nominated Palmer and Buckner—two redoubtable generals of the Civil War who had fought on opposite sides.

The personal spell which Bryan exercised over the convention has now lasted longer than in any previous case. He is the only defeated candidate to be unanimously renominated in a succeeding convention. He rode twice to defeat, but survives to maintain a notable personal influence; and he claims—seemingly with arrogance, though possibly with truth—that he can control the coming platform and nominees of his party. Whatever one may think of the financial heresies of Mr. Bryan, it is impossible to ignore him as a man. In temperament he is like Clay and Blaine, and like them, so far, in record of failure.

Psychologically Mr. Bryan is as interesting a study as Mr. Harrison. They were at opposite poles in principles, environment, heredity, and temperament. Less conspicuous intellectually than Harrison, or temperamentally than Bryan, it was left to the benign McKinley to triumph twice where both had failed.

Josephus Burgess

The Modern Short Story

A Glance at Some Recent Collections

The gentle, friendly day which has just died lured me, I know, into pleasant paths along the stream and through the woods. And tonight, as I draw up before the smouldering back-log on my study hearth, I feel no desire for intellectual warfare. I have a touch of spring-fever in my bones, I think—a reminiscence of those happy, idle moods of youth when one loitered and dreamed and built stately air-castles through the long, blue hours of one April day after another. I am too old, I fear, for castle-building now; but at any-rate I cannot work tonight.

A parcel of books arrived this afternoon from the librarian of our little town, with an earnest request that I would read them at once—the librarian has boundless faith in my speed as a reader—and advise him as to their suitability to a place upon his shelves.

I open the parcel and find, with a little shock of surprise, that it consists of short stories and nothing but short stories—volumes of them, a round dozen volumes. I have always understood that it was a publisher's dogma that short stories did not pay. They were, of course, necessary as fillers in a magazine; but in book form they were a dangerous risk. Perhaps, after all, this dogma, like other dogmas, was only a tradition.

And certainly this batch of short stories fresh from the press is only another evidence of the public interest in this particular form of literature. That there has been a great revival of this interest in the few years since the beginning of the century, a mere glance at a few names and dates will show. In 1901 Professor Brander Matthews republished in book form a magazine article, with the alarming title *The Philosophy of the Short Story*, which had first seen the light in 1884. In 1902 a couple of collections of typical short studies appeared, with prefaces and notes designed to enlighten the uninitiated as to the exact limitations and characteristics of this modern type. In the same year Mr. Bliss Perry's really illuminating essay on the short story appeared in *The Atlantic*, to be included later in his delightful treatise on *The Study of Prose Fiction*. And finally, in 1903, there appeared what its publishers describe as "a new and unique volume," pretentiously entitled the *Book of the Short Story*, and purporting to be "the first adequate attempt to present a comprehensive and expert review" of the subject. In such a work one might have hoped to find the last word on this fascinating topic; but unfortunately its editor, one of the professional compilers who abound nowadays, had so hazy an idea of his task that he actually included *The Book of Ruth*, *The Apparition of Mrs. Veal*, and *Rip Van Winkle* among his representative tales. Of these it may be sufficient to remark that *The Book of Ruth* is a novel in little, *The Apparition of Mrs. Veal* an expanded anecdote, and *Rip Van Winkle*, according to the editor's own published statement elsewhere, not a short story at all "according to the modern definition."

It would be interesting and instructive, I am sure, if we could once get a "modern definition" of this modern type on which all the doctors would agree. Professor Matthews would find the essential charac-

teristics of the "short-story," as he hyphenates it, to consist in unity of impression. But, although he devotes many pages to a discussion of the differences between the short story and the novel, it seems plain that some novels, at least—*The Scarlet Letter*, for example, or Mr. Hardy's *Wind of Destiny*—leave exactly this unity of impression upon the reader. Poe, the first critic to attempt a definition of this form, laid great stress upon the actual length of the narrative; it must be, he insisted, not longer than could be read at a sitting. But a sitting is itself a very indefinite term. I have, for example, read *Bleak House* from cover to cover at what was practically one sitting, and *Bleak House* is neither a "short-story" nor a story which is merely short. Mr. Perry wisely discards the mere external characteristics—compression, originality, ingenuity, and the rest—and finds the distinguishing mark of the short story in the attitude of the writer toward his material. Perhaps this attitude has been most briefly and clearly summed up by a recent writer in one of our critical reviews: "The aim of the short story," says Mr. Hamilton in the February *Bookman*, "is to produce a single narrative effect—an effect of character, action, or setting—with the greatest economy of means that is consistent with the utmost emphasis." That is not, perhaps, the final definition of the short story, but it will do for a working instrument, at least, and by it we may proceed to test some of the volumes of my parcel.

The first to my hand is Mr. Quiller-Couch's *Two Sides of the Face*. Now "Q." is a famous writer of short stories. There is hardly a more delightful collection in modern English than his tales of *The Delectable Duchy;* they make us, in Mr. Perry's happy phrase, homesick for a place that we have never seen. But in this last collection Mr. Quiller-Couch is by no means at his best. The first tale, *Stephen of Steens*, is too long drawn out for a true short story, and not broad and diversified enough for a novel—even in little. It does not deal with "a single character, a single event, a single emotion, or the series of emotions drawn out by a single situation." It is a good enough story as stories go, but it will hardly pass muster under our definition. *The Horror on the Stair* is a true short story written after the pattern of Q.'s master, Robert Louis Stevenson. Its first pages suggest one of Stevenson's greatest achievements, *Thrawn Janet*, but one has only to compare the two to see the vast gulf that yawns between the true master of an art and the mere practitioner, however clever. The climax of Q.'s story—and a fine grisly climax it is—bursts upon us and leaves us gasping with the shock. It is only when we go back over the tale for the second time, and ask ourselves the significance of its separate details, that we begin to realize how little, after all, has been done to prepare us for this climax, and how utterly absent is that weird obsession of impending evil which hangs like a pall over every page of Stevenson's masterpiece.

The Mazed Election, on the other hand, is in Q.'s best vein, a capital comedietta of the Duchy such as none but he could write. *The Hotwells Duel* is perhaps a trifle too farcical, and *My Lady's Coach* a little unevenly proportioned, but both are of the right flavor. The two or three other tales are inconsiderable; certainly they will add nothing to Mr. Quiller-Couch's reputation.

Of the four stories in Mrs. Cotes' *The Pool in the Desert*, it is doubtful whether any but the second could by any stretch of the definition be classed as a short story. How little the actual length of the tales has to do with the classification can be seen from the fact that this exception is half as long again as the first story. All four are stories of the Anglo-Indian life which Kipling has written large across the pages of the better half of his best books. Mrs. Cotes, it is true, is a mere onlooker at that life; but, as her little book of Indian sketches, *The Crow's Nest*, proved some years ago, she is an onlooker with a seeing eye and a lively sense of humor. Humor, in fact, that rare quality in a woman's work, is perhaps Mrs. Cotes' best point; and it is truly unfortunate

that in the first and last tales of this collection she suppresses it entirely, and deals—I think it must be admitted—in a rather unsatisfactory manner with somewhat complicated moral problems. The story which gives its name to the book is somewhat vague and unconvincing; the hesitation of Miss Anderson, which serves as a title for the last of the group, is real enough, but cowardly, not to say immoral. But *The Mother in India* is a gem, one entire chrysolite. Nowhere else, so far as I know, has the other side of that necessity of Anglo-Indian life, the separation of parent and child—whose tragedy Kipling brought out so grimly in his *Black Sheep*—been as clearly conceived and as humorously presented. The little story never for a moment loses the true note, degenerates into farce, or strains after seriousness. Plot, character, and setting all combine to produce the one single impression; the whole composition tends toward the preestablished design. And yet, strangely enough, this essential unity was so far from being recognized by the writer herself that she actually permitted the first publishers of the story to break it in half to suit some fancied exigency of magazine space. It is needless to say how the story suffered under this treatment.

If Professor Matthews is correct in asserting that the difference between a short story and a sketch is that the latter may be still-life while in a short story something always happens, the greater number of the little compositions that go to make up Mr. Ade's *In Babel* must be classed as sketches. *In Babel*, being interpreted, means in Chicago. In most of these reprints from a daily paper there is not enough action to justify ranking them as stories. To be frank, I do not quite see the justification for the publication in book form of a series of sketches like these. According to Mr. Ade's brief preface, they are intended to "serve as an antidote for the slang which has been administered to the public in such doses of late." Here follows a specimen of the antidote; the reader may judge for himself what the slang is like. A Chicago business man is delivering his opinion of critics: "I gets a paper and reads the notices. Well, I find one play that gets an awful lift all around, so we go over there, and say! it was the saddest ever. It was so punk it was blue around the edges. I don't want any critic telling me where to get off. I don't think they're on the level. Now you say they're all out cappin' for this fellow. Mebbe they are, but look here, I never heard of this mug before, and I've been in town all the time, too."

Mr. Riis' *Children of the Tenements* is as much pleasanter reading than *In Babel* as New York is more delightful than Chicago. Mr. Riis tells us that he invented none of the incidents in the book, but simply gathered them in the course of his quarter of a century's service as a police reporter. This fact alone would, according to the principles laid down by our greatest master of the short story, bar out these little tales and sketches from the class of books we are discussing. A literary artist, says Poe, should not fashion his thoughts to accommodate his incidents, but should invent such incidents, or combine such events, as may best aid him in establishing a certain preconceived effect. This preconceived effect, unique and single, was, I take it, the farthest thing from Mr. Riis' mind when, from the great mass of his experience, he selected and combined the incidents which he has here presented to us. And yet there runs through the whole series one distinct note of the artist—the note of temperament. Mr. Riis has put himself into all his stories. If New York life were in its totality what it appears in this series of transcripts, we should have to confess that, in spite of the gulf of time and space that lies between them, New York, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, bore a wonderful likeness to the London of Dickens. I have no notion whether Mr. Riis is a lover of the works of Dickens; but I am quite sure that Dickens, were he now among us, would be a lover of Mr. Riis and of his work.

And, indeed, setting aside the small matter of creative genius, the two men have not a few traits in common—a militant optimism, a sympathy with the struggling and the submerged, an unbounded delight in the simple joys and virtues of the poor, and an unfailing well of sentiment that bubbles over at times into sentimentality. And it is the abundant presence of these characteristics in his work that lends to Mr. Riis' tales and sketches, in spite of their lack of conscious art, a fresh and peculiarly attractive charm.

There is little enough charm about the collection which comes next to hand: Mr. Henry Rowland's *Sea Scamps*. It is, if the truth must be told, a mere glorified form of the dime novels we have all been punished for reading in our boyhood. The whole interest of the book lies in a succession of blood-curdling incidents, in which an outlawed English doctor, a hard-bitten Yankee trader, and a cosmopolitan little scamp of an artist play alternately the conventional rôle of the fearless, law-defying, ever-victorious hero. The climax of absurdity is reached when the inevitable feminine enters the tale and the doctor succumbs to the charm of an island maid—"a goddess, a Diana of Hans Makart"—while the Yankee trader puts his mother's wedding ring upon the dainty finger of a globe-trotting French countess. And as for the style in which the series of incredible adventures is told, this brief comment on the courtship of the doctor and the island goddess may serve as a sample: "Sweet their wooing must have been—and wild; for who could listen to words of love where the moonlight flickers through the palms, and fail to feel the heart pound like the crashing surf that, with all its noise and tumult, will never tell to aching hearts the fates of those dear comrades who lie—who knows—a thousand fathoms deep." That sort of thing is bad enough in the pages of a cheap magazine; one really protests against it when it appears between the boards of a decently bound book. If Mr. Rowland means to go on writing stories of adventure—and he has, no doubt, a certain knack of lively narrative—he ought first to shut himself up for six months, and take a thorough course of study in the later works of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Mr. Conrad's latest book, *Falk*, is a very different piece of work. I had occasion some time ago to speak of this author's penetrative imagination and strange impressionistic charm of style. He is by no means so well-known in this country as he deserves to be; but I doubt whether his reputation will be greatly increased by this trio of stories. And yet all three are of a very different type from the average magazine story which is caught up into book form with a dozen or so of its fellows. Mr. Conrad, more than any other writer now living, has a sense of the force and the mystery of the sea. He has himself been a deep-sea sailor, and, in his own words, "he who hath known the bitterness of the Ocean shall have its taste forever in his mouth." *Falk*, the first and longest of the three, is a strange medley of almost farcical comedy and grim tragedy. It seems a little too long at first reading; the petty details of Falk's courtship and absurd jealousy occupy, one would say, an altogether disproportionate space in comparison with the swiftly-told horror of the secret that lies behind the grave, impassive face of the hero. But when one reads the tale a second time—and Mr. Conrad's stories are among the few that will bear and repay a second reading—it dawns upon one that it is not, after all, the mere story that has attracted the author, but the character around whom, as a central figure, the incidents of both comedy and tragedy fall into place; or rather the two elemental passions of love and hunger incarnate for the time in the figure of this strange, strong, simple man. *Amy Foster*, the second of the tales, is to my mind not only the best of the three, but deserves to be ranked along with *Youth* as one of Mr. Conrad's triumphant achievements. Mr. Conrad's stories are apt to be bizarre in conception and over-elaborate in execution,

but *Amy Foster*, like *Youth*, is a simple story and very simply told. There is a sense of restrained power about the tale; one feels that the author has his material thoroughly in hand, that he could have elaborated and expanded at will, but that he has deliberately compressed and eliminated in order to secure his desired effect. And the effect is one of very unusual pathos. It would be hard to find in recent literature a more moving figure than that of the gentle, sensitive, and lively mountaineer, a true type of the artist nature, lured from his home by promises of golden harvests, shipwrecked on the strange shores and stony hearts of an unsympathetic people, rescued for a moment by the loving pity of a woman, and abandoned in the end, by the same woman's incomprehension and stupid fear, "to perish in the supreme disaster of loneliness and despair."

The third story, *Tomorrow*, is to my mind the least attractive of the series. It is a study in insanity—sordid, grimly humorous, and sternly tragic. The situation of the mad old 'long-shore captain, waiting every day for the return "tomorrow" of his lost son, and refusing to recognize him when he at last appears, is one that might have attracted Mr. Jacobs. But this writer would have approached it from the comic side, and would have fitted it with one of his ingeniously imagined happy endings. It is characteristic of the gloomy and somewhat morbid tone of Mr. Conrad's art, which has among other things kept him from the wide-spread popularity his undoubted genius deserves, that he attacks such a situation wholly from the serious side, and closes it in hopeless tragedy.

Speaking of Mr. Jacobs reminds me of his latest set of stories, *Odd Craft*. It hardly seems worth the while to dwell at any length upon them, for they are exactly like all the stories that Mr. Jacobs has written before. There is not, I suppose, an English author living whose power and scope are so exactly defined and so narrowly limited. Mr. Jacobs is the master of the marionettes; the showman of a set of little figures whose antics are infinitely amusing, but have not enough relation to reality to produce even an illusion of existence. If compression, originality, and ingenuity alone sufficed to make a good short story, these "odd craft" would be leading the fleet in a free-for-all regatta. But even in the short story, especially when it comes upon us in collections, one demands something more. The appearance of one of Mr. Jacobs' ingenious constructions in the pages of a magazine is always provocative of amusement, but the perusal of a whole volume of them is apt to result in a sense of weary satiety. Fancy the hopeless condition of a man condemned to witness the performance, twelve times repeated, of a Punch and Judy show! Versatility, charm of style, sympathy with the varying conditions of human life, are as conspicuously absent in the one as in the other.

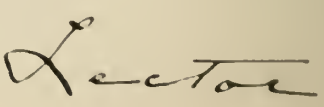
It is just the presence of these qualities which makes the work of Mr. Hopkinson Smith so delightful. No one would pretend, I fancy—not even the most partial of the friends of this genial painter and writer—that such a collection of stories as he has recently given us in *The Under Dog* is entitled to rank among the masterpieces of the art. They are hardly strong or serious enough for that. Mr. Smith's touch in writing, as in painting, is light, graceful, and charming. And these little stories are sketches — impressions, one might perhaps call them—of an experience which has varied from an artist's sittings under a white umbrella in Mexico to an engineer's labors in building the Shark Ledge lighthouse off Keyport harbor. Through this experience Mr. Smith has passed with open eyes and sympathetic heart; he has both seen and felt. Not very deeply, perhaps. In spite of his avowed partiality for the under dog, one can hardly imagine him heading a revolution to oppose the government which sets the machinery of law at work against the Kentucky moonshiner, and in the process is itself guilty of such breaches of the higher law as he records in the cases of

Samanthy North and Bud Wilson. But, after all, Mr. Smith is an artist and not an agitator; and we have only to record our gratitude for the art which sets before us, with deft and sympathetic touch, figures so various and so attractive as those of the American backwoodsman, the old-time negro body-servant, the lonely Diffendorfer, and the irrepressible Irish cabman who wouldn't give "a cobble of the Strand no bigger'n me fist for the best farm in Surrey."

Of all the collections that I have been turning over, Mrs. Deland's latest series of Old Chester tales, *Dr. Lavendar's People*, seems to me easily the first for combined sincerity, simplicity, and strength. There is no question here of clever amateurish sketches, or of the tricky hack-work of the average professional; every touch shows Mrs. Deland's easy mastery of her art. She has grasped perfectly, it seems to me, the limitations and capacities of the form; she gives us exactly that cross-section of life which the short story, as a frame, is capable of containing. Each story of this series is complete and perfect in itself, yet all taken together give us a sense of atmosphere, an illusion of life in the little town which makes us, for the time, members of the community, friends and neighbors of the good old minister's people. Mrs. Deland is an unflinching realist; she acknowledges the presence, even in her sheltered back-water of the world, of the hard facts of human life, of unthinking egoism, grasping avarice, foolish gossip, and bitter hatred. But she is also open-eyed enough to perceive the nobler traits that the hand of the Master Weaver has shot like threads of gold across the darker warp of life. And to her it is these golden threads of stoic fortitude, of Christian charity, and of unbounded self-sacrifice that give to life its importance and significance. Through the shifting scenes of these little dramas moves, like the chorus in a classic play, the figure of Dr. Lavendar, a country parson such as Chaucer would have loved, brave enough to commit a legal crime, wise enough to applaud an act of seeming folly, strong enough to lend a helping hand to even the weakest fellow-mortal. He may be taken—not unfairly, I presume—as representing the author's own attitude toward life; and it is just this attitude of the frank yet cheerful realist that seems to me at once the most difficult of attainment and the most desirable when attained, the most sane and the most convincing. We in America, at least, although we have outgrown the romantic conception of human nature as a thing essentially innocent and happy, have not yet advanced—or shall I say declined—to the stage occupied by so many Continental philosophers and artists, who hold that this same nature is in itself irredeemably animal and base.

I have wandered far afield from Old Chester in my thoughts. There is much that I might have said of Mrs. Deland's well-rounded character portrayal; of her strong handling of the plot, with its swift touches of tragic irony; of her firm, sure style, so fitted in its grave simplicity to the characters and scenes with which she deals. But is it not, after all, the highest compliment that one can pay to an artist to confess that his work has carried us beyond the little world it represents—has touched us to vaster issues? And this compliment, I believe, Mrs. Deland alone, of all the authors whose work I have been considering, fairly and fully deserves.

The fire upon my hearth has burnt low; there is a faint spark among the ashes, but the back-log is charred and dead. A chill has crept into the room, and the voice of the rising wind outside proclaims that another cold wave is coming to overwhelm our first faint promise of the spring. With dismay I look at the loaded table beside me and see that there yet remain two or three volumes of my librarian's sending. But enough for tonight; another day, perhaps, what remains may serve again as an excuse for quitting work to gossip about stories and story-tellers.



THE PRINCESS ROSALBA

A Story



by Virginia Tracy

I

"My dear Bob," said Miss Austin, "you should try managing a circus, not a Pinero actress. I don't know what I can do for you that is more sensational than to lose my jewels!"

Her young business manager stopped in his wrathful promenade up and down her dressing room, and favored her with a tremendous frown. "Is this a time to joke?" he said. He turned imperiously to the grave personage at the door. "Tell it again," he said. "And be careful. Don't miss a point."

The personage cleared his throat. "I went back in the carriage, sir, as directed, to fetch Miss Austin's necklace. When I reached the hotel I went to the desk for the box to be taken out of the safe. The clerk was there, and another person, and there were some persons whom I scarcely observed, leaning upon the desk. I presented Miss Austin's order, and when the clerk handed me the box I unlocked it with Miss Austin's key in full view of those present. The box was packed with pebbles, empty pill boxes, and such trifles. Miss Austin's ornaments had disappeared. And I drove here to report, Mr. Curtis."

"You see!" cried the business manager, waving an accusatory hand at his principal. "Not even an advertisement in it! Nothing! A bald, impossible statement! Not a clue, not an incident! Nobody will believe it!"

"My dear Robert," said Miss Austin, "try to remember that it is not my fault. I would have lost my jewels more romantically for you if I could." She turned slowly toward the personage and regarded him gravely, tapping on her cheek with her long fingers.

"When you unlocked the box, Thomason, the key turned as usual? You do not think the lock had been tampered with?"

"No, madam, quite as usual."

"And no one had asked at the office for my box since I saw you put it there myself, last night?"

"No one, madam."

"I packed it myself," she said, turning to the manager. "Hannah was busy with a ruffle I had stepped on, and I always like to handle jewels, so I put them away myself. I drove home with the box in my lap, and I gave it to Thomason at the hotel door. I saw the clerk put it in the safe."

"The hotel is liable," said Curtis. "It's a clear case."

Miss Austin made a movement of distaste. "It is terrible to have it narrowed to the clerks. An indefinite criminal doesn't matter, but when it comes to people one has seen—! Did they examine the other things in the safe? Were they intact?"

"As far as could be seen just then, madam. There was even an envelope from that music-hall person, with some money in it, not a large sum, quite undisturbed, madam."

"That music-hall person?"

"She was there, madam, and counted it. She said she was sorry your jewels were gone, as she had wished to see them on you tonight, madam."

"Tonight? Oh, yes. If you mean Miss Montresor, Thomason, kindly call her so."

"Yes, madam. And she does look above her station, certainly, madam. A very well-appearing young woman ——"

"You sent her a box, of course, Bob," Miss Austin interrupted.

He nodded. "Higgins, her representative, wrote for one. She has had some kind of a row with the people at the Orpheum, and they've put an injunction on her, so she's not dancing at all. How many stones in that necklace of yours, Mary?"

"Thirty. And they had nothing whatever to say at the office, Thomason?"

"Nothing to signify, madam."

"Well," said Bob, "they're saying something by this time. The catechism's easy to what those detectives are springing on them. Your lawyer will have something to say to them about breakfast time that'll take away their appetites. And now when the fellow gets here from the police force, Mary—it'll be Hoffman or Harkinson, one of their best men—I want you to smile at him, and treat him right, and hearten him up a little, as though he was one of those little devils of newsboys or waiters or washerwomen that you

always lay yourself out for. It's really nothing against a man that he's got influence, you know." He looked quizzically at her, with his shrewd and charming smile.

"Very well, Bob," she said. "And certainly it has to be left to the police. And I am afraid it will have to get into the papers."

"Into the papers! *Get* into the papers! You may be sure there isn't going to be anything else in the papers! If there isn't a story in the thing, I'll make one that'll send up the price of padlocks. I'll have this whole town seeing diamonds in its sleep! Say, Thomason—" he looked up from his hurried scribbling at his star's little traveling-desk—"carriage outside still?"

"Yes, Mr. Curtis."

"Well, you jump into it and go after that policeman and drive him up here. You give him to understand we didn't want him to get his boots muddied. Oh, and stop at the florist's, and tell Miss Austin's maid, if she's got those roses grown yet, Miss Austin wants 'em for the first act, not for her funeral."

He turned back to the star as the door closed upon the correctness of Thomason. "Your list ready for the papers, Mary?"

She handed him a penciled slip. "Will this do?"

He glanced at it. "Well, I'll fix it up for you. What a pity you went in for oddity—arrangements and workmanship and all that—instead of stones!"

"It couldn't make much difference now," she reminded him.

"Well, it would sound a lot better." He ran rapidly over the inventory, stopping to particularize one item: "*One small gold cross;* it was ten dollars, Mary. Total, $35,600, by George!"

"Yes," she said. "Every cent, all of my profits that I dared. I love bright stones. One of my forebears, Robert, must have come out of the East. I've been an extravagant hussy!" she demurely added.

"Extravagant! Not a bit. I shall have to touch 'em up, as it is. You couldn't offer the public less than a clean fifty thousand dollars' worth. Think what they're used to being gulled with!"

"It will sound so dull," she smiled at him, "for me to have bought them all myself. Couldn't you imagine a few young lords and millionaires to have given me some of them? It would make more sensational reading."

"No," he replied shortly, "we'll cut that!"

She put her hand on his shoulder, and, leaning over him, watched his flying pen. "There seem to be some points, Bob," she said softly, "on which your advertising instincts fail." She went on, teasingly: "Still, officially, a few czars and sultans and so on would be quite respectable."

"There's one thing about rubies and diamonds," he unheedingly continued. "You can work 'em up to almost anything. Say a hundred thousand, all told. You're wearing your rings?"

"Oh yes, and my watch and one little brooch. Bob, listen: did you hear what Thomason said about that girl—that Rosie Montresor, or whatever she calls herself? Well, if I hadn't been meaner than the meanest cad about her being in front tonight, I'd have brought my jewels to the theatre as usual, and worn what I chose. But I thought I wouldn't wear any. I knew she would be ablaze with diamonds. And then, after I got there, I thought what a cheap-minded fool I was, and I sent back for my necklace."

Mr. Curtis laughed. "I guess we're all human, Mary," he said. "And I fancy the stones were gone before you left the hotel. Let's be thankful you sent back for them and found it out when you did. What floors me is the lot of time the fellow must have had, what a lot of time the safe must have been open to him. He must have had the combination. It's like you to take it quietly; but—why, Mary!"

"It's nothing," she reassured him. She put aside the glass of water that he fetched her, and smiled upon him somewhat unsteadily. "I was a little dizzy. It's gone. But so much of my money—my hard, slow, weary money—was in those jewels; and I'm getting an old woman, Bob!"

"You!" he jeered fondly at her. "You!"

His hands were still outstretched, and she took hold of his wrists and looked up with pensive mischief into his face. "Think of it! My little gold cross that you gave me before you ever proposed to me—gone at one swoop with the pearl pin I oughtn't to have let you give me after you had stopped proposing altogether! What a long time it took you to grow up, Bob!"

"I'll give you another cross and another pin if you'll let me propose again."

"Well, that's very pretty of you," she said. She was a little displeased, and walked slowly across the room, pretending to adjust some furs that were drooping from a nail, came back again, and took a seat in front of him. Her clothes made little silky, crêpy whispers as she moved; when she sat down the laces of her dressing-gown creamed out in a languid, trailing foam over the cheap little kitchen chair. Mr. Robert Curtis stood looking down upon her with the mingled tolerance and awe with which, when she is decoratively presented, simple-hearted masculinity regards the intellectual woman.

"I'm glad, after all, that I brought this up, Bob," she said at

last. "I thought you had got over the notion that you had anything to get over. But I see I must try to find it in my eloquence to convince you that you are not in love with me at all, that you never were in love with me. No; now be quiet. I thought you knew it long ago. You are a full-fledged, successful business man now, and it is time you were graduated from that idea. When we were both very young and very poor, you fell in love with my unhappiness. You were perfectly faithful to me during all those famished years. Not because of anything in me, Bob; only because you are an entirely chivalrous and romantic person. And now, you see, you have fallen in love with the notion of being faithful."

He was turning her little cloisonné inkstand round and round upon the make-up shelf, and she took it smartly out of his hand and put it beyond his reach, as though he were a naughty child.

"You have simply got to rid yourself of that idea," she persisted. "It was not at all bad for you for a long while, but now you are coming to the fulness of your power. It's a real power. You're making a big name for yourself, and I simply will not have all your energies and prospects identified with me. This fancy of yours of putting all your money into my business and making me—what was it? 'The greatest actress living, if it took your last dollar to do it.' I won't have you wasting yourself in that futility. We can't work together; your methods aren't mine ——"

"Too noisy, I suppose," said Mr. Curtis, with great good-humor.

"Much too noisy. And my dramatic reputation is an established concern now. It was all very well for you to manage me on a salary; but when you start in for yourself it must be in your own way, and you must have a new star, a new piece—something you can dazzle people with. I let you come with me this year because I thought if you saw me, day in and day out, reeking with opulence and snarling at my maid, it would fade out the last shadow of your allegiance; but I am still black and pale and thin, and older than you, besides—now, come, you know I am—so I suppose you still contrive to pity me."

She looked up at him, her mouth crooking itself at the corner in the little upward slant of tender drollery with which she was accustomed to smile at his bigness and his boyishness. He looked very fresh and strong and comely in his scrupulous evening dress, and buoyantly young—younger, she stoically remembered, than he had quite the right to look. He observed her, his arms folded, with a gentle, superior glare, his attitude not unsuggestive of a champion

pugilist before the camera, and spoke. "Well, Mary, I guess you don't want to marry me, all right. But now you won't entertain the idea of our being business partners?"

"Thank you, no; I will not."

"Well, that's clear."

"I want it to be. I want you to understand—"

"Hold on; it's up to you this time to be still a minute. I'm not arguing with you. I've said all I think about the business deal before, and I see it doesn't take hold of you; and as for the other, I don't want to bullyrag any woman into liking me. But—pity you! You know a lot, but you don't know everything. Pity you! Why, there's nobody like you! You're a wonder! There isn't another woman on God's earth has got the brains you have! And you're the bravest woman, and the best, and the best actress. Look at the grip you get on your audience from the word go! I never come into the house and look across that crowd of people that I'm not proud of you. You—snarl at your maid? Why, you're complacency itself! Look at the time it's taking her to buy you some flowers. Another woman would have her life. Look at that down-east affair you lug around the country with you—that Thomason—he looks like a walking funeral—"

"Thomason," said Miss Austin, laughing, "is an estimable person. He has seen better days. I believe he was educated for the ministry, or for school-teaching, or something far more respectable than acting, Bob. And he isn't a Yankee; he's a Scotch Canadian."

"I don't care how much of a Canadian he is; he looks like the pictures of that New England lantern-jaws—you know; the one that wrote the essays—"

"Oh—Emerson!"

"Yes; and he gets on my nerves. He's too sanctimonious. By George, if you hadn't put those jewels away yourself—"

She held up her hand. "Here's Hannah."

The maid knocked and entered. "Gracious, Hannah," said Miss Austin, "how late you are, child!" She took the roses from the girl's hand and put them into water herself. "I shall be rather rushed," she said to the departing manager. "If you don't mind, Bob, I wish you'd ask Mr. Brown yourself to be sure about those blue footlights."

She resigned herself into the hands of her maid, pensively contemplating herself in the long mirror. "Oh, for some pretty girl," she thought; "some good, pretty girl to open Bob's eyes! Dear Bob! I can't have him wasted. I'm so fond of him. I can't have

him trailing about after a middle-aged lady who reads Maeterlinck. But he will—"

"Is it true, Miss Austin," said the maid, speaking breathlessly up from her kneeling position at the skirts of her mistress; "is it true that your diamonds and rubies and everything are all lost?"

"Oh!" said Miss Austin, with a start. "Why, yes; so they are!"

II

By a quarter to eight the news of the lost jewels had penetrated to the remotest dressing-room. The atmosphere was tremulous and ablaze; people scarcely minded the old dreariness of making-up, in the lively interest of the news. Miss Austin was on good terms with her company, and all its members were sorry for her. She had never seemed so resplendent as she did tonight as she moved about—her slender, pale arms and throat, without a jewel, imaginatively a thousand-fold more impressive than if they had been decked with the wealth of Ind.

The highly-bred can never get themselves to the beginning of a play, no matter at what time it begins; and rustling streams of fashion continued to flow down the aisles, and over the feet, and past the eyes of the punctual vulgarians during the first half of the opening act. Miss Austin found herself unusually, unduly exasperated by this. The loss of the jewels had got on her nerves; her mind kept trying to follow them. She was a hard worker, a strict disciplinarian; her company—accustomed to a sharp supervision, a steady, central grasp—was a little chilled, a little thrown out, the tension was relaxed, good team-play became impossible.

The first box on the stage-right was still empty; Miss Austin whispered to the astonished ingénue that Miss Montresor's interest had evidently departed with the jewels. At that moment, however, with a great sweep and rustle, Miss Montresor came into the box.

The act dragged on. Miss Austin went through the mechanism of her work, her voice sounding in her own ears far away, unconvincing, flat. It was a little time before she realized that there was something new going on, an excitement, something alert and unusual in the distraction of her associates. Little exclamatory noises exploded in the left first entrance; people dodged in and out of it against her express orders. She was beginning the last speech of the first act, in which she stood almost facing this left entrance, and she was annoyed, and wondered if she were jealous, at finding that the people in it were staring past at the inevitable Miss Montresor. Suddenly she saw that the ingénue, whose hand she

held, was staring in that direction, too. Something in the ingénue's look startled her; she turned slowly toward her bedizened rival, and met the kindly pity and disappointment of a pair of round, blue eyes. The next moment her mouth dropped open, her voice caught and died away. Miss Montresor was in full evening dress; and there in her black dress, in her plumed hat, on her beautiful bare wrists, on her arms, in her hair, and deep about her breast and the length of her slender throat glittered and sparkled the entire glory of Miss Austin's precious stones.

The actress felt her blood quicken in her like a wave of warmth. A strong, human pleasure of excitement glowed within her; she turned gently away from the box again, and finished her climax in a swift, incisive fire of delivery. The audience was startled into applause. The girl in the box turned and said something to a man sitting behind her, and the curtain went down.

III

"My maid has gone for her," Miss Austin said to the police officer in plain clothes, "to say I should like to speak to her. But will she come?"

"I guess she'll come all right," said the officer. "It won't be her game to make a scene in which she'd get the worst of it—not before the audience. But you mustn't think, ma'am, that the rest is going to be very pretty. If she came by the things honestly, she'll make a strong fight for them. She's not the kind, you understand, that most any sort of publicity can do any harm to. If there's been any fellow hard up enough, and cracked on her enough, to have stolen your things for her, it'll be just another advertisement for her."

"Surely he wouldn't have dared, for her sake, to have given them to her without some kind of warning."

"You can't tell what a man'll do when he's crazy. But I must say, myself, it don't look to me like chance. Well, if she wore those stones here tonight on purpose, she's got some pretty deep game afoot. And they'll play it for all it's worth, she and the man that runs her."

"Oh yes," said Mr. Curtis, with sudden avidity, "her manager, Higgins. Let's have him in here, too."

"Oh, he won't get away. I've got that box pretty closely watched. But we want the woman alone, first. And I want to warn you against the sympathy racket. She's a mighty handsome girl ——"

"She looks like an angel," said Mr. Curtis.

"Well, it's just those angel faces can do the slickest work." She's been traveling round with this fellow for years, singing and dancing in all sorts of queer places. And when he got a chance to bring her out in London she was what you might call a nine-days' wonder there, the same as here. She left there all of a sudden, they said, on account of the fancy prices over here; but before she left there was some sort of a muss about a bracelet some young swell gave her, or didn't give her, and she handed it back to him again. She seems to turn people's heads easy enough. I suppose she doesn't shake this Higgins because he puts her on to all her rackets."

"But what possible motive could she have for letting me know she had my jewels?"

"Well, I can't really say yet, ma'am. It might be a case of blackmail, same as Sir George Lorton worked on his wife, who was an actress. She used to wear the family jewels on the stage as a sort of 'ad.' Sir George lit out for Australia with them and pawned them, and then swore they were imitation, and actually scared some money out of his wife by threatening to expose her for cheating the public with false pretences!"

"But Miss Austin's jewels weren't imitation," said Curtis.

"No more were the others," said the officer. "It was just a trick Sir George played to get a little pocket-money."

"The connection does not seem very likely," commented Miss Austin.

"Perhaps not," said the officer; "but then, somehow, you can't always tell how these games are worked."

There was a knock at the door. The little dressing-room fell strangely silent, and its silence was penetrated by the wistful, suggestive music of the *entr'acte* waltz. Miss Austin moved to the door, and opened it herself. Miss Montresor, still shimmering in her stolen gorgeousness, stood smiling on the threshold.

"Miss Montresor," said Miss Austin, "will you come in. You need not wait at present, Hannah," to the maid. "I am very sorry," she said to the visitor, as Mr. Curtis pulled forward a chair, "to have to put you to this inconvenience."

"It's no inconvenience at all. I'm sure I thought it very civil of you," said the girl. Her voice, though it was fresh and soft, with a little, living note of gaiety and sweetness, was thinned throughout by the Cockney twang, which, carefully beaten away from the actual aitches, survived in the lengthening and sharpening of every vowel and the sing-song lilt of every phrase. She inclined her head with a small, stiff graciousness to Mr. Curtis, and rustled into the chair.

Miss Austin, sitting opposite and regarding her with care, felt a disarming kindness for the ignorance of a girl scarcely out of her teens, and for some other quality which she could not name, but of which she had been aware at the first glance. And yet, was the girl, in her flaunting prosperity, really ignorant, or only shameless? She was tall and of a young, rounded slenderness; on her little Clytie head the hair was crimped into close, solid ripples, like a barber's block, and glistened thick and golden and smooth. Her bright, natural complexion looked false at a first glance, it was so evenly pink and white; her round blue eyes, very mild and full, regarded the world with a baby stare; she had a gentle, rather rigid dignity, like that of a good child. Miss Austin could make nothing of that imperturbable radiance; whether it was mere stupidity or mere daring, she could not guess. But yet there was something, some poignant reminiscence connected with it.

Suddenly she remembered, and almost exclaimed. When she was a very morbid, lonely, intense little girl, there had been raffled at a church fair, near her home, a great wax doll. The sick and dreamy child had admired it beyond the pictures of angels. It had worn a long, black, rustling dress, and it had a round pink-and-white face, and flat, rippled golden hair. Somehow or other she had secured a ticket for that raffle. She had named the doll to herself—a sweet name, Rosalba. And, then, someone else drew the right number. She never saw the doll again; she never cared for any other doll. All her childhood Rosalba gleamed before her—an imperishable regret. And now, directly opposite, and beautiful exactly as a child conceives of beauty, she beheld the equivalent of that long-desired presence. She remembered that Miss Montresor was called Rosie, and looked at her with the musing slant of a smile that was generally reserved for Robert Curtis. At that moment the police officer drew a chair jauntily in front of the door and sat down. Miss Austin suddenly felt as though she herself were in a trap.

She was seized by a swift, absurd determination. The dancer, if she surrendered, should know what she was doing.

"Miss Montresor," said the star, "I wanted not only to speak to you myself, but to introduce to you these gentlemen—Mr. Robert Curtis, my manager"—Miss Montresor once more inclined her head—"and Mr. Murtha, of the police."

"Of the police!" Miss Montresor somewhat coyly echoed. "My word!" She turned and looked at Mr. Murtha with an interested amusement, in which she almost winked at him.

The officer made a little gesture of displeasure and impatience. He felt that Miss Austin's information had been premature.

"Oh!" continued the young lady, "about your jewels, to be sure! Well, Mr. Officer, I 'ope you'll make short work o' finding 'em. It's an awful thing for a girl to see everything she's got go into somebody else's pocket. It knocks one a bit silly, I should think."

"I think it has knocked me altogether silly," responded Miss Austin. "I scarcely know what to believe. I wish I might be dreaming."

"Fancy! I saw you were a bit off at first. 'Poor soul!' I said to 'Iggins, 'she's thinking of 'er loss, and no wonder,' I said."

"How did you know Miss Austin had lost her jewels?" asked the officer.

"I was there when they found out."

"Didn't you think the stones were pretty?"

"W'y, 'ow should I know? I never set eyes on 'em, did I?"

"You wouldn't know them if you should see them?"

"W'y, no!" said the girl, with an impatient laugh. "Wot's the man driving at?"

Miss Austin leaned forward. "There is something I should like to ask you." She waved an explanatory hand toward the long string of pearls and turquoises the girl was at that moment loosening about her throat. "How did you come to wear these here, tonight?"

"There!" cried Miss Montresor, "that's wot I said to 'Iggins. 'Iggins,' I said, 'wot's the use o' wearing all these there tonight? It'll only remind 'er of 'er pretty things,' I said. But 'e would 'ave it. 'E's got a regular taste for something sparkly, 'e 'as; and 'e keeps me always looking like I was on parade." She shook a string of diamonds that was twisted around her wrist. "But they are pretty," she smiled.

"You seem very fond of jewels," said Miss Austin. "You have bought a great many, for a young girl."

"My word! I didn't buy 'em! I've got a lot else to do with my money, I 'ave! Luck was never much my way before, and you never can tell w'en it'll stop, you know. I daresay I shan't be drawing a 'undred pounds a week for very long, I shan't." She looked down, musingly, at the surprising glitter on her breast. "These were only given to me todye—today," she affably corrected herself.

"Given to you!" implored Miss Austin; "Oh! by whom?" she added, with growing confidence. "Today! What, all at once?"

The girl colored. "W'y—yes," she said.

"You must have struck it rich!" said the officer. "Who gave them to you?"

"W'y!" cried Miss Montresor, "wot's that to you? You mustn't try any of your police manners on me, my man."

Miss Austin said very gently, "I am afraid you will have to answer."

The girl's eyes flashed. She stood up. "See 'ere!" she cried, "wot is this? You're all pretty queer, I think!"

Her excitement was contagious; the officer and Miss Austin also rose; Curtis came a step nearer to the girl, and fell back again. Miss Austin observed his discomfort with sympathy. It was a new business for Bob to be in, the worrying of a woman.

Miss Montresor observed the position of the officer. "Wot are you doing in front of that door?" she demanded. She gathered up the lace and jet of her skirts, as though to go. "Get away! I've 'ad enough of it 'ere," she declared.

"I'm not going to get away," said the officer, "and neither are you!"

She questioned Curtis and Miss Austin with quick looks. "Wot does 'e mean?"

Miss Austin clenched her hands. "Don't be afraid," she began.

"I'm not afrayd!" said the girl, lifting her head.

"Well, then," said the officer, "look here. This lady's lost close on to forty thousand dollars worth of precious stones, and you're covered with 'em this minute like a shop window. What have you got to say about it?"

There was a long pause. Miss Montresor turned at last from the officer to look at Miss Austin and her manager. "And was this the reason that you asked me to come and speak to you?"

"We hoped you would clear yourself," said Miss Austin.

"You didn't. You 'oped I should give myself awye!"

"Possibly," answered Miss Austin, with an exasperated flare of temper. "I wanted my jewels!"

"And do you think if I'd stolen 'em I'd be wearing 'em under your nose? I *should* be a silly, I should!"

"Well," broke in the officer, "there was never anything done so queer and so deliberate as that for nothing. There's games and games in your business. I know pretty well what yours is, and before I'm through with you, you can rest easy I'll know the whole of it. You've over-reached yourself this time, you and Higgins."

"Is this," said the girl, continuing to overlook the officer, "is this wot both o' you think?"

"Oh, my dear," said Miss Austin, pitifully, "there are the stones! What are we to make of that?"

"Well, wot are we? They're mine, I s'y. You s'y they're yours. It's even, isn't it? You expect me to believe you; w'y don't you believe me? If you ask me for things to prove it, w'y shouldn't I ask you? Wot's the diff'rence between us?"

She turned her little wax-doll head slowly from side to side, searching their faces. Then she said to Miss Austin: "I see. It's the kind of a girl you think I am. It's natural to think I'd tyke 'em. Only, w'y didn't you 'ave me arrested in the box, business-like? W'y did you ask me to come into your own room, o' my own self? I was that pleased! I thought you were that kind to do it, and not snubby to me like some of 'em 'ave been! But I don't call you a woman at all, I don't—not now. W'y, I came o' people that never 'ad a chance at all in this world, people you wouldn't wipe your feet on, I dares'y, but there isn't one of 'em that wouldn't give a girl fair pl'y, or wouldn't be ashymed to 'ave treated 'er like you 'ave treated me!" She had scarcely raised her voice, but now she broke into a loud, angry laugh. "And these," she cried, touching the jewels, "won't you look a pretty fool w'en they come to look at 'em! Not to know your own things, nor so very much about 'em, either! These! w'y, these aren't precious stones at all, not one of 'em; these are only imitytion!"

She looked about, eager for a sensation, but no one stirred. Only a little chill settled upon two of her auditors. The officer snorted grimly. "Imitation, eh? What did I tell you?"

Miss Austin spoke in her soft, frozen voice of anger and distaste. "May I ask you to let me examine that belt buckle?"

"No!" cried the girl. She looked defiantly round at the passive, expectant figures. Then, with a shrug, she unfastened the belt buckle and handed it to Miss Austin. Miss Austin pressed a brilliant; the jade slipped back and revealed a plain gold plate, heavily engraved with the letters M and A in monogram. The girl looked at this in silence, and grew very pale.

"Imitation, eh!" chuckled the officer. "That's news!" He called their attention with a pointing finger to the dancer's concentrated thoughtfulness. They watched it grow into something more lively, more painful; for the first time a nervous shadow fell across her face; she began to betray the fluttered passion of a sensitive creature which feels itself entrapped, which sees walls closing closely around it. Her nostrils distended a little, fear crept into her round, pretty eyes. Still studying her face, the officer said to Miss Austin, "Could you get me that fellow who saw her in the office?"

Miss Austin went to the door. "Please tell Mr. Brown I'm not ready yet," she commanded, "and send Thomason here. He can wait outside until I call him."

"Now," said the officer, not unkindly, "now, Miss Montresor, these things were given to you, you say?"

"Ye—yes, they were."

"Well, then, all you've got to do is to tell us who gave 'em to you. Don't you hesitate on his account. He's treated you pretty bad, and the only thing for you to do is to tell who he is." They waited; she made no sign at all. "Because, if you don't, we'll have to keep you under arrest until you do. Now you don't want that, do you? You don't want me to think this is all a fake, and you were in the business from the beginning? And be sure," the officer added sternly, as she tried to speak and failed, "be sure you tell me the right fellow, or you'll be worse off than ever in the end."

"I thought they were imitytion," she persisted. She moved slowly to Miss Austin's dressing-table, where she began to take off the jewels and lay them piece by piece upon the shelf. As the glimmering pile glistened and grew, her eyes filled higher and higher with tears. She put down the last ornament and covered her face with her hands. "There! I 'aven't 'urt 'em. Let me go!"

"Not by a long shot," cried the officer.

"Oh! oh! oh!" said the girl. She began to sway a little back and forth, with her face still hidden.

Miss Austin regarded her with the pity which she might have felt for some animal in pain. "I have my jewels," she said to the officer. "They are all I want. I do not wish to press the charge."

"Oh, well," said the officer, "I guess I got to hold her all right. She—"

"Oh! w'y?" cried Miss Montresor. "They're not yours. They're 'ers, and she's got 'em. That's all she wants. I'm very sorry I took 'em." Mr. Curtis started, and she saw him, but she only blenched at the slip without endeavoring to retrieve it, and Miss Austin smiled at him in a disconsolate sympathy. "I'm very sorry. They were so pretty. And I thought they were imitytion. It 'asn't 'urt 'em for me to wear 'em a few hours. W'y can't I go?"

"Ain't you the innocent!" said the officer. "That may go down with the lady and gentleman, but none of it in mine. You never stuck yourself all over with those things an' wore 'em as conspicuous as a headlight just because they were so pretty! And you never did it on your own lead, neither. You and that fellow of yours, that Higgins, have got something up your sleeves, and we've

got a pretty good idea what it is." He winked covertly at Curtis and continued: "We know all about it except one or two little details, see? And if you tell us those before he does, it'll be the better for you."

The girl dropped into a chair and crouched there, crying wildly; her huge feathered hat knocked and swung about rowdily and ridiculously on her golden little head. The sound of her sobbing was dreadful with a shamed, frightened horror, and with the childish little "oh's" which every now and then escaped her.

"My God!" said Curtis. He came up to her and touched the jet cap of her sleeve. "Please don't!" he said. "Don't cry. It's a nasty business. But maybe we don't understand about it yet. Mary!" he cried, "why don't you speak to her?"

"What do you want me to say?" Miss Austin asked.

"Oh, Mary! You'd be quick enough to understand her and be patient with her if she was a part you were going to play, if she was in a book. I don't believe we've got any right, any of us, to make her cry like this."

The officer smiled to Miss Austin and raised his eyebrows. "She don't want to go to jail. That's what she's crying for, all right."

The girl sat upright, and controlled herself by an effort which seemed to sear and stiffen the young gentleness of her look. To Mr. Curtis she paid no attention whatever, and he continued to stand awkwardly behind her chair. She said to the officer, "I don't 'ave to tell anything now, do I? I can get somebody, can't I, that'll advise me?"

"You mean you refuse to tell us anything?"

"Well, I don't know wot trouble I might get myself into, do I? I should think you've got enough out of me, you 'ave. You've made me tell you I took 'em, w'en I only wanted 'em for a minute—wot more do you want?"

"I want to know how you got 'em, and what you wore 'em here tonight for!"

A little laugh dimpled over the girl's face and tilted up the piteous, pale bow of her soft mouth. "Well!" she said, "you are greedy, you are! You can talk to my solicitor."

"You'll have to come with me, you know," said the officer.

"I should 'ave to do that any'ow, shouldn't I? Would someone get my cloak? It's in the box."

Mr. Curtis stepped directly in front of her and looked her steadily and severely in the eyes. "Don't you want to say good-by to Mr. Higgins?" he demanded.

"Oh! no!" she cried. "Wot for?"

"Officer," said Mr. Curtis, "there isn't a man going respects law and order more than I do, but if this lady is taken out of this room before that Higgins comes into it, there's going to be a fight."

"I won't see 'im!" cried the girl.

"I guess you're about right," said the officer to Mr. Curtis.

"Oh, very well," said the girl, quieting herself. "You can't get anything out o' 'im. 'E thinks somebody's made me a 'andsome present. Poor 'Iggins; 'e will get a shock, 'e will!"

"Oh, he's got that some time ago," said the officer. "He's outside with my men."

Another overture was ordered, and as it struck up Higgins was produced. He proved to be a tall, pale, pulpy man with mutton-chop whiskers; and he looked badly frightened. He was fifteen or twenty years older than Miss Montresor, and there was something cheap and slightly sickish in his well-groomed opulence.

The girl dried her eyes, and waved her hand to him with a kind little motion of reassurance. "Don't look so put about, my dear," she said; "I'm all right."

The man's features puffed into a spasm of temper. "And what about me?" he asked. "What's the meaning of this outrage? It must be something you've said. It's that —— pigheadedness of yours! Why didn't you tell the truth?"

"I 'ave—told it," she slowly and carefully announced. "You can't 'elp me. Let it be."

He still looked puzzled. "Did you tell this lady and gentleman your ornaments were only imitation?"

"Yes."

"You see!" he appealed to them with extended hands. "Just what I've been telling your men, constable. Not Miss Austin's jewels. Not jewels at all. Only imitation."

Miss Austin looked sadly at Curtis, and he carefully avoided her eyes.

"That's the gag the girl tried to give us," said the officer: "and it don't work." He pointed toward the pile of trinkets. "You say they're imitation?"

"Certainly," persisted Mr. Higgins. "I bought the entire collection this morning for a matter of three hundred dollars."

"'Iggins!" the unguarded warning leaped from the girl's lips.

"Oh!" said the officer. "You bought them yourself, did you?"

"Certainly."

"Who did you buy 'em of?"

"A man who makes a specialty of fine imitations—a man named Ferguson."

"What's his address?"

"1311 Maiden Lane."

"There's no such number," cried Curtis.

"Never mind," said the officer. "This is your story, Mr. Higgins: You bought these ornaments this morning for three hundred dollars, and gave them as a present to this young woman. And was it at your suggestion she wore them here tonight?"

"Exactly."

"Well, now, that's queer. The young woman has just testified that she stole those jewels herself, and lied to you about them, and that you knew no more of where they came from than a child." He leaned back and smiled complacently. "Hitch somewhere!" he said gaily.

Mr. Higgins' angry face had gone clay-color. He looked at the girl with an animosity that stammered and faltered on his lips. "You fool, you! A nice mess you've got me into! What did you tell a yarn like that for, eh?"

"I'm sorry," said the girl.

"You've made me look a liar, you have. If I'm jailed up here in this beast of a country, it'll be your tongue got me into it. You're a fool, you are!"

"I'm very, very sorry," she replied.

"You ought to have got your story better fixed up between you," jeered the officer.

"Do you mean to say you won't take my word?" cried Mr. Higgins. "Do you mean you're going to arrest me? To put me in jail? Me, a respectable man! W'y, it'll ruin me!"

"Yes, you," said the officer, a little tartly. "And how about the lady here?"

"She!" cried Mr. Higgins. "She's got me into this with that tongue of hers! After all I done for her—her!"

Miss Austin looked commiseratingly at the dancer, and sighed forgivingly.

"Mary," said Mr. Curtis, "and you, too, officer, can't you see how it all is? That fellow there didn't steal the jewels, and whoever did has got into a funk and sold 'em to him for imitation. When Miss Montresor found the jewels were real, after all, and were yours, she thought he'd stolen them, and stolen them for her, and she—yes, she lied to shield him. Don't you remember what she said at first? 'They were only given to me today.' Don't you see? She's been trying to shield him, that's all!"

"He's just as likely to put on all this bluster to try and shield her," said the officer. "It's six to the half-dozen that way. And I should like to see the professional thief that would sell forty thousand dollars worth of graft for three hundred, no matter what tree he was up. No, no; it won't work!"

Mr. Higgins' complexion had been growing pastier and pastier, and now he gave forth an embarrassed laugh.

"Well, constable," he said, "it's not my fault if you're too clever for me. I couldn't deceive you, could I? I'm not the first man that's lost his head about her, as is well known. I did the best I could for her, but I'm not bound to go to jail for her, am I?"

"You mean her story was correct?" said the officer.

Mr. Higgins shifted, and decently hesitated. "You said so yourself," he suggested.

The officer rose with a disgusted smile. "I guess we'll all march along," he said.

Mr. Curtis went up to the girl and held out his hand. "Miss Montresor, I don't ask you to take back anything you've said, because I know you won't. But by-and-by we'll prove what's true. May I get your cloak?"

She gave him a long smile out of her wet, grave eyes. "Any-'ow," she said, "you're a man, you are." She put her hand in his.

Somehow he did not start for the cloak. There was a vague hope in the air that now she was going to clear herself. Almost in the instant she seemed to have forgotten Curtis, and it was the look she bent upon Mr. Higgins which arrested attention, a look of gathering passion, like a great tide growing and rising in her face. She stepped up close to him and touched him with the tips of her fingers. "I'm done with you, 'Iggins," she said. "Do you 'ear wot I'm telling you? I'm done with you, thank Gawd!"

Mr. Higgins made an indeterminate sound.

"I want you to know," she continued slowly, and speaking at first with the greatest care, "I want you to know 'ow I've always felt about you. Ever since I could walk, almost, I danced for money; when I followed the 'and-organs in the street and danced, you know, with the other little kiddies, it was me people would throw the pennies to. My father never could abide it, I'll say that for 'im; many a whack 'e's given me for it, 'e 'as. I used to run off and dance the 'ighland fling in public 'ouses when I wasn't as 'igh as the back of the chair, and come 'ome with a great lot of coppers. I got singing and dancing to do at music 'alls—queer little 'oles nobody'd know the name of, and as I got a bit older I'd get away for a week or two with some little tuppenny thing that was trying to

tour the provinces. I never 'ad any schooling nor any rest nor any chance. Meat was a great treat for me, it was, and I used to do my own clothes in a wash-'and basin. You see, 'Iggins, I'm not forgetting wot you took me out of. And I wasn't only dancing then, I was acting, which I was good at—you know very well I was, 'Iggins! I was playing Rosalba"—Miss Austin started and almost flushed—"in the *Princess Rosalba*, that I took my first name out of, for my own name's Susan," Miss Montresor continued, "singing and dancing and acting the leading part for thirty shilling a week, and the manager not always 'andy with that, either! But you saw me in it, and people told me afterwards wot you said—'Lord! there's a fortune in the girl!' And just about then the manager's wife lost the job she 'ad in another company, and 'e put 'er into my part to save a salary, and I was chucked out. W'en 'e told me, I thought I should 'a' died! I can shut my eyes and feel like that now, like I was seeing blood. And then you took 'old of me. You said you were sorry for me, you said I 'ad talent and you couldn't see it go to wyste, and you were always pleasant-spoken and gentle, and never ashymed to take me out a bit. You made a contract with mother and me for five years, a rise of salary every year; I wouldn't 'a' called the Queen my aunt! And you got me lessons in dancing and in singing; you've made an artist out of me, 'Iggins, I'll say that for you. You managed me for all you were worth. You sent my father to a 'ospital and 'e died comfortable there, and you gave 'im a 'andsome funeral, you did, and you sent Cissie and Bess to school, and you set up Tom in that bit of a shop, so mother could live with 'im, and look after 'im, like I never was looked after. I was cryzy gryteful! I thought you were the best man in the world, I thought you were—and the Lord knows I don't speak it lightly—I thought you were like Gawd! I studied my business like a mad thing; I tried to speak like a lydy, and I do w'en I'm careful, and I never drop an aitch on the styge, as you well know. I would 'a' worked till I died, for you, and glad to do it. And all this time I never asked w'ere the money went. I 'ad so much more than ever I'd 'ad in my life I didn't give a thought to the rest, and didn't know I was p'ying you back with interest. Eight pounds a week I get this year, an' me drawing a 'undred from the Orpheum and more offered me every day! You've paid some carriage bills and things on the outside, very liberal, you 'ave! But—it's not the money!"

There was a slim gold chain about her neck. She broke it with a snap, lifted it, and handed it to him with a cheap little ring hanging to it.

"When I was about sixteen," she went on, "you said you wanted to marry me. It never cyme to me to say no. I didn't like it much, but I didn't care much either, not then, and I was used to minding wot you said. But I never could abide you to come near me, you remember; and I put it off, time and again, one w'y an' another; and w'en I got older, I said I'd marry you w'en the five years were up. It was the farthest I could think of. And it wasn't till after we got to London, and men began tyking me out a bit and s'ying things to me, that I began to understand wot people were s'ying about—about you and me."

Mr. Curtis had been turning a tumbler round and round upon the washstand. It now fell into the basin with quite a crash, and broke to pieces. Mr. Curtis scooped out the pieces, cut himself, and continued to stand, sucking his finger, a picture of foolishness, as the girl went on.

"I ought to 'ave expected it, I suppose, for it looked that w'y. There's many a poor girl in my plyce better than me most likely, but not so stubborn, it would 'ave been true of; it and the other things that got said, that would 'a' made my father turn in 'is gryve. I like a lark, I do, w'en it's right. I was as ignorant a fool as ever stepped, I know that; but in my business a man can tyke a girl out after 'er work's over, and get 'er a glass o' beer, and no 'arm done. I didn't know it was diff'rent with other people. And it was you who introduced all those young swells to me; and I was jolly glad to go about with 'em a bit, and w'en I began to come to you with things, you said wot did I know about swell w'ys? You said the social racket was the one to work so as to get a'ead in business. 'Don't I know 'ow to tyke care o' you?' you said. 'Aint I goin' to marry you?' And I knew it was my fault we weren't married already, and every time you spoke of marriage it was like you'd put a wet cloth over my 'ead.

"And then there cyme that business with Lord Lackam, an' you know w'y I gyve 'im back 'is brycelet, 'Iggins—*you* know!" The color flamed over her face, her voice died in her throat, and rose again in a swelling rush of pain.

"Look at me!" she said. Her stare into the mirror ran over her great feathered hat, her bare shoulders, her costly, glittering dress. "You've 'ad me round in carriages, in boxes, in restaurants, to myke a show of me; you've 'ired jewelry for me to wear; you've made me laugh and carry on in my songs like I didn't like. And yet I trusted you, I did; and I thought it was all part of the business, like kissing people in a love-scene. All the time you kept on making love to me, and I believed you, and I thought of all you'd

done for me, and 'ow Bessie and Cis were at school yet, and 'ow everything you myde me do was for me, to myke me fymous, and times I could 'ardly 'elp seein' and yet I didn't see. Oh, I've been a wretched, wretched girl these months! I was 'appier w'en I was pl'ying the Princess Rosalba, in a old green rag with silver fringes on it, and a pink wreath in my 'air, than ever I've been in all these splendid clothes! But I thought it would be all right w'en we were married at the end o' this year. And I swore I'd marry you, if I died for it—and I'd rather 'a' died—because you kept on s'ying you loved me, you loved me! But"—she crossed her arms on her breast with a soft, triumphant laugh—"you don't; you've shown me that tonight. That's all that matters. Money was wot you wanted, and money you've 'ad. No matter 'ow all the rest o' this turns out, I'm free. I don't care if I go to jyle and st'y there. You don't love me, you don't love me, and I'm free of you for always!" She covered her face with her hands again, and stood there trembling.

It was the police officer who spoke into the crowded silence. "Well, I hope you were fooling us, and we get hold of Ferguson, Miss."

Miss Austin slowly turned her head, her mouth opened in excitement. "Ferguson! Fergu—I wonder!" She sprang to the door and flung it open. "Thomason!" she called. Her voice rang out loudly, searchingly, about the stage. "Thomason!"

Mr. Curtis' face lightened. "By George, Mary!" he cried, "you have got the greatest brain! I thought there was something queer about that fish," he added to the officer.

"Thomason isn't here, ma'am," answered the stage-hand. "He left this note, please."

"Miss Austin," said the stage-manager, "they've sent around twice from the front of the house. I can't hold this audience much longer. They won't stand it."

"Oh, tell them I've fainted, or something," said she, impatiently.

She shut the door again and tore open the envelope. Besides the letter there was an enclosure, which she looked at with a puzzled laugh. She read the letter aloud:

"MISS AUSTIN: Madam—You are of course aware that, before I sank to the menial position which I have occupied with you, I took with even my humble means an active part in many charitable concerns. The redemption of the unfortunate has been,

I may say, my vocation. During the years when I had every reason to suppose that I should always be in possession of a sufficient competence, I pledged myself to a certain meritorious society to pay three hundred dollars a year for five years toward a Training School and House of Help which it was desirous of assisting. In the popularity resultant upon this offer I was elected president of the society for the term of ten years. The society was faithful to me in my worldly misfortunes and I did not withdraw from my high office.

"This week was the time when my very last yearly payment became due. You will be the first to understand, madam, that no such payment was possible to me. It was at the time of this extreme necessity that by one of those extravagant expressions, due probably to the general lax effusion of your profession, you led me into a serious error. One evening, when I had brought you your jewel-box, you folded it in your arms as though it were an infant, and when Mr. Curtis remonstrated with you, you said, as I well remember, 'O, yes, yes, I know. False and fair, all paste, all gauds, all glittering dust!' And you laughed in that disdainful manner so many observe in you. What was I to infer? I supposed that the public was being deluded at a nominal cost, and that the young people, of whom unfortunately a great many witness your performances, were being falsely attracted toward the stage, toward a life of prodigality and vain show. While I was in this condition of mind it occurred to me that these meretricious counterfeits, of which the custody was always forced upon me, were worth more than the small amount necessary to avert ignominy from a faithful and industrious career. I am aware that minds habituated to merely mundane considerations will regard my next action with deeply rooted prejudice.

"I procured a strong lock-box sufficiently similar to your own, packed it to a corresponding weight, carried it last night in the hand of the arm over which I carried my overcoat, and while I was walking behind you into the lobby of the hotel I exchanged the boxes, leaving my own in the hotel safe. This morning I sought out Mr. Higgins as a probable purchaser, and sold them to him as the imitations I supposed them to be, for three hundred dollars. I thought them probably worth more, but I scorned to gain a penny for my personal aggrandizement. My idea was to remain in your employ until I had saved another three hundred, or, if possible, the exact value of the ornaments, which I should then have paid to you in their place. It was merely a question of time. I have made some small investments which will eventually assist me to indepen-

dence. But this evening, when I apprehended that Mr. Higgins and Miss Montresor had forced an unexpected issue and were certain to be arrested, when I learned that the jewels were real and that I could never repay you for them, and when I looked at her from the entrance and saw how admirably they became her, and imagined her beautiful distress, I decided upon my present course. I am leaving town on the nine o'clock train. With the foregoing complete information I return the three hundred, which I shall be obliged to you if you will hand to Mr. Higgins, as I could not in honor allow him to suffer financially. If you should desire to send me the week's salary almost due me, it will reach me care of the society, as below. As I have observed in you many humane, though unconsidered qualities, I trust the recovery of your jewels will afford you gratification.

Your obedient servant,

JOSEPH THOMASON."

"My word!" said Miss Montresor.

IV

Between the second and third acts there was a heavy change of scene, but the heroine did not change her traveling dress, and Miss Austin returned to her dressing-room with plenty of time to converse with Miss Montresor, whom she had asked to wait for her there. The officer and Mr. Higgins had long since departed, but she found Mr. Curtis pacing up and down, sentinel-wise, outside the door.

She went into the room, and smiled at the girl, who rose at her approach.

"Miss Montresor," she said, "would you care to go in front for the rest of the piece? Mr. Curtis is waiting to take you back to your box."

"Thank you," said the girl. "I should be very glad." She spoke with the dignity of humble sadness, out of an immense gentleness and reserve.

"And," said Miss Austin, "it's a good deal to ask, but—those people out there have seen you in these jewels. I can't bear they should see you without them this same evening."

"Thank you; you're kind to think of it. But I'm done with all that, with being like—wot did 'e say—'like a shop window!' That was never my choice, that wasn't."

Miss Austin came up and put her hands on the girl's shoulders. "My dear," she said, "we've made you suffer a great deal here tonight between us all. But we suffered a great deal for you, too; and if I didn't quite believe in you as Mr. Curtis did, I'm a good bit older than either of you, and sometimes I don't quite believe in myself. It's been a great happiness to me to find you, and I hope and pray we shall be friends." She lifted caressingly in her hand the cluster of rose-diamonds; the lovely flush trembled like a living breath in the pure stone. "Please keep this," she insisted. "It's like you, you know, and like—like your name, Rosalba. Won't you take it?"

There was a little pause, and then, "I don't mind." Suddenly the girl put her face against Miss Austin's shoulder.

After a minute or so: "I shall be a guy to go in front with Mr. Curtis, shan't I?" said Miss Montresor. She produced a powder-puff, and patted her nose.

Miss Austin drew her to the door and opened it. The girl's fingers were still clinging to the elder woman's hand, but she moved forward to Mr. Curtis at once, serene and shy amidst her liquid clatter of tinkling jet. On the breast of her black dress the rose-white diamonds made a little nest of light.

Miss Austin smiled to the manager. "Take care of her, Bob."

"I'll try," said Mr. Curtis. "We'll be back after the piece."

"Good-bye, Bob," she replied.

He opened the door that led to the box, and stood aside for the girl to pass. She stepped forward with her sweet-mannered bow, and he lifted his head and followed her.

Miss Austin went back into her dressing-room and stood at her make-up shelf packing up her jewels, the care of which she suddenly somewhat indifferently confided to her maid. The light on the big looking-glass was very strong. It seemed to her that her face had never looked so long or so lined, so hollowed, so full of creeping shadows. She took up her rouge-paw. As she did so her eye fell upon a phrase of Thomason's communication, which lay open on the shelf: "When I saw how admirably they became her, and imagined her beautiful distress——." Singly in the letter, it had a genuine and human ring. The fresh, docile femininity of the girl seemed to float in it like a fragrance. She saw the bright little head; the kind face, rosy and young; the round, blue, courageous eyes.

"Ah, Thomason, even you!" she said with a smile, and sighed.

The stage was not yet set. A shabby old volume of Ibsen lay open on the shelf, and she sat down and began to read.



Commercialism under Condemnation

If we wish to rescue commercialism from the stigma under which it at present seems to lie, our first plain duty is to stop telling lies about trade as a whole. By far the larger part of business is carried on in decent and uneventful ways, with open competition on every hand. Innumerable shops, mills, stores—even the department caravansaries—are so pitted against one another in unfenced fields that their very existence is conditioned on serving the public with better and cheaper products. They rest solidly upon a credit system that assumes the competence and general integrity of those in control. Much more than three-fourths of our wealth-making and distributing is of this character. The so-called trust touches hardly ten per cent. of our commodities. No class that can be named has, upon the whole, more readiness and ability for good citizenship than that of those who have gained their moral strength by carrying business burdens. Proofs of this are at hand in most communities where hard and unpaid service to the public is given by business men. It is as unfair to say that the trade activities which engage these men are in disgrace as to say that religion, education, or law is in disgrace. There are men who direct science and invention to evil objects. To this degree such persons are, or ought to be, under ban. In no other sense should commercialism be under condemnation. The use of its mechanism to further huge schemes has set its ugly stamp on so many shady ventures that we confuse this occasional use with the incalculably greater service which organized industry renders.—*John Graham Brooks* in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

"They Manage Things Better in Japan"

When the school divorces itself from the mother, or when the mother ceases to work with the school, a dark day dawns for the child. Two complaints have been heard of late years in regard to education. Mothers have been protesting that lessons should not be brought home to be learned. "What are schools for?" they have impatiently asked. Teachers have declared, for their part, that they cannot take the place of the mothers and teach manners and morals, as well as reading and arithmetic.

Both complaints are ill-founded. The mother and the teacher are partners, not competitors, in the great enterprise of making boys and girls into men and women. Whatever service can be rendered by one to the other should be done not grudgingly, but eagerly—for the good of the whole business is the advantage of each of the partners.

"You teach too much arithmetic," said a Japanese visitor to an American school. "In Japan we teach our children manners, then we teach them morals; after that we teach them arithmetic, for arithmetic without manners and morals makes men and women sordid."

Whether we have too much arithmetic may be matter for discussion, but there can be no doubt that our children will profit by more and better manners and morals. To that end, the schools and the homes need more to be "mothered." Says an Eastern proverb, speaking with the oriental familiarity which is not irreverence: "When God found he could not be everywhere he made mothers."—*The Youth's Companion.*

A Tip for Spellbinders

"What town is this?" asked the eminent statesman, who was making a political tour of the provinces.

"Ionia," they told him.



The Tatler

MARDI-GRAS AT NICE

The eminent statesman stepped out to the rear platform of the gorgeous private car in which he was traveling.

"My countrymen," he said, impressively, to the cheering throng at the station, "your beautiful and thriving young city has a rare distinction. Independently of its commerce and manufactures, independently of its charming location, independently, I may add, of the stalwart men and fair women who inhabit it, so many of whom I see before me—not forgetting these bright and winsome children who are also here, the hope and mainstay of the republic—independently, I say, of all these, your lovely city——"

Here he became truly eloquent. His eyes flashed, his voice rang out in clarion tones, and he shook his clenched fist at the zenith.

"——has the rare distinction of bearing a name that has only five letters, and yet has four syllables!"

The applause, as the train moved away, was simply deafening.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"'Tis an Ill Wind"

He was an artist of the impressionistic school.

Being rather shaky in drawing, he made up for his lack of technic by spreading the color recklessly and counting on distance to lend enchantment to the view.

And at the exhibition he hung one of his most reckless performances.

Then he took a friend to see it.

"Well," remarked the friend, after gazing at it for a few minutes, "I don't want to flatter you, old man, but that is the best thing you have done for many a day. That is a picture worthy the name. I congratulate you!"

The artist looked again at the picture, much pleased with the criticism—and turned red. The hanging committee had placed it on the wall upside down.

But he made no objection. The original price-mark had been $19. An hour later it sold for $61. —*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

It's Up to Hay

Do the purport and the reception of Secretary Hay's note call for nothing but unmixed congratulation? By the leading part which our Government has taken in securing an agreement of the powers interested in the Far East, have we assumed no responsibilities that, under conceivable circumstances, might prove burdensome? Has not the thin edge of a wedge been inserted which, if driven home, might force us to depart from our traditional avoidance of Old World complications? Suppose that China proper should violate the promise to observe a strict neutrality? Would we not be morally



(Stereograph photograph, copyright, 1904, by Underwood & Underwood)

A TRANS-SIBERIAN PASSENGER TRAIN

TRANSPORTING NON-COMBATANT MANCHURIAN REFUGEES FROM THE SCENE OF HOSTILITIES

bound to coöperate with other neutrals in compelling her to keep her word? Suppose that the Chinese in Manchuria, over whom the Peking government might, with a show of truth, profess that it could exercise no authority, render important service to Japan at a critical conjuncture, and suppose that Russia should make such service a pretext for taxing the Peking government with a breach of faith, and for proceeding to invade China proper? Would we be morally bound to coöperate with other neutrals in repelling the invasion? If not, what does our assumption of leadership amount to? Who hereafter would follow a leader that retires from the field the moment that fighting is needed to carry out the plan of which he is the author? We, ourselves, hope and believe that a test of the extent to which President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay might be induced to go will not be applied in the present contest. We hope and believe that China proper will observe neutrality, and that Russia will not seek or seize a pretext for crossing the Great Wall. It is well, however, to bear in mind that, if diplomacy is to be effective, the armed hand must always loom behind it; and therefore some dazzling diplomatic triumphs may prove in the end too costly in the eyes of those who would have our country adhere to its traditional foreign policy.—*Harper's Weekly.*



Courtesy of The Brooklyn Eagle

CAN HAY SAVE THE PAGODA?

Drawn by Maybell

Do Animals Go to School?

I have not the slightest doubt that there is a large amount of *unconscious* teaching by wood-folk of their offspring. In unfrequented places I have had the deer watch me with almost as much indifference as they do now in the Yellowstone Park. In frequented places, where they are hunted, young deer and young mountain sheep, on the other hand—and of course young wolves, bobcats, and the like—are exceedingly wary and shy when the sight or smell of man is concerned. Undoubtedly this is due to the fact that from their earliest moments of going about they learn to imitate the unflagging watchfulness of their parents, and by the exercise of some associative or imitative quality they grow to imitate and then to share the alarm displayed by the older ones at the smell or presence of man. A young deer that has never seen a man feels no instinctive alarm at his presence, or at least very little; but it will undoubtedly learn to associate extreme alarm with his presence from merely accompanying its mother, if the latter feels such alarm. I should not regard this as schooling by the parent, any more than I should so regard the instant flight of twenty antelope, who had not seen a hunter, because the twenty-first has seen him and has instantly run. Sometimes a deer or an antelope will deliberately give



The Minneapolis Journal

SAVING CHINA

UNCLE SAM—FIGHT IT OUT, BOYS, IF YOU MUST, BUT CONFINE YOUR ATTENTION TO EACH OTHER

Drawn by "Bart"



Courtesy of the Philadelphia North American

MARCUS ALONZO HANNA

Drawn by V. Floyd Campbell

an alarm-cry at sight of something strange. This cry at once puts every deer or antelope on the alert; but they will be just as much on the alert if they witness nothing but an exhibition of fright and flight on the part of the first deer or antelope, without there being any conscious effort on its part to express alarm.

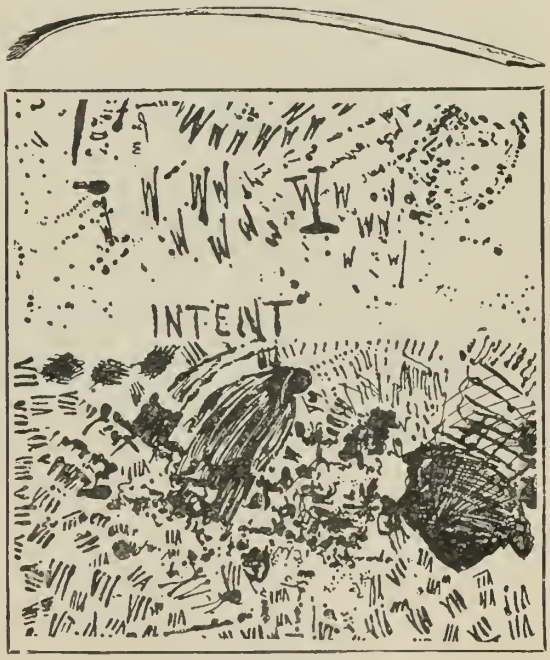
Moreover, I am inclined to think that on certain occasions, rare though they may be, there is a conscious effort at teaching. I have myself known of one setter dog which would thrash its puppy soundly if the latter carelessly or stupidly flushed a bird. Something similar may occur in the wild state among such intelligent beasts as wolves and foxes. Indeed, I have some reason to believe that with both of these animals it does occur—that is, that there is conscious as well as unconscious teaching of the young in such matters as traps. —*President Roosevelt*, quoted by *John Burroughs* in *The Century*.

A Subtle Distinction

The Egyptians appear to be becoming unmummified in a measure that would have struck the Pharaohs dumb with astonishment. A Cairo shopkeeper has placed a sign over his store which reads as follows: "I can speak English and understand American." That he is able to distinguish between the two languages, which are in some respects similar in spelling if not in pronunciation, speaks volumes for his intelligence and for the methods that England employs in the instruction of her Eastern subjects.—*Town Topics*.

Senator Hanna

Mr. Hanna was a business man in politics rather than a statesman. He looked at the interests of the country from a business point of view, and a legislator ought to look at the interests of a country from the standpoint of a statesman, which includes the care of business interests, but includes also many things which lie outside of and beyond business interests. Mr. Hanna was a straightforward, upright business man, who carried his business virtues into his public life. He was a strong friend and an equally pronounced opponent. He stood loyally by the men who were associated with him, and, according to his conscience, he was a faithful public servant. He was anxious to secure a practical working relation between the workingmen and capitalists, and his endeavors in that direction were sincere and arduous. He succeeded in dissipating a great deal of the prejudice which workingmen entertained against him, and he largely gained their confidence. Among those who knew him well were many who became his warm friends; and during the last five years he had greatly advanced in the regard and confidence of the country. The best that can be said of him is that he was a large-minded business man in public affairs; the worst that can be said of him is that he looked at public affairs largely from the business man's point of view, and in dealing with them was largely governed by party considerations, and his party affiliations brought him into friendly relations with men whose methods were bad. In the fierce struggles within his own party it was charged, apparently on good authority, that his own methods were not above reproach. There were evidences that the



The Daily Mail

PROPHETIC

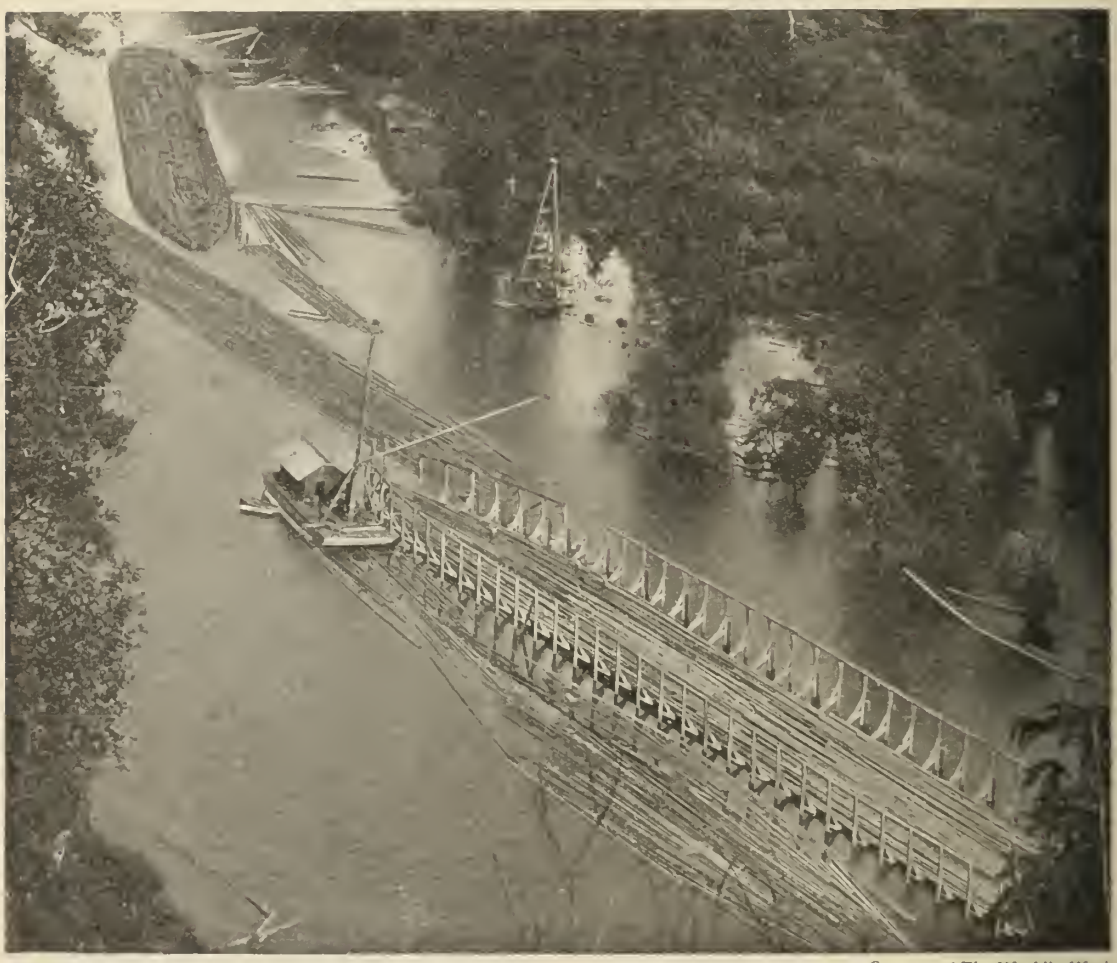
THIS IS A FACSIMILE OF THE PIECE OF BLOTTING PAPER AND QUILL USED BY WHITAKER WRIGHT IN COURT. HE HAD WRITTEN THE FIGURES "VII"—THE YEARS OF HIS SENTENCE—BEFORE THE SENTENCE WAS ACTUALLY PRONOUNCED.

larger interests of his later life were educating him out of machine politics into better methods and higher views.—*The Outlook.*

Rafting on the Columbia

What the discovery of gold accomplished for California is being done again for the Northern Pacific States by the forests. During the past twenty years the profits to be derived from the forests have drawn to the Coast many far-seeing business men, who have built towns and given employment to an army of workmen in the logging-camps and sawmills and in many other of the varied branches of the lumber industry.

A hundred years ago logging interests were centred in the then untouched Maine forests. By 1850 these had been reduced till it was necessary to draw on the supply of the Middle West. The pine forests of Wisconsin and Michigan were cut into, and in twenty-five years were making a yield equal to that of the eastern forests. In hardly more than fifteen years thereafter the Lake States were supplying more than one-third of the demand. The last ten years have shown a marked decrease in the lumber yield of the lake region. Its rapid exhaustion has moved the lumber centre to the Pacific slope.



Courtesy of The World's Work

RAFTING ON THE COLUMBIA

Shipbuilders the world over have learned the exceptional durability of Coast fir, and use it for masts. The United States Navy Department has recommended the use of fir on war-vessels for all wood purposes except decorative interiors. The flags on Windsor Castle and the castle of the Japan-



The Sketch

WHERE THERE IS SAFETY IN NUMBERS

VICTIM (*rather dazed*)—LET ME SEE, NOW; ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS TO REMEMBER THAT NUMBER

ese Emperor fly from Oregon fir. The masts and spars on the racing yachts of Emperor William and King Edward were shipped from Puget Sound. Washington and Oregon are to supply the millions of feet to be used in building the Panama canal.

The revenue derived from the lumber



Fliegende Blätter

SWEET ILLUSION

"SPECIALIST FOR HEART TROUBLES! AH, I WISH I WERE OLD ENOUGH FOR THAT!"

industry on the Pacific Coast exceeds that of all other industries combined. Nearly every town of the Northwest owes its prosperity to the lumber trade.

The rafting business between Columbia River points and San Francisco is fast becoming prominent. In the fall of 1902 a monster raft, 700 feet long, 53 feet wide, drawing 22½ feet of water, and 12 feet from the water's edge to the top, was safely towed 700 miles to the Golden Gate. The logs, which were for piling, telegraph poles, etc., were 120 feet long and from 12 to 20 inches in diameter. In all, there were 7,000 pieces, valued at $60,000.

To build these rafts a great "cradle" of heavy timbers is built on a slough connected with the Columbia River. A row of piling is driven in deep water. The frame of the cradle floats up and down on this row of piling and is held in place by it. A large scow with a derrick on it is anchored beside the cradle. Log-booms or small rafts are towed to it, and one by one the logs are lifted by the derrick into the cradle, where men fasten them securely with heavy chains and cables. From 80 to 100 tons of chain are used on one raft. When the raft is finished the keys that held the parts of the cradle together are drawn, engines pull away the side of the cradle opposite the piling, and the raft floats out on the water. Tugs then go steaming with it to the river. Occasionally the rafts have been towed south by one steamer, but usually they are conveyed by two tugs, one at each end.—*K. Smith* in *The World's Work*.

Visitors

When little boys come in to lunch
And stay till after tea,
My mother says: "How kind they are
To come and play with me."

They take my marbles, break my toys;
And when I want to fight,
My mother says: "They're visitors,
And you must be polite."

"Give George the whip," she says, "and you
Can be the little horse."
And "He must have the biggest pear,"
And "Be the king, of course."

When we are hunting he's the "cat";
I'm just the frightened mouse.
And I think I'll be visitor
At someone else's house.

—*Helen Hay Whitney* in *Everybody's*.

A Tip for the Impecunious

The late Queen Victoria seems to have exercised a suzerainty over the pocket money of her grandchildren. She held

them to a strict accounting in the matter of expenditure, and if they did not make their allowances last over a specified period, she sternly called them to account. One week when the present Prince of Wales was at Eton, candy, tarts, and other schoolboy delights proved his financial undoing. He had spent a month's allowance in one week. With impecuniosity and indigestion came repentance. Accordingly he wrote a long *mea culpa* to his grandmother, confessing his fault, and asking for an advance on account of the next instalment of pocket money. In reply he received a long letter of admonition from the queen, refusing his request. The letter closed with a sentence in which the writer expressed the pain that it gave her in having so to write to him.

A few days later Her Majesty received another letter from the future heir to the British throne. It ran much like this:

"Dear Grandmother:—Yours received. Please don't bother any more about me. I'm all right now. I sold your letter for thirty shillings to one of our fellows here, who is collecting the letters of notable people."—*Joel Coates* in *Success*.

Will Roosevelt Share the Fate of Arthur?

There are some striking resemblances between the political situation in the opening months of 1904 and that of the same time in 1884, which was also a presidential election year. A president, a Republican and an Ohio man in each case, had been assassinated a few years before (Garfield in 1881 and McKinley in 1901), and had been succeeded by a New York man in the vice-presidency (Arthur in the earlier instance, and Roosevelt in the later one). In each case there had been wrangling among the Republican leaders in the new president's State (in which Conkling and Platt figured on the one side in Arthur's period, and Platt has been antagonized by Odell in the Roosevelt case). Arthur soon let it be known that he sought the presidential candidacy in 1884, as Roosevelt has done regarding that of 1904. The Republican machine in the president's State was favorable to his candidacy then, as it is now.

Here are further similarities between the case of Roosevelt and that of Arthur: each was called upon early in his service to deal with crookedness in the postal department (the Star Route frauds in the earlier case; and the irregularities with which the names of Tyner, Machen, and others have been coupled now). Just before each of those presidents entered office a long period of industrial stagnation (the panic of 1873-78 in the one instance and that of 1893-98 in the other) had been succeeded by a restoration of confidence, and advances in stocks, commodities, and wages (due in the earlier period to the establishment of specie payments under the act of 1875, which went into operation in 1879, and in the recent period to the Republican victory of 1896, on a gold standard platform, followed by the enactment of the Dingley law of 1897 that, in addition to providing greater protection for home industry, abolished the treasury deficits). The advance in stocks met a check early in Arthur's service, and also early in Roosevelt's, which was succeeded in each case by a short recovery, followed by a greater fall, the consequence being that the general line of shares was much lower in the opening days of 1884 and 1904 than they were twelve or fifteen months before, wages, in some cases, participating in the shrinkage.—*Charles M. Harvey* in *The World To-Day*.

"Out of the Mouths of Babes"

When the May and the June baby had got well acquainted, they exchanged confidences.

"My milk comes from a certified cow," said the May baby.

"So does mine," said the June baby.

"It is milked by a man in a white suit, with sterilized hands, through absorbent cotton, and kept at a temperature of forty-five degrees."

"So is mine."

"It is brought to me in a prophylactic wagon drawn by a modified horse."

"So is mine."

"Then how in thunder do you manage to be so fat and well?"

The June baby winked slyly.

"I chew old paper and the corners of the rugs and anything I can find that is





The Tatler

THE GODS OF MUSCLE

GRECO-ROMAN — CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND

dirty, and in that way I manage to maintain the bacterial balance which is essential to health," he said, chuckling.

The May baby laughed long and loud.

"So do I," said he.

The mammas heard the goo-gooing, but they assigned to it only the usual fantastic significance. It was just as well.—*Life*.

The Pity of It!

Mr. Whitney was a very open-handed man, generous and helpful to his friends, democratic in his feelings. He had done with hard work and wanted to play, and for three years past he had worked comparatively little and played much.

All that may be well enough for an ordinary man, but it was not enough for him. A part of the mourning for him is the feeling of regret that he left his highest destiny unfulfilled. In him there was a combination of mental power and consummate gumption that was comparable to the like combination in Lincoln. "Mr. Whitney," says Mr. Cleveland, "had more calm, forceful efficiency than any man I ever knew. His judgment was quick, clear, and astonishingly accurate, and when it was called into action, his mental poise was so complete that neither passion nor irritation could lead it astray." Mr. Whitney was among the very foremost men of his day. He was too rare a man to be suffered to work for himself. We needed him to work for us.

He did win honor and fame in the public service for a dozen years. It may be that if circumstances had been a little different, and the Democratic party had been a little less crazy, and if he himself had been a little different, we might have got much more, and even more important, work out of him than we did. Commercially he did a useful public service, but he took his full pay in money, preferring that to public gratitude. And at the last, the wagon that should have been hitched to a star followed a race-horse, and he seemed content to have it so.

That is why we mourn for Mr. Whitney with deeper regret and with less pride

than we could have wished. The flesh was a little too strong for him, the world's more garish allurements somewhat too enticing. It might hardly be kind, or worth while, to say so, if he did not illustrate so faithfully a tendency of all of us, in this generation, to think of money as the chief good, and of the pleasures that can be bought as preferable to the more austere but loftier delights that come of sticking close to duty. Not that he loved money, either, for he didn't, though he liked to spend it. His public services were long continued and important. He may have felt, and with a sort of justice, that he had done for us all he owed. But we could not spare the man we hoped he might have become. He would have been a greater, and no doubt a more truly happy man, if he had taken less thought for money and for pleasure, and more for the eternal verities and for us. But he was a kind man. Peace to his ashes.—*Life.*

A Mothers' Meeting

"Where's the maternal parent of
This boy that stands in need of beating,
And of this babe that pines for love?"
"Oh, she is at a Mothers' Meeting!"

"Fair daughter, why these young tears shed
For passion's tale, too sweet and fleeting,
Lonely and mute, uncomforted?"
"My mother's at a Mothers' Meeting."

"Man, whom misfortunes jeer and taunt,
Whom frauds forsake and hope is cheating,
Fly to your mother's arms." "I can't:
You see she's at a Mothers' Meeting."

Alas, what next will woman do?
Love, duty, children, home maltreating,
The while she, smiling, rallies to
The roll-call of a Mothers' Meeting!

—*Madeline Bridges* in *Lippincott's*

Inklings

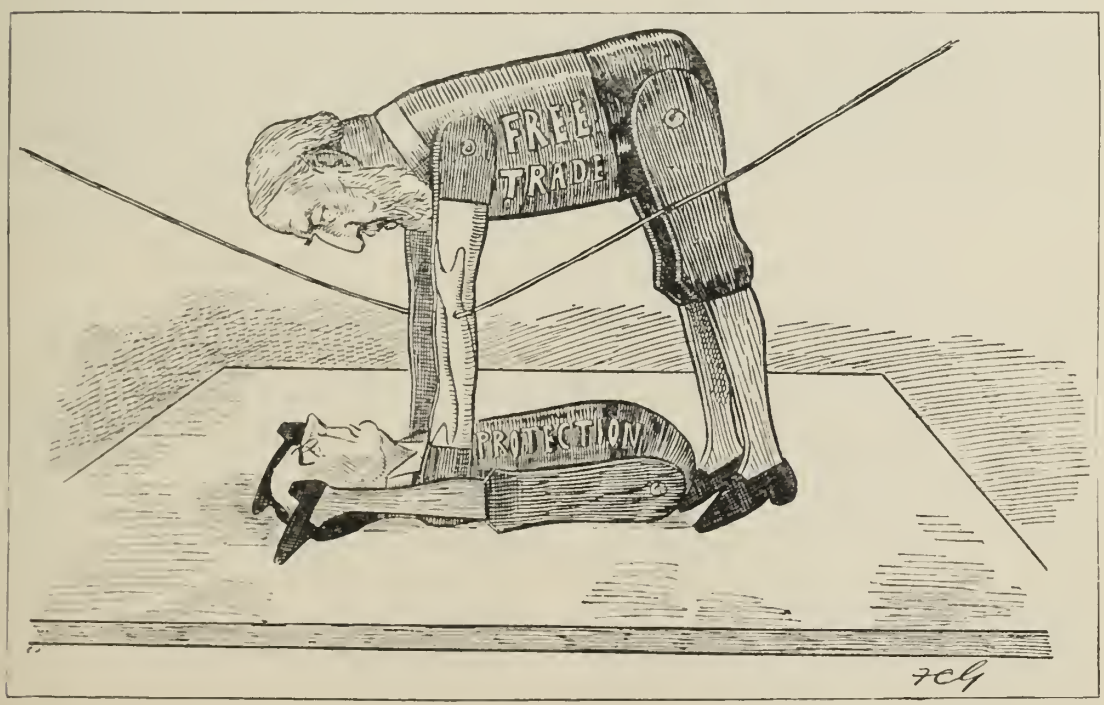
Remorse has always been more popular than self-denial as an expression of the virtues.

When love comes in at the door, logic flies out of the window.

Credulity is a masculine vice and a feminine virtue.

No, madam, we have very little honesty today; but we can show you candor, which looks just like it and is much less expensive.

When you hear a man bewailing the interestedness of friendships, it is safe to assume that he has just tried, unsuccessfully, to get something from his friend.



The Westminster Gazette

THE POLITICAL WRESTLERS

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE "DOWNS" JOE CHAMBERLAIN IN LONDON

A person may know how to do things well without knowing what to do; that is how we have artists who are not good critics.

Intuition is the inability to find a reason for one's opinions.—*William M. Blatt* in *The National Magazine.*

Parenthetical Remarks

A well-known Indiana man
 One dark night last week
Went to the cellar with a match
 In search of a gas leak.
 (He found it.)

John Welch by curiosity
 (Dispatches state) was goaded;
He squinted in his old shotgun
 To see if it was loaded.
 (It was.)

A man in Macon stopped to watch
 A patent cigar clipper;
He wondered if his finger was
 Not quicker than the nipper.
 (It wasn't.)

A Maine man read that human eyes
 Of hypnotism were full;
He went to see if it would work
 Upon an angry bull.
 (It wouldn't.)

—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Will the Golden Rule Work?

We are so often told in our youth that we should cultivate the spirit of justice and generosity in our dealings with men, that it shocks us in later life when we enter business to find that if we wish to keep ourselves out of the bankruptcy court the sooner we forget such lessons the better for us.

When the socialist inveighs against modern conditions he is apt to be told that he exaggerates, and that things are not so bad as he states. Here is an item that is so corroborative of our position that it must be given:

PHILADELPHIA, November 6.—Bayard Henry was today appointed receiver for X & Sons, seed merchants.

The house is one of the oldest in the country, having been founded in 1784 by David X, who came from England. The business has been conducted by succeeding generations of the same family, and the firm owns extensive seed farms in Bucks County, in Burlington, N. J., and in Lancaster County, Pa. It also has stores near Bristol and Jamaica, L. I.

Counsel for the firm said, in explaining the firm's plight: "There have been many changes in business methods in late years, but the firm has pursued old methods. They were kind and thoughtful for the men they employed. When the harvests were over and other employers would have sent their workers off to get through the winter as they might, the X's tided them over the cold season, when there was little or nothing for the men to do.

"It was humane, and the firm felt they could afford it. They were always on the best terms with their workmen, and the latter worked for them for years. When old age finally overtook them the firm did not ruthlessly turn them off, but kept them from want by small pensions.

"There has been a great development in the seed business in Philadelphia in recent years; there has been more and keener competition. With the X's pursuing their old methods, business began to shrink. As to the future, liquidation as quickly as possible, owing to the nature of the business, is the best both for the firm and the creditors."

Here were the X's trying to keep up the old-fashioned semi-feudalistic system of caring for their workmen who had become old in their service, while their pushing competitors discarded their hearts and ruthlessly fired the old men as soon as they showed any signs of decrepitude, and took on younger and more vigorous men at very probably less wages than the old hands were getting.

Such a policy meant lower cost of production. The X's had to meet the prices of their competitors, and with their increased cost of production, owing to their old-fashioned benevolence, they simply could not do it without selling below cost. This they did, and the clipping shows the result—bankruptcy.

Moral: If you would not lose your money then lose your heart; otherwise you will lose both your money and your heart.—*Wilshire's Magazine.*

Meaning of the Word Knot

The word knot is neither derived from, nor is it a mere corruption of the word naut, for it proceeds directly from the observation of the actual number of knots which are, or were, tied upon the pieces of marline, tucked through the strands of the old-fashioned and now somewhat out-of-date log lines, at equal distances of about 50 feet apart.

The geographical, nautical, or sea mile is shortly termed a naut, and is merely a distance. It is one-sixtieth part of one of the 360° into which the earth's circumference at its equator is divided. By

our admiralty regulations, one nautical mile or naut is equal to 6,080 feet. This naut or sea mile is, unfortunately, only too frequently miscalled a knot, whereas the latter is a rate, speed, or velocity. It is, in fact, one naut per hour, and serves by a single short word to indicate the speed of ships, when prefixed by the requisite numeral. For example, when we say or write that the steamship *City of London* steamed 1,600 nauts, we merely mean that she covered that distance, irrespective of time. But when we write or say that she is a 16-knot ship, we mean that her capable speed is at the rate of 16 nauts per hour. Hence she should go the previously mentioned distance of 1,600 nauts in 100 hours. It would be quite absurd to say she steams 16 knots per hour, because that would be tantamount to saying and meaning 16 nauts per hour, which would at once imply the idea of acceleration, or a rate of change of velocity instead of merely a mean speed, which is what we desired to convey or express.—*Andrew Jamieson* in *The Engineer.*



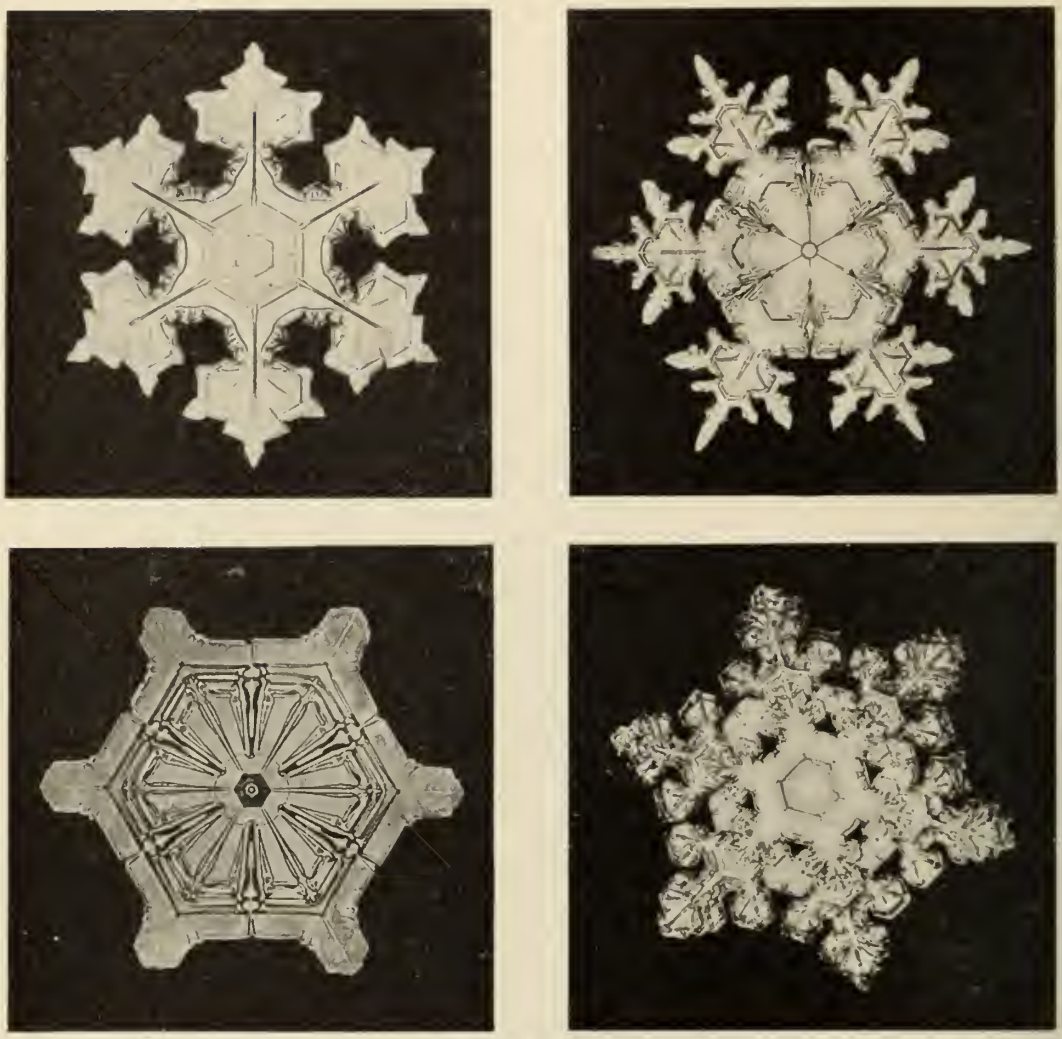
Courtesy of the Marine Review

WHY THE TRAINS ARE LATE

CAR FERRY "ST. MARIE" BLOCKED BY ICE IN THE STRAITS OF MACKINAC

Flowers of The Sky

The forms of snow crystals vary according to the wind, the height of the clouds, the degree of cold, the amount of water in the air, etc. Crystals formed in cold weather, or in high clouds, are usually columnar or solid tabular. Those formed in moderate weather and light winds, or in low clouds, are apt to have frail branches and to be of a feathery type. High winds give broken and irregular forms, and much moisture the very granular crystals. By bearing in mind the fact that crystals evolved within the upper clouds tend toward solidity, and the crystals formed in lower clouds tend toward open branches and feathery forms, it is possible to trace the history and travels of a great many of the crystals. The beautiful details, the lines, rods, flowery geometrical tracings, and delicate symmetrically arranged shadings to be found within the interior portions of most of the more compact tabular crystals, and in less degree within the more open ones, are due to minute inclusions of air. This included air prevents a complete joining of the water molecules; the walls of the resultant air tubes cause the absorption and refraction of a part of the rays of light entering the crystal; hence those portions appear darker by transmitted light than do the other portions. The softer and broader interior shadings may perhaps also be due, in whole or in part, to the same cause; but, if so, the corresponding inclusions of air must necessarily be much more attenuated and more widely diffused than in



Photograph by W. A. Bentley *Courtesy of Mr. Bentley*

FLOWERS OF THE SKY

SOME SNOW CRYSTALS

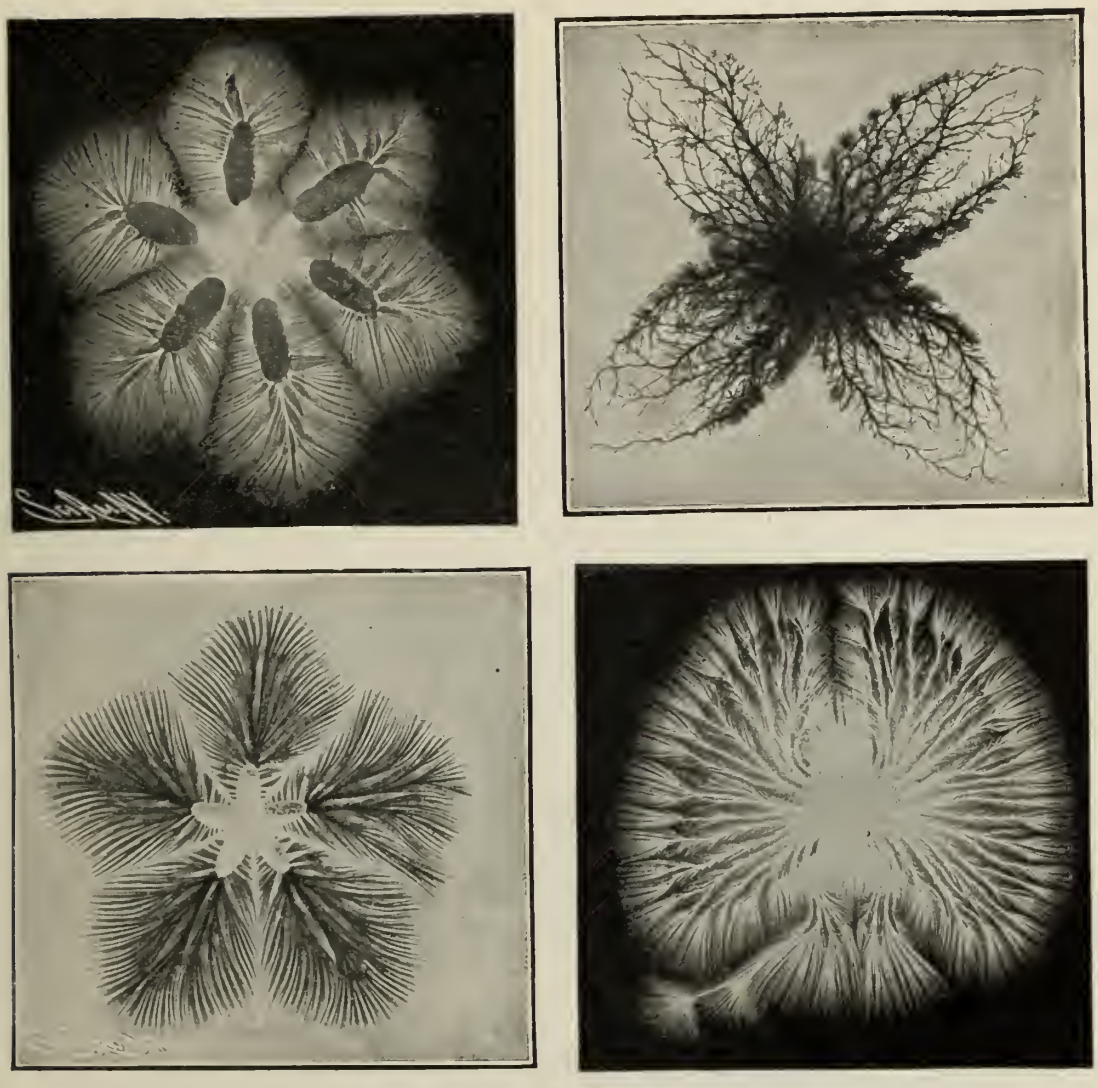
the former cases. We can only conjecture as to the manner in which these minute air tubes and blisters are formed.

As no one can ever actually see the extremely minute water particles rush together and form themselves into snow crystals, the material and the manner in which the molecules of water are joined to form snow crystals is largely a matter of speculation. While it is true that the snow crystals form within the clouds, it does not therefore follow that they are formed from the coarse particles of which the clouds are composed in cold weather.

We have good grounds for assuming that the true snow crystals are formed directly from the minute invisible atoms or molecules of water in the air, and not from the coarse particles in the clouds, as it is unlikely that these coarse particles could unite into snow crystals in so perfect a manner as to leave no trace of their union, even when examined under powerful microscopes. — *The National Geographic Magazine.*

Electrical Motifs for Ornamentation

The designs shown in the accompanying curious illustrations are capable of furnishing *motifs* for ornamentation, which may be indefinitely varied. In order to produce them the sensitive plate must be thus pre-



Courtesy of The Scientific American

ORNAMENTAL DESIGNS PRODUCED BY ELECTRICITY

ON SPECIALLY PREPARED PLATES

pared: In the dark-room, lighted with red light, a dry plate coated with gelatino-bromide of silver is covered with pasteboard, from which previously the symmetrical design desired to be produced by the electric discharge has been cut out; the plate is sprinkled by means of a sieve with an insulating powder, such as fecula, starch, sulphur, or a powdered oxide or metallic salt. Then the pasteboard is taken off; the cut-out design is reproduced on the sensitive surface by the powder, the remainder of this surface remaining smooth and clean.

The result may be varied not only by employing different designs, but by distributing over the sensitive surface pieces of tin, lead, copper, etc., cut variously. The powders give to the lines more or less firmness, according to their fineness and density; the most compact powders give the finest lines, and a great diversity in appearance may be obtained by employing different powders, variously distributed by means of several pasteboard covers.

The plate coated with gelatino-bromide of silver thus prepared is placed with its non-sensitive side on a metallic leaf, put in communication with one of the poles of the generator of electricity.

On the sensitive surface, in the centre of the symmetrical design formed by the

powder, a metallic point is placed which communicates with the other pole of the generator. The differences of the poles likewise contribute in varying the results.

In the operation thus conducted the plate coated with gelatino-bromide of silver represents the dielectric of a condenser, of which the generator of electricity, either an induction coil (Ruhmkorff coil) or a static machine may be utilized, and the smallest generators are sufficient. — *The Scientific American.*

Fares by Weight

One of the most interesting innovations in railway management is that adopted by the Rapid Transit Company in Colorado, where passengers are charged according to weight. Every ounce that travels by this railway pays fare, whether it is an ounce of clothing or of human flesh and bone. The method of operation of this new system is rather difficult to picture, but it is easy to describe. The road is thirty miles long and has ten stations. At each station has been constructed a chute or passage through which each of the passengers will reach the ticket office. In this chute is a turnstile which registers the number of the passengers, and in that way checks the numbers of the tickets issued. At the end of the chute is a scale on which the passenger stands for a moment while his weight is being taken. In accordance with the weight registered by this scale a ticket is issued for an amount which is regulated by the number of pounds he weighs.—*The Tatler.*

Following the Pace

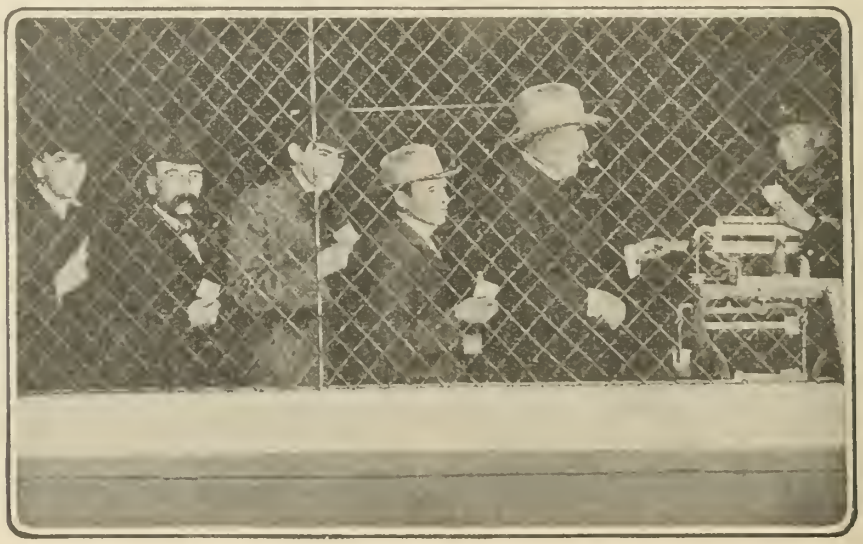
Parker ate a hearty breakfast, as was his habit. He comfortably caught the eight-ten train, and read the morning paper all the way to the city.

When he arrived at the office he placed his feet on the radiator, and read the few letters which had come in the morning mail. Then he dictated replies, and domineered over the office boy, who walked twenty miles a day, but was sometimes slow about it.

Parker had a substantial luncheon. Afterward he signed the letters which he had dictated in the morning.

He spent the rest of the afternoon waiting for half-past four. At that hour he took a last look at himself in the mirror, and caught the five o'clock train back to his suburban home.

He wearily dragged himself up the steps. His waiting wife opened the door for him.



The Tatler

PAYING THEIR WEIGH !

TICKET OFFICE AT A STATION ON AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY IN COLORADO, WHERE THE PASSENGERS PAY ACCORDING TO THEIR WEIGHT

"Tired?" she asked, sympathetically.

Parker silently acquiesced. He was sniffing surreptitiously to find out what there was for his dinner. "Awfully," he said aloud.

Mrs. Parker solicitously helped him with his overcoat. "You shouldn't work so hard," she remonstrated. "You will break down."

Parker resignedly shrugged his shoulders. "We have to follow the pace," he remarked with simple pathos. "Is dinner ready?" he continued, anxiously advancing upon the dining-room. He sniffed again. "Lamb stew?" he asked, with sudden conviction. "It seems to me ——"

"No, no!" his wife hastily replied. "Roast duck."

"Ah!" murmured Parker, with hopefulness, but guardedly. The duck might be overdone.

The duck was perfect, and when he had disposed of his portion, he looked across the table at his wife. "And what have you been up to all day?" he asked, good-naturedly.

"Oh, I took up the rugs upstairs and beat them and got them down again," she said. "And I washed and ironed the muslin draperies downstairs; I didn't dare trust Mary with them. And I did the mending, and—Oh! Petie, there's a closet door upstairs that just won't open! Do you think—would you mind, dear—if you don't feel too tired ——"

"Well, all right," said Parker, indulgently. "Just wait till I finish my cigar, and I'll see what *I* can do with it."—*The New York Sun.*

The Tsar and the Kaiser

In personal conversation with the Tsar one is struck immediately with the shrinking shyness and softly apprehensive, almost feminine, sweetness of the Russian Emperor. The contrast between the melancholy and reflective Tsar and the exuberantly vital Kaiser, bubbling and boiling with unexpended life power, can be appreciated only by those who have conversed with both. It must not be supposed that the Tsar Nicholas II is destitute of strength because his habitual outlook on life is rather one of Oriental resignation than of the hopefulness that might be expected from the head of a great Christian nation. The Tsar is remarkable for a dignity which is the more noticeable because he is small in size, and his voice is gentle and womanly. The dignity is like the dignity of the Queen Victoria, which impressed everyone who entered her presence. The dignity of the Tsar was curiously exhibited on the occasion of his last meeting with the Kaiser. The two monarchs had separated after meeting with their respective fleets in the Baltic. The Kaiser semaphored an effusive message to the Tsar from the upper bridge of his magnificent yacht, the *Hohenzollern*. It was couched in the following terms: "The Admiral of the Atlantic salutes the Admiral of the Pacific." The Tsar was placed in a difficult position. If he accepted the implication, the British Foreign Office might have something to say. If, on the other hand, the signal remained unanswered, discourtesy to the Kaiser was the result. I am informed that the Tsar's reply was his own idea. He simply signaled, "Farewell." The rebuff to the German Emperor went round the fleets of the world, and the "Admiral of the Atlantic" will not forget the quiet reproof administered to him one gray afternoon in the shallow waters of the Baltic Sea.—*Arnold White* in *Everybody's.*

Making a Man

Hurry the baby as fast as you can,
Hurry him, worry him, make him a man;
Off with his baby clothes, get him in pants,
Feed him on brain foods and make him advance;
Hustle him, soon as he's able to walk,
Into a grammar school, cram him with talk;
Fill his poor head full of figures and facts,
Keep on ja-aming them in till it cracks.

—*From a South African paper.*

Race

Children having gone quite out of vogue, what was to become of the public school system, the corner-stone of our liberties?

The suggestion that everybody go back and take postgraduate work in the Three R's was not seriously considered; all could see that mere palliatives were vain.

There being nothing for the school-ma'ams to do, their salaries were naturally stopped, and soon they were rendered desperate by the lack of food and stylish clothes.



Photograph copyright, 1904, by L. C. Dillman

ALEUTIAN ISLANDERS HEARING A PHONOGRAPH FOR THE FIRST TIME

"Let us," they cried, looking the situation squarely in the face, "draw cuts to see which of us gets married and replenishes the earth."

Thus it transpired that race suicide could not possibly proceed to the point of race extinction.—*Life.*

From A to Z

A wondrous thing, the alphabet,
As doubtless you'll agree,
No honey from the B we get,
No water from the C.

The J has never built a nest;
No pod enfolds the P;
And there is nothing to suggest
A ——— beyond the D.

No oyster has the R to sell;
No pupil has the I;
No house adjoins the modest L;
No question asks the Y.

The X is never cross; and O
From debt is wholly free:
And cockney H you'd only know
By its apostrophe.

No type is measured by the M;
No sugar spoils the T;
No Dutchman fashions dykes to stem
The inrush of the Z.

No lambkin tags behind the U;
The U—no wool has she;
No Chinaman up-braids the Q;
No Scottish tears sheds E.

The F is sharp, if not acute;
And A is flat, it's true;
While G and N with K dispute
The ownership of { Gnu / New / Knew.

The S its $ counts as nought;
But VV, to me
Suggests that for these rhymes I ought
To get a double "V."

—*Frank Roe Batchelder* in *The Smart Set.*

The Caricaturist's Art

No matter who you are and what you look like, you have one feature that is more strongly marked and distinctive than any other feature. It's the thing that first attracts the eye and by which people remember you. The casual, untrained observer may not know exactly what it is, but he is conscious of it just the same. But with the man who has made a study of caricature it is different. He quickly analyzes your face and finds out what the dominating feature is. In some people it may be the nose, in others the eyes, in others the chin. It never is exactly the same in different faces.



HOAR

Look at President Roosevelt's face for an instant and then close your eyes. You will find that the strongest impressions remaining are the President's glasses and his teeth. Consequently the caricaturist emphasizes these two points when he makes his caricature.

The caricaturist decides what it is at the first sight. If he were to wait he would allow his mental estimate of the subject's character to influence him. Often he may grow to like a person so well that the most aggressively prominent feature fades away beneath his fondness. He does not see the disagreeable tilt of the nose, or the lack of symmetry of the mouth. He has learned to like the subject and the facial imperfections cease to be noticed. Very often one may know and like a person with crossed eyes so well that after a time it never occurs to him to think that the eyes are not strictly regular. For these reasons it is the caricaturist's desire to make his analysis at first sight before the subject's imperfections have been smoothed away by the charitable hand of friendship.



ROOSEVELT

It is always an interesting study for those who make a practice of analyzing a face to locate the dominant key to the subject's features. The analyst can look sharply at the subject and then close his eyes immediately, and in the mental picture there will stand out one strongly-marked feature that has struck him most forcibly. As a general thing, this part that lingers in the mental vision is the chief characteristic of the subject's face.



CROKER

It has been my observation that the



BAILEY

greater the affairs of a man the more strongly marked will be his face. It may be that the affairs influence the face, or it may be that the possession of the strong face creates the big affairs. Certain it is that we see few weak faces in exalted stations that have come as the result of individual effort. Some of our country's great men may have faces that seem weak, but an analysis will show somewhere the presence of a strength of character that at first escapes the casual observer.

No face is so weak that it does not have its distinguishing mark, although often that mark lies wholly in the weakness of the face. Sometimes it is hard to locate, but it is there, and one of the professional caricaturist's most interesting studies is the location of this one thing that makes a face individual. Many people object to caricatures because the caricaturist is obliged to accentuate the prominent features, and it very often happens that this prominent feature is the one about which the subject is most sensitive. Yet left out, or modified, the caricature at once loses its strength.—*John T. McCutcheon* in *The Saturday Evening Post.*



LODGE

Graft in the Good Old Days

An American writer, Mr. Porritt, has published an admirable study of the British House of Commons in its unreformed days. The volume gives many interesting glimpses into bygone political methods.

Bribery seems to have begun with candidates who offered to take less than the statutory wage of four shillings a day for every knight of the shire and two shillings for every burgess or citizen. In 1472 Ipswich sent a man to parliament who covenanted to take five shillings a week, while Rochester, in the reign of Henry IV, made an agreement with a non-resident or "foreigner," as he was called, that if he would serve them without wage he should be made a freeman of the borough, and thus become eligible. The first downright corrupt practitioner known to Mr. Porritt was one Thomas Rede, who in 1640 was minded, as many have been since his day, to sit in parliament for the borough of Hastings. Rede's election address consisted in a promise, if returned, to give to the poor of Hastings twenty pounds down, and ten pounds a year during his life, besides two barrels of gunpowder yearly for exercising the youths. Thomas Rede sat for Hastings in two parliaments. This history of bribery and corruption is a horrid history; but every candidate who subscribes to cricket and football clubs, and to churches or to chapels, in "his constituency," must feel interested in reading of the early establishment of a tradition he still does his best to maintain.

On the subject of election expenses Mr. Porritt says:

"The code saddling official costs at parliamentary elections on candidates, the foundations of which were slowly laid between 1712 and 1832, has a much less interesting history than the qualification acts. But this code, from a constitutional point of view, is of great significance. It was developed from the eagerness of men to be of the House of Commons; from the willingness to gratify all who could in any way help them to reach that goal. Along with the custom, now of three centuries' standing, that members of the House shall not be paid—a custom still unsupported by a single enactment, and equally due to the eagerness of men to be returned to the House of Commons—this code has survived all the constitutional changes of the nineteenth century.

Until 1712 there was no statute authorizing a returning officer to charge a penny for the cost of an election, but then there does not seem to have been any obligation upon him to erect hustings or booths, or to appoint poll clerks. With the advent of rich men anxious to get in, and of ambitious men anxious to get on, the returning officer began to scent spoil and to heap on fees. This has made parliamentary life a rich man's luxury or an adventurer's gamble.—*Australasian Review of Reviews.*



From a Japanese war lithograph

WHEN SLAV MEETS JAP

A MODEST JAPANESE PROPHECY

THE
BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

VOL. III MAY, 1904 NO. 5

THE TWO PACIFICS

by Harold Bolce

III—IF JAPAN SHOULD WIN

The war in the Far East may yet prove to be the greatest conflict in history. There is a wide-spread feeling that Japan is fighting the battle of civilization. It is a significant fact that, while the new movement in the Orient is toward the west, the star of empire has ceased to light the path of the Aryan and is now illumining the march of the yellow man. For the first time the advance of awakened thought and ambition toward the west is being conducted by a people who form no part of the phalanx of races that has carried civilization around the earth.

The Pilgrims took Aryan blood and vigor and Aryan ideals across the Atlantic. In the name of civilization their sons took possession of the American continent. Half a century ago an Aryan commodore crossed the Pacific and quickened a new race of men into being. Since then the Aryan advance has occupied a few islands in the Pacific. In the meantime the people whom Perry quickened into magical life have built themselves an empire, modern at least in its outward activities and ambitions; and it is that race, and not the descendants of the races that have hitherto borne the brunt of battle and conquest and civilized development of new domain, that has planted the standards on the continent of Asia.

Is this the beginning of a new migration around the world? It is my belief that it is, and that it cannot be restrained, even if such suppression were desirable, and that it is the plain duty of Anglo-American enterprise to merge Western moral, commercial, and political ideals with the new movement of mankind.

Would either Americans or Britons be content to see the great Aryan impulse pause in the islands of the Pacific while Mongolians pressed forward from the East with a new gospel of civilization?

Throughout the Orient the intelligent comment is that, whatever the immediate outcome of the conflict with Russia, Japan's future is assured. The very fact that it had the resolution and daring to go



From a Japanese war lithograph

THE BATTLE AT PORT ARTHUR, FEBRUARY 9

SKETCHED FROM THE BATTLESHIP FUJI

to war with a great European power has added immeasurably to the prestige of Japan. Even those who foresee a Yellow Peril do not believe that it would contribute to the welfare of the world to have it checkmated by the advance of the Slav. China's four hundred millions cannot be eliminated from the problem of the world by any decrees of state. Triumphant Japan would exercise the influence of a pagan god in the Celestial Empire. Triumphant Russia would overawe the earth.

Whatever the result may be of the present war, a large part of the commercial world is convinced that it is to mark the beginning of the emergence of the Mongolian people, and that their advent into the arena of nations will compel a readjustment of the political and industrial affairs of mankind. Every steamer to the Orient carries adventurous and astute pioneers of trade. American railway magnates with letters of introduction to the grantors of concessions are now registered in the hotels of the Far East. A month ago an American mining engineer of the highest attainments arrived in China on a secret mission for an association of big syndicates. He has a staff with him and, while not free to divulge the scope of his operations, confesses his belief that within ten years capital in all the centres of America and Europe will be involved in the mineral exploitation of Eastern Asia. The advance guard of commercial leaders journeying to the Orient includes some of the shrewdest men in business life. Some American houses have sent their managers, and even members of the firm itself. "At the conclusion of this war," said one of the men, "it is my belief that China will be the scene of a tremendous business development." He added that while, in his judgment, that country would afford unprecedented opportunity for individual enterprise, Japan was destined as a nation to get the supreme benefit out of the Oriental awakening.

A question which is uppermost in the minds of all is: What part will the United States play in the final settlement of the Far-Eastern struggle? With the conclusion of the struggle and the probable new demarkation of national boundaries and spheres of influence in Asia, there will be a rearrangement of commercial relations of supreme importance to all the Powers. No country can afford to be absent from the great convention which, it is believed, must ultimately be convoked to solve new international trade issues created by the war.

For the very reason that hitherto America has made no effort to secure footing on the mainland of Asia, its decisions would carry great weight in a con-



READING WAR BULLETINS, YOKOHAMA



From a Japanese lithograph

A JAPANESE ATTACK ON PORT ARTHUR

clave of nations. As the trade operations of a hemisphere would be involved, the council would be one of the most momentous ever assembled by the Powers. It would mark the turn of a tide in the commercial affairs of the world, and it is the hope of American residents in Asia that our ship of state will experience the good fortune to take voyage toward the Orient at the critical moment.

Although England, Germany, France, Russia, and now Japan, through covenant with Korea, are established on the mainland of Asia, none of them has more at stake than America in the upheaval of the Eastern continent. America alone possesses the power of introducing a pacific element into the desperate discord of nations in the Orient. The rise or fall of Eastern belligerents will not end the battle of races. Many possible solutions of the territorial conflict in the East are submitted by statesmen, but none of them which omits America's participation gives assurance of a lasting peace.

No preoccupation over internal fortunes, however vast and promising they may be, should divert America from the opening opportunity in the Asiatic end of our Pacific destiny.

As every man on the Pacific coast of America is a statistician ready with optimistic columns of commercial futurities with the Orient, so every intelligent resident of the Far East is a prophet—with this difference, that the swirling confusion of empires in his larger horizon frequently imparts a saturnine element to his predictions. Correspondents from the four corners of the earth are following the fortunes of the war. While awaiting Japanese permission to go to the front they packed the hotels of Tokio. Like old residents of the Orient they, too, daily settled the destinies of nations.

"How long have you been in the Far

East?" asked John Fowler, American consul at Chefoo.

"Just a week," was the reply.

"You know more about it now," observed the consul, "than you ever will again, even if you remain eighteen years, as I have. The East is too big, too momentous, to be grasped by any mind."

If the world had annexed another planet with unheard of resources and peopled by millions of strange inhabitants possessed of unfathomed potentialities, and if all the nations of our own earth were contending for commercial advantage in this new terrestrial wonderland, the effect upon the imagination of mankind would be akin to the impression made by the awakening of China upon the minds of Europeans and Americans dwelling on the shores of the Far East. One must come within sound of the roar of the Oriental maelstrom to realize its elemental strength.

With the advance of the army of Japan the shadow of the Yellow Peril has darkened Europe. The press of Japan is illumined with eloquent condemnation of French and German papers, the contention being that Gaul and Teuton are spreading the alarm in regard to the yellow race in order to give moral support and financial backing to European conquest of Asia. Even before Japan went to war against Russia, many diplomats and commercial leaders of America and Great Britain in the Orient insisted that the conflict in the Far East could never be settled right until it was settled by a commercial federation of the leading nations. That the permanent peace of the world would descend like a benediction upon either Japanese or Muscovite victory was regarded by many as too chimerical to be seriously considered. An annihilation of Russian squadrons, the capture of Russia's Pacific ports, and even the repulse of Cossack legions from Manchuria were not regarded by Anglo-Saxons in the Far East as likely to make for the political tranquility and commercial devel-



THE RUSSIAN NAVAL DOCK, PORT ARTHUR



MOTOMACHI, A TYPICAL YOKOHAMA STREET

opment of Asia. For two centuries Russia has planned its progress to the Pacific. It was unbelievable that it could be driven from its trans-continental holdings by the Lilliputian empire of Japan. Beaten back beyond the Amur imperial Russia would re-emerge to rebuild its highways to the sea. What Mongolian wall could be erected high enough along the boundaries of China to retard the Slav migration pushed steadily forward by the imperial decrees of St. Petersburg?

For Japan to maintain such a barrier would mean a vast Japanese army patrolling forever the north and west frontier of the Chinese Empire. Those who foresee a yellow conquest say that such an array of Japanese forces would have to be maintained in China if the final settlement of the Oriental problem were delegated by the Powers to Japan alone; and a militant Japan, camped along the confines of the Celestial Kingdom, would argue an Asiatic dominion of formidable menace to the peace and unrestricted commerce of the world. Treaties, unless they bore the imprint of powers greater than Japan, would not hold the Russians back.

Thus it was plain to those in the Far East that if Japan, unsupported, should force Russia from the Pacific, that triumph of arms would mark the beginning of a sullen conflict that might not be settled for centuries. It likewise seemed obvious to those who watched from Asiatic vantage ground the initiation of this war that the nations would not permit the indefinite prolongation of a struggle which, because of Russia's vast continental intrenchment, would mean the unending demoralization of the world's trade. The Powers could not afford to let Japan dominate China, and if the Sunrise Kingdom insisted on such control without the consent of nations, the rest of civilized mankind in both hemispheres would rise against the long-predicted Yellow Peril.

This belief was prompted in many instances by no animus against Japan. On the contrary, that country's intrepidity awakened the admiration even of the



A COMPARISON OF POPULATIONS
IS THERE A YELLOW PERIL?

prophets who believed they could see in Japanese triumph an interminable disturbance of the affairs of Asia and, through that, the retardation of the commerce of all the great nations. With Russia retreated to Irkutsk and Lake Baikal, and a Japanese strategic occupation and industrial development of intervening Manchuria and Korea, a sort of peace might temporarily prevail. Out of such counterfeit of international truce the Yellow Peril would arise again to fill the fear of the world.

Disguised as it is by euphemistic legislation the western world actually feels deeply the menace of Asia's yellow millions. Even in America, the home of almost scornful virility and independence, a great Chinese wall has been built along every mile of our border. Legislation patrolling that rampart resorts to minute and, from the Oriental standpoint, undignified expedients to deport the few Mongolians who venture to enter the gates. The testimony of capital from the Mississippi to the Pasig River is that Chinamen are needed. The yellow man is diligent in business and sober in his hours of relaxation, and he does not fail to turn up with pagan punctuality for the duties of the following day. He sticks to the job. He lives up to his contract.

"I employ three agents," said a big contractor traveling toward the Pacific coast. "I keep one in Duluth, one in St. Paul, and the third in Seattle. We need on an average about five thousand men, and although we pay good wages, our constant great difficulty is to get competent and sober gangs who will stay with the work. It would mean a wonderful stride in Western development if we could import contract labor from China, but



A TOKIO NEWSBOY WITH WAR EXTRAS

the mere mention of such a necessity would bring down upon us the weight of federated unions."

"I do not fear the Yellow Peril," said another employer, a timber king of Puget Sound. "A Mongolian invasion of America would not crowd us out. It would crowd us up. The Anglo-Saxon will, at least for the next thousand years, be able to buy or boss the hordes of Asia. The more labor there is about him, the more factors the Anglo-Saxon is able to manipulate, and his activities expand with the multiplication of available hands. The intelligent American laborer, if he kept sober, would not have to compete with the millions from Asia. In the increase of industries the white man would take his proper place as the directing head of crews of Chinamen. A vast influx of Mongolian workingmen would solve the problem of labor and capital."

That is one point of view. The very fact that a Mongolian immigration into America would solve the labor problem by annihilating unionism is in itself a sufficient menace to arouse the alert and unanimous opposition of the federated trades. The influence of these organizations has prevailed at Washington, and it has been a comparatively easy matter to force upon inept, indifferent, stoical, somnolent China, treaties that have made her citizens pariahs in a land dedicated to freedom.

In the arguments against the Chinaman *per se* there is little to commend itself to impartial judgment. Appraised by standards of sobriety, industry, and commercial rectitude, the average Chinaman takes high rank in the general community of races. In Asia the Chinese merchant and banker enjoy the exceptional confidence of foreign residents. When you pay your bill in the leading hotel of Yokohoma you pay it to a Chinese cashier. A proprietor desirous of giving thorough satisfaction to his guests has their accounts rendered by a Chinese clerk. No one questions a Celestial's mathematics or his punctilious honesty. When you present your letter of credit in the leading banks of Yokohoma, managed by Japanese or Europeans, you discover that the teller who counts the money handed out is a Chinaman. Not only is the Chinaman reliable, but he is remarkably adept in all matters pertaining to finance.

All of this will have an important bearing at the conclusion of the war between Russia and Japan. Let some virile, modern power direct China's political destinies, and it will rapidly become a great commercial nation. Many of the former treaties, forced upon China during the long period of its stoic unconcern, would have to be revised. What China has lacked is a strong centralizing government, capable of managing its innumerable masses. Railways and telegraphs, with a

modern cabinet at Peking, may accomplish wonders in that ancient empire. Should either Japan or Russia emerge as the dominant power in shaping the destinies of China, and in that rôle succeed in re-creating the celestial kingdom, would America be able to maintain its exclusive wall?

America has not been able to deal with Japan as it has with China. In California, for example, where State contracts cannot be awarded to Mongolians, the courts have decided that a Japanese is not of that race, thus settling a question which has puzzled the profoundest ethnologists. Nationally, in America, the Japanese is welcome while the Chinese is proscribed. The Japanese fleet of men-of-war has backed up the international status of the citizen of Japan. With that fleet pledged to the exploitation of China, citizenship in that empire would assume a new meaning.

Would that readjustment, carrying with it inevitable demands of a new international covenant, constitute a menace to the industrial life of the United States? The cited opinions of the contractor and timber magnate are not like those familiarly heard in those American sections where the Chinaman has made his presence felt. It is true that the intelligence, frugality, temperance, trustworthiness, fidelity, and perseverance of the Chinaman are conceded, even by many of his most uncompromising enemies. There are, however, manifold arguments against him, but the same arguments apply to other races whose thousands pass with little hindrance through American ports. Back of the racial antipathy, and deeper than the most adroit indictment, is the apprehension, conscious or unconscious, of the possible pressure of the incredible millions of the Mongolian people. Had the Chinese numbered but a few millions no exclusion law would have been framed against them. In the committee-rooms



DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE, TOKIO



BUILDING AN ELEVATED RAILROAD THROUGH TOKIO

of all anti-Asiatic legislation stalks the phantom of the Yellow Peril.

That sentiment may not be voiced but it is none the less the premonitory impulse directing the one-sided treaties between Washington and Peking. Standing alone, China was regarded as a teeming, overwhelming, multiplying menace to American labor. With a triumphant Japan wielding a diplomatic hand in China's treaty stipulations, the former fear of the Celestial menace would increase greatly.

A new phase of the Yellow Peril argument is furnished by American firms in the shipping business in the treaty ports of Japan. "Just as we have had to retreat before the Russian advance," said a representative of one of the largest American establishments in the Orient, "so our branch offices are slowly but surely being forced out by the Japanese, aided, we fear, by favoritism in high places. As is known by all shippers, we have to depend largely on Japanese vessels both in importing from America and in consigning cargoes home, as there are comparatively few American ships in commission on the Pacific. We have in Japan some Japanese firms competing with us. We are convinced, although we cannot prove it, that these establishments obtain rebates from the Japanese lines for all goods shipped both ways. Inasmuch as we make our money in commissions, we cannot successfully compete with firms enjoying preferential rates with steamship lines. Of course, we have no way of proving this, nor could we remedy the situation if we could find out the facts. It is true, however, that we have had to abandon some lines of trade. Nearly every American and other foreign shipper will tell you that the business methods of the people of this empire give abundant evidence that the whole scheme

of operations is on the principle, 'Japan for the Japanese.' The only secret of our ability to remain in business at all in Japanese ports is that these people have not yet, for the most part, learned the value of integrity as a business asset. With a few notable exceptions, Japanese houses cannot do a direct business with American firms. The average Japanese merchant considers it reputable cunning to give short weight or scant measure. The first one or two orders will be faithfully filled, and when the confiding customer gives a big list of commodities desired, he is incontinently victimized. Such practices, as any shipper will tell you, have given to the Japanese a questionable commercial reputation in all the markets of the world. As I said, however, there are a few notable exceptions, and these legitimate Japanese establishments are officered in the main by distinguished men, some of them members of the nobility, and all inheriting chivalrous ideals of honor. Gradually, of course, the hundreds of smaller shippers will learn the secret of how to succeed honestly, and once having established a reputation for reliability in the delivery of orders, they will deal directly with importers abroad. Then all American and other foreign interests in Japan will be forced out of business."

As this sentiment was reiterated by many of the very highest foreign residents in Japan, the subject was taken up with a Japanese manufacturer and exporter at Osaka. His travel and general education made it possible to submit the delicate topic to him without giving offense.

"There is much in what you foreigners say in regard to the unreliability of the Japanese," he replied. "The foreigner, however, usually fails to realize that it was but a few years ago that merchants in Japan were regarded as the lowest possible class. The poorest and most ignorant day-laborer was their superior. So designated, the merchant naturally developed a code of questionable ethics. The educated Japanese dealer today is trying hard to lift all business out of this quagmire. It takes time to work a reform of this sweeping character."

Every piece or package of Japanese goods purchased for export has to be critically examined by foreign firms before shipment out of Japan. In the case of Japanese paper, for example, not every ream but every separate sheet has to be inspected. Inasmuch as labor is very cheap, girls being employed for the work at an average wage of sixteen sen (eight cents) a day, it is possible to carry on business, handicapped as it is by the ordinary manufacturer's inability to regard honesty as a necessary part of a stock in trade. The average Japanese merchant, his critics insist, shares with the rickshaw servitor the idea that he must get all he can out of the man of the hour, as he may never have the chance again. The favorite temples of Japan are dedicated to the fox!



A TEMPLE OF THE FOX

The part these traits are to play in the future of Asia is gravely pondered by Anglo-Saxons in the Orient who predict a future Mongolian menace to occidental interests. They believe that, unless some powerful check is invoked, the migration that has started with the advent of Japanese troops on the Asiatic mainland is the beginning of one of the great movements of history, and destined to make its influence felt around the world. Believing that nothing can prevent the expansion of Japan, these observers set forth that while the Japanese mind stands for poetry and color and refined philosophy, there is an element of adroit evasiveness in the character of the people that would make a Japanese domination of Asia a serious barrier to the civilized advance of the rest of the world, even if such domination did not prepare for a future Mongolian invasion of Europe.

These critics, while admiring all that is picturesque both in the people and the art of Japan, cite numerous other circumstances to show that Japanese standards of business are not favorable to the development of American trade. Among these acts is one which an American consul has called to the attention of the United States Government. It is the wholesale appropriation on the part of citizens in Japan of American trade-marks. Enterprising American manufacturers have for several years been building up a trade in Japan. Bicycles, typewriters, safes, engines, telephones, watches, guns, scientific instruments, and hundreds of other articles were being introduced. But now a snag has been encountered which nullifies much of the pioneer commercial activities of American shippers and manufacturers. The Japanese, being incomparably clever in imitation, engaged in the manufacture of the same kind of goods. So long as they confined themselves to competition it was simply a contest in price and workmanship. But the Japanese have not stopped there. They have secured in the patent office at Tokio registration for themselves of the actual trade-marks of American and other foreign articles, and are now manufacturing these goods in Japan, name and all.

Furthermore, they have gone into the courts and obtained judgment for damages from American firms for selling American commodities bearing Japanese trade-marks! In other words, they have stolen the good name of American articles and are now invoking Japanese law to prosecute the victim. It is not surprising that the reputable dealers who have suffered from this Asiatic outrage upon commerce foresee in the Japanese advance a possible menace to the trade expansion of the rest of the world.

An American dealer, who was in addition the actual inventor of the article he handled, succeeded in building up a trade in Japan. After he had advertised his commodity extensively, a citizen of Japan registered the trade-mark in Tokio. A few days later papers were served upon the American in a suit for damages for infringement upon a trade-mark controlled by a Japanese.

"There is some mistake," said the American. "I have infringed no man's right. These are my goods. I invented the article, and I designed the trade-mark myself, and coined the name."

He was finally made to understand that invention of the article, creation of the trade-mark, and ownership of the goods were minor details. The Japanese complainant who owned no goods, who had invented nothing, and had designed no trade name or mark, had been sufficiently alert to register the trade-mark, and was therefore entitled to the business. There was nothing for the inventor to do but to retire from the field, which he promptly did, leaving his invention and the field his advertising and enterprise had opened to the commercial brigand who had a working knowledge of Asiatic law.

The trade-marks appropriated by Japan include commercial names and designations recognized in all the marts of the world. American firms will now be compelled in Japan to change the name of their own goods, while Japanese manufac-

turers will reap the rewards of American advertising in the Orient. In the future foreign firms will protect themselves in regard to new commodities by authorizing someone in Japan to secure registration of trade-marks in the name of the firm. In the meantime, however, the American trade in the empire has been very seriously hampered.

"Moreover," said an American importer in Japan, "we may be sure that Oriental adroitness will find additional ways of beating us. The Yankee is shrewd enough, and it is not wise to go to sleep while transacting business with him. But should he catch you napping, he will not pick your pocket; or if he did go so far as that, at least his nation would not uphold him, not to speak of lending him the machinery of the law to prosecute the man he robbed."

That is a scathing judgment to apply to a people just now evoking the admiration of nations. But any traveler who will devote half as much time to the commercial centres of Japan as he does to gazing at stone and wooden gods in temple grounds will hear anti-Japanese comment far less indirect and far less printable than the observation quoted.

I submitted the trade-mark grievance to American and native officials in Japan. They both, in answer to the complaint, said that the Japanese law was plain and just. It recognized any man's right to file application for the registration. It was not a part of the government's duty to inquire into whether the applicant owned or controlled the article for whose trade name he sought protection. The American firms could have registered their trade-marks. The fact that they did not know the law on the subject was, of course, unfortunate for their interests, but that is not Japan's fault. In that country, as in America, the citizen or foreigner doing business is presumed to know the law. His ignorance of its provisions is his



THE MIKADO'S BODY-GUARD



A TOKIO MACARONI STORE

THE OLD TIME LANTERN IS SUPPLEMENTED BY THE MODERN ELECTRIC LIGHT

own loss. The government of Japan realized that some of the citizens had craftily taken possession of American activities by securing registration of American trade-marks, but as these applicants had in no wise violated the law, but had, in fact, alone complied with its provisions, the only thing the government could do was to recognize them.

That it was a conspiracy against foreigners was denied. An American official cited a suit brought in the Japanese courts by an Englishman who controls a mineral spring in Japan. The trade name of his goods means "sparkling water." An enterprising Japanese, owning a similar spring, appropriated the title, prefixing to it the name of his locality. His contention in court was that the term "sparkling water" was not sufficiently specific to exclude other men from employing it. But as the Englishman had taken the precaution to get the word registered, the Japanese had to pay damages and change the name of his article of trade.

"I do not believe that any charge of dissimulation can be brought successfully against the courts and government of Japan," said an American consul in the Orient. "Although I am not stationed in that country I have had many dealings with Japan. Japan is as honest as China is corrupt; but while the merchant of China is absolutely to be trusted, the merchant of Japan is the embodiment of guile. It is a curious contrast of conditions and men."

"Of course," said a prominent American in Japan, "we do not accuse the Japanese government of connivance in such matters. True, there is a growing sentiment against foreigners in Japan, but I cannot believe that this would prejudice the courts. Imaginative though the Oriental is, he is an unillumined literalist in interpretations of law. The man who holds and owns the original package has no standing in Japan with the man who can show that he has secured the red tape. The goods are turned over to him."

"With such business standards," he added, "Japan is not yet entitled to undertake the modernization of Asia. In the probability that Japan will gain the power to demoralize the growing commerce of this awakening continent in the East, lies, I believe, the grave significance of the Yellow Peril."

Japanese influence is already great in China, due not only to the presence, in large numbers, of Japanese teachers in Chinese schools and colleges, but also to the far-reaching Japanese secret-service established throughout the Chinese empire. Those Japanese who have adopted Chinese clothes, who wear cues and speak the Chinese language, and are regarded even by the people of China as their countrymen, are doing a great deal to spread Japanese political thought in the Celestial Empire.

Russia may succeed in repelling the military advance of Japan, but probably the Muscovite power can never rid China of the actual Japanese dominance, for armament cannot reach the intellectual movement which has started westward from Japan. This aggression of alert Japanese thought may, in its action upon Chinese subtlety and far-seeing commercial genius, produce mighty results in Asia superior to any achievements that Russian dictation could bring about.

While there are some foreign business firms in the Orient that predict disaster to commerce with China should Japan become the controlling power in the Far East, the fact is set forth by Japan's friends that, at the conclusion of the war with China, Japan secured a covenant with that empire which was of benefit to the commerce of the whole world. This treaty of Shimonoseki stipulates that there shall be unrestricted opportunities for all nations to buy and sell in the Empire of China, that distributing warehouses may be constructed and conducted without being compelled to yield a special tribute, that modern machinery may be imported, and that at the thirty treaty ports of China foreigners may engage unrestrictedly in manufacturing. "In exacting these treaty provisions,"

said a pro-Japanese American in Yokohama, "Japan placed all the nations of the world in its debt. It should be remembered, however," he added, "that Japan is a mercurial nation, and that what it did in 1894 is no guide to what it would do tomorrow, and still less what it might attempt a half century hence when it may be the England of the Orient."

An analysis of some of the world-wide



PREPARING THE ROAD-BED FOR AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY IN TOKIO

benefits growing out of the treaty of Shimonoseki shows how difficult it is to reconcile the commercial double-dealing of the Japanese, as reported by the foreign business firms transacting operations with them, with the broad and just stipulations exacted by the Japanese nation in its dealings with China.

The year before the Chinese-Japanese war, 29,761 steamers entered and cleared Chinese ports. In 1902 the number was nearly double, being 58,086. Nor was this increase of one hundred per cent. in the array of steam vessels in the harbors of China due to the falling off of deep-sea sailing crafts. On the contrary, two thousand more sailing vessels found their way to the great Asiatic empire in 1902 than ventured thither in 1893. In the year before the war of the Mongol empires the total tonnage of vessels entering Chinese ports was 29,318,811. In 1902 it had increased to 53,990,002 tons.

All nations, even including non-treaty powers, have shared in this awakened commerce. Japan, itself, has not failed to profit greatly by the opportunities secured through battle and diplomacy. In 1897 it sent only 653 ships ladened with goods to China. Five years later it dispatched a splendid merchant fleet of nearly 7000 vessels to the commercial ports of the Chinese Empire.

Germany has been equally alert. In 1897

it sent 1858 ships to China; in 1902, the number was 6046, while the tonnage had increased from one to seven millions. The ships of England in numbers and tonnage, and the great cargoes they bear to and from China, make all the flotillas of other nations seem Lilliputian in comparison. Take all the steamships and sailing vessels of Germany, Russia, Japan, France, Norway and Sweden, Australia, and America, manufacturing nation, there has been an increase in our Chinese shipping. Seven years ago 333 American vessels entered Chinese ports, aggregating a tonnage of 269,780; while in 1902 the number of vessels floating the Stars and Stripes entering and clearing Chinese ports increased to 1295 with a tonnage of 499,831. Compared with the other merchant fleets in the Chinese trade—the Japanese for example,



IN FRONT OF A YOKOHAMA GROCERY SHOP

and of every other nation trading in Chinese waters, add to this mighty squadron 5000 new vessels, and then the whole commercial armada would barely equal the formidable fleet of merchantmen that England sends every year to the harbors of the Celestial Empire. In 1897 over 21,000 vessels flying the British flag entered the ports of China.

While America's representation in the converging of the world's merchantmen towards the seas and bays of China is grotesquely below its status as the supreme with more than seven millions, or the British with nearly twenty-seven millions of tonnage—the few thousand tons of American shipping in the commerce with China are scarcely entitled to sober inclusion in the statistical returns of the activities of the Pacific. It is not mere patriotic desire to see the American flag mingling with the international array of banners, floating from topmasts on the Hwang-ho or the estuary of the Yangtze, that calls attention to the conspicuous disparity between the



A PRIMITIVE JAPANESE RICE MILL

magnificent fleets of rival commercial nations and the ghost of America's once imposing merchant marine. What the commercial world of the United States would urge upon Congress is not a move simply to add our picturesque national individuality to the Pacific, or to splendor foreign harbors with meaningless yards of our tri-colored bunting. The business men of America and their representatives in Asia realize that without American ships American commerce cannot take its proper place in the intense and growing competition for the trade of the Pacific. The treaty of Shimonoseki thus far has meant more to the other nations of the earth than it has to the United States.

Prediction is of dubious value in regard to things Japanese. The events of their national career have taken place with ironical disregard for prophecies repeatedly made. Kipling carved a deft inscription over the fool "that tried to hustle the East." And yet here is the Orient displaying an alertness and precision of military movement that gave a staggering blow to the unprepared West. Contradictions on every hand confront the traveler in Japan. Known as "The Land of Lots of Time," it is not uncommon to see a mass of men and women scrambling on their wooden getas to catch an electric car, when by walking they could board another car immediately following, and bound for the same destination. This is conspicuous at Shinagawa, a station a few miles south of Tokio. By alighting from the railway at Shinagawa, and there continuing the journey by electric cars to the capital, through passengers from Yokohama save a few sen; and as economy is a ruling Japanese virtue, the streams of humanity from the station at that town to the suburban line are constant. The Japanese are fond of travel. Tokio street cars which carry passengers seven miles for 3 sen (1½ cents) are crowded all day long. Cars succeed one another in virtually one long procession. Despite that fact and the national reputation for indifference to time, especially among the classes that form the bulk of those who change at Shinagawa to save a few pennies, there is scarcely a man, woman, or child making for these cars who does not start on a grotesque run, half stumble and half gallop, their clogs, undesigned for speed, making a clattering chorus of noises, as if a vast lumber yard had suddenly become endowed with life and was rushing headlong to a saw mill.

It is a mistake to believe that Japan is civilized, as Anglo-Saxons understand that condition of society. Japan has railroads, telephones, electric cars, and other modern accessories. But Japan has not been modernized by the people. A handful of statesmen dominate Japan. The traveler throughout the little empire would believe, if he did not have the fortune to carry letters to the few elect, that he had arrived in a whole nation of coolies. The very fact that these masses, seemingly a thousand years behind the times, are enthusiastically supporting the civilized aggression of their leaders makes Japan's metamorphosis all the more remarkable.

Americans and Europeans who are inclined to view with unconcern the possibilities of a Mongolian mastery of the East may well reflect upon the myriad revelations disclosed in the evolution of the complex Japanese character. Out of Christian markets Japan imports corrugated iron for the roofs of its new places of worship, yet these are being steadfastly dedicated to the Shinto and Buddhist faith. The most Americanized Japanese takes off his shoes when he returns home and, like his ancestors, eats and sleeps on the floor. Leaving my shoes at the threshold, I was received in stockinged feet in the library of one of Japan's most intelligent officials. He had been educated in Europe and America.

"I must apologize for an utter absence of things European in my home," said he, "and invite you to have a seat on the floor." He explained that a few of his colleagues had one or two rooms in their houses equipped with chairs and tables, but that it was considered very bad form in Japanese society to use such furniture

except under the compulsion of state occasions when foreign diplomats were to be entertained. Nor is this concession always made even in these formal functions. A room full of guests all attired in conventional evening dress, but with nothing on their feet save their stockings, and everybody kneeling or sitting on the floor, is a common spectacle in the high-class homes of Japan. In a kimono a man does not look hopelessly comic on the floor, but sprawl him in a dress suit and let him flounder through a ceremonious function, with constant and dangerous strain on suspender buttons, and you have the raw material for a poster picture grotesquely in keeping with Japan's incongruous advance.

"Would you not prefer to sit up and take nourishment like a European?" I asked my amiable host.

"Yes, yes," he said, "but you see I do not dare. No Japanese dares do that. That, from the standpoint of my people, would be considered loud and ostentatious. We have chairs and tables in our public offices, but to permit these things, which to the Japanese mind symbolize inartistic haste, to invade the sanctity of our homes would be regarded as a profanation."

It would, of course, be an absurdly narrow view that would criticise a people for sitting and living on the floor, or even for bumping dignified and thoughtful foreheads on the mat by way of salutation. This Japanese home-life prostration, along the level of their uncivilized ancestors, is cited simply to illustrate the statement that modern Japan is a mass of contradictions. Here is a people still asquat on their rice-straw mats, sending forth an army in the full panoply of modern warfare, equipped to sink ships and slaughter regiments by the most approved methods of Christian conquest.

At the outset of the war Tokio disavowed all intention of empire grabbing. To preserve the integrity of Japan Russia must be kept from descending into Korea, and as that country was powerless to preserve itself, Japan would send a quarter of a million of modern soldiers and an up-to-date fleet to "fight the battle for civilization in the East." It is doubtless true that Japan had no large continental ambitions when it went to war. Neither had the Thirteen Colonies when they fought at Bunker Hill and Yorktown. The love of land is the ruling passion of progressive nations, and no power has advanced as rapidly, or is in such desperate need of additional domain, as Japan.

It was understood at Tokio that it was the intention, should Japan drive Russia from Manchuria, to restore that province to the Chinese Empire, and then to withdraw. Should Russia return to take Manchuria, it was predicted that the European powers and even America would take a hand in an effective protest.

Within twenty days from the firing of the first Japanese shell at Russian gunboats Korea was virtually annexed to Japan. It is called an Oriental alliance. Article I provides that the Government of Korea "shall place full confidence in the Imperial Government of Japan, and adopt the advice of the latter in regard to improvements in administration." A country that agrees to take all the advice another nation gives it might just as well call itself a colony. Korea may never be annexed to Japan. That would be a national performance of supererogation.

Of course any kind of association with progressive Japan is a god-send to a country so utterly bereft of power that wandering tigers, in search of supper, not infrequently change the census of Seoul, the capital. Yet this alliance is equally auspicious for Japan. The intrepid sons of the Samurai, shouting their stirring shibboleth "Banzai!" (ten thousand years) have set a quarter of a million pairs of feet on the Asiatic mainland. The Sunrise Kingdom is moving with the sun. It is doubtless building greater than it realises—for Japan, for Asia, and for the world.

Harold Bolce

Yokohama, Japan

KARL BITTER

A MASTER OF DECORATIVE SCULPTURE

When a people have won for themselves a place among the nations of the world, they begin to look about them for a means of expressing their achievements; and poet, painter, musician, and sculptor are called upon to interpret and immortalize the deeds of their great men. Chief among the arts stands that of decorative sculpture, because its appeal to the average intelligence is the most direct. And the foremost representative of this branch of art in America at the present moment is Karl Bitter, the efficient Director of Sculpture of the Pan-American and of the St. Louis Expositions.

One day, some fourteen years ago, there landed on these shores a young man just turned twenty, with a capital of a hundred dollars in his pocket, and with an abiding faith in his own ability and the land that was henceforth to be his home. Today, Karl Bitter stands foremost among the great decorative sculptors of this country. And he has borne a large part in the advance that the purely decorative side of sculpture has made in America within the last few years.

Born in Austria about thirty-five years ago, he came to realize at an unusually early age the circumscribed conditions of life there that dwarfed and limited all personal expression, and at the age of sixteen he made an effort to leave the country for the United States. This was frustrated, however, both by parents and government officials, and he was forced to remain. After a few years spent in the gymnasium, where he was taught some Latin and Greek, he attended several art schools, finally entering the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna. Here he came into open revolt with the authorities time and again, and was at last expelled on account of his political speeches. His life at this time was one continual struggle for personal and civic liberty—the freedom of ideas.

Unable longer to endure the situation, he quietly slipped over the frontier and made his way to America. Arriving in New York, where he had neither friends nor relatives, he managed, before his small fund was entirely used up, to get work as an assistant with a firm of house decorators. Here he worked on with an earnestness and enthusiasm that attracted general attention. And now a most fortunate thing happened for him. This was his introduction to Richard Morris Hunt, the eminent architect, who took a great liking to the young sculptor and his work. To his influence and encouragement Mr. Bitter credits much of his success.

At this time, and while he was yet employed with the firm of decorators, he competed for the gates of Trinity Church, and won. This would be considered a notable achievement for any sculptor, and when one remembers that the best men of the country competed and that Bitter was only twenty-one years old, it becomes doubly remarkable, and gives a good idea of the power of the man. This gave him sufficient capital to build and establish a small studio in Thirteenth Street, which soon proved inadequate and was followed by a larger one further up town.

Then the Chicago World's Fair came, with its opportunities for decorative sculp-



THE END OF THE DAY'S WORK

ture. Mr. Bitter was commissioned to make sculptural decorations for the Administration Building, of which Mr. Hunt was the architect. He was also chosen to do the decorations for the Liberal Arts Building by its designer, Mr. George Vort.

Mr. Bitter is an enthusiastic believer in the union of architecture and sculpture; and for his work on the buildings of the Chicago Fair he was awarded a medal that was well merited. While he has no sympathy with mere prettiness of the parlor-table order of plastic art, on the other hand neither has he any patience with the striving after effect that distorts and twists the human form, producing nothing but



EQUESTRIAN STATUE AT BUFFALO

grotesqueness, which we are asked to accept on the plea that it is symbolical—of what, no man is able to tell. Between the insipid and tiresome classicism of Thorwaldsen and Canova, and the brutal and oft-times revolting realism of Rodin and his school, he holds a middle ground wherein strength and grace find a happy union.

All strong emotion expressed with violence—mistaken by so many small followers of lofty minds for the force of great genius—is contrary to the harmony which is the basis of all true decorative art, and can be productive of nothing but bizarre and chaotic results. How Bitter has escaped this danger is seen in his decorations for the

Broad Street Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Philadelphia. Especially is this true of one of these, the pediment in terra cotta representing *Mercury and Athena Advancing in the Chariot of Civilization*. The perfect harmony and simplicity of this composition place it among the very best examples of decorative sculpture in this country.



ANDIRON FOR VANDERBILT LIBRARY

In striking contrast to this are his three colossal caryatids in stone, representing the White, the Negro, and the Malay races, executed for the St. Paul building in New York City. I have often wondered, in passing, as I looked up at these Herculean figures, whether Jean Valjean did not look like that when he held up and prevented the falling cornice from crushing his fellow-prisoner. It is a good omen for the art of today when corporations, whose ostensible purpose is the making of money, commission artists and sculptors of the highest rank to beautify their buildings.

A different phase of Bitter's art is shown in the beautiful andirons, surmounted by figures of Venus and Vulcan, executed in polished steel for the library of Biltmore House, the residence of Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, in North Carolina. In this house is contained much of his finest decorative sculpture; such as the frieze, carved in English oak (forty-five feet long), representing the *Contest of the Minstrels*, for the organ breast of the banquet hall. And in the same hall, over the fire-place, there is another frieze in stone (thirty feet long), representing *The Return from the Chase*. Besides these there is also in this house the heroic statue of St. Louis and Jeanne D' Arc in stone, and a spirited and happiiy conceived fountain group in bronze, for the palm garden, representing a *Boy Stealing Geese*.

Thus Bitter's art has progressed and developed along ever-broadening lines. And so, when the Pan-American Exposition authorities applied to the National Sculpture Society for a director of their department of sculpture, Mr. Bitter was nominated by the Society, and was unanimously elected to fill the position. And it was a high tribute to his art when the authorities, upon seeing his plans for the general scheme of decorations, increased the appropriations for this purpose from $30,000 to $200,000.

The underlying principle in all these decorations was the harmony attained by a unity of idea; and for the first time in this country was seen, on a large and comprehensive scale, the monumental effect resulting from such a treatment. To this the Pan-American Exposition owed largely its success artistically. Though the great part played by Bitter as Director naturally overshadowed the work of his own hand that formed part of the general scheme, yet no one who attended the Exposition can fail to recall his two spirited, colossal equestrian statues



A BOY STEALING GEESE

AT BILTMORE HOUSE, NORTH CAROLINA



MR. BITTER AT WORK

that surmounted the bridge piers. In recognition of his labors as Director of Sculpture he was awarded a special gold medal. And now that he has been chosen Director of Sculpture for the St. Louis Exposition, we may look for still greater things from him.

As in the Pan-American Exposition there were two fundamental ideas governing the whole scheme of decorations—the one expressing the natural resources of the country; and the other Man, as represented by his activities—so there will be two underlying ideas in the St. Louis decorations. The first will aim to celebrate the Louisiana Purchase, whereby fourteen new States were added to the Union; and the second will picture the winning of the West and the opening to civilization of greater fields for the enjoyment of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Bitter believes that sculpture should express the highest ideals of personal and national life; that the artist to do anything worthy in sculpture or painting must first of all be a *man*. And above all, he must be honest and uncompromising in his work, which should always aim to come as close to life as possible without being photographic. One need only look at his monument to Chancellor Pepper, made for the University of Pennsylvania, to realize how true this is of his own work: there is something so virile, manly, and straightforward in the sitting figure, slightly bent over. And this is the token whereby we recognize all great art—the personal appeal of the artist through his work. Lastly, Bitter holds that art should interpret the spirit of an age, rather than record the whims and vagaries of the moment, which result in mere prettiness. This has been his advice to the sculptors who are to interpret the vast spirit of the West—its conquest and growth, and the hardships endured in its winning; the life, legend, and folklore (wherein lie undreamed-of possibilities for art) of the once powerful race of red men, who will be made to live again—for, alas, a too brief period of time—in staff. Why are not some of these things bought by our great cities, and given enduring shape in bronze or marble, instead of being relegated to the limbo of forgetfulness? They would not only form an invaluable record of contemporary art, but would also preserve to us the characteristic traits of our national life in



THANATOS

its formative period, with which we are so quickly getting out of touch and sympathy. Here is opportunity for some large-minded man to do a lasting public service.

Bitter's latest achievements, while still preserving all the charm and beauty of his early decorative work, have gained in spirituality. In them we begin to see the man who has attained the maturity of his powers, and who is reaching out into the unknown to express the deeper and hidden mystery of life.

The beauty, simplicity, and perfect repose of his *Thanatos*, just finished in bronze, which is the central figure of the monument to the memory of John Hubbard, give a new revelation of his genius. There is about it something of the languorous midsummer night, when the birds have ceased their singing, and every bush and flower is redolent with perfume, and over all broods the peace and silence of night, and one "wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams." In keeping with this, and in a manner complementing it, is the monument to the memory of the philanthropist, Henry Villard. In this beautiful figure of a young man resting from his labors at the close of the day's work, we see Bitter's ideal of manhood. The sun goes down in the west, darkness falls upon the earth, the stars appear, and with the feeling of peace that comes with the completion of a task well done, he looks upward into the vast unknown for the inspiration that shall make the work of tomorrow more glorious than that of today. It is at once symbolic of the eve and the dawn of a beautiful life, and is a worthy tribute to the man in whose memory it has been erected.

And who will venture to prophesy of what the future shall reveal of this man's power, who at the age of thirty-five has accomplished so much? It is not possible to say, but of this we may be sure—that by his present achievements alone, irrespective of what the future may bring forth, he must needs be reckoned among the greatest decorative sculptors that this country has produced.



CARYATIDS—TYPES OF THE WHITE, NEGRO, AND MALAY RACES

A Group of Modern Paintings

Charles Chaplin, whose *Une Jeune Fille* is reproduced this month, was an alien to his country and his time. English by descent and English to the point of burlesque in his Lord Dundreary appearance, he was essentially French in his art. Yet he was not in touch with the Paris in which he lived till his death thirteen years ago: his English sense of humor and his English lack of enthusiasm for abstractions turned him from romanticism, while such ideals as he held made the realistic school still less congenial. Essentially he was a survival of the eighteenth century—near akin to Boucher and Fragonard and the painters of the sham shepherdesses of the Bourbon court. Struggle and disillusionment only confirmed his devotion to the graceful futilities of life. His pencil was dipped in rose color, one of his friends has truly said. In his many portraits of the beautiful women of the day—and no Parisian beauty was securely so until a sitting to Chaplin had set the seal on her claims—he succeeded in imparting the subtle note of feminine charm, of magical lightness, and dainty grace. His critics averred that with indiscriminate idealism he placed his "ash-colored hair and throats of lilies and roses" at the disposal of all comers. But in a fashionable painter that is a fault soon forgiven.

In mural decoration his fame was as great as in portrait work. Especially during the Second Empire his services were much in request. In 1860 he decorated the Tuileries and later the rooms of the Empress Eugénie in the Elysée. The charm of these compositions, their rococo grace and dreamy sensuousness, their consummate modeling and mastery of tone and tint, ranked this branch of his work above that of any of his contemporaries.

The bull of Kaiser Wilhelm the Omniscient, forbidding artists of the newer schools to take part in the official exhibit of German art at St. Louis, will not affect Eduard Grützner. His work would pass muster in the Kaiser's most orthodox mood. In the group of Munich anecdotic painters who drew their inspiration from Karl von Piloty he has long been the foremost. For nearly forty years he has worked in his chosen field of humorous genre, with a popular success rarely paralleled. In this country he is best known by his later work, depicting the drolleries of monastic and hunting life. Everyone knows those jovial, full-blooded monks of his, whose sole business in life seems to be broaching wine casks or tasting critically the new vintage, varied with overseeing the brewing or the wine pressing.

Perhaps a sounder and more individual achievement is found in his earlier scenes from Shakespeare's comedies, especially those devoted to stout Sir John Falstaff. To Grützner none of Shakespeare's myriad characters appealed so intimately as that witty, shameless, resourceful, glorious old sinner, who had "more flesh than another man and therefore more frailty." He has depicted his hero in a Falstaffiad, a cycle of seven paintings. We are shown Falstaff discussing with his page the emptiness of his purse; sitting at ease in the inn with

his half-penny worth of bread and intolerable deal of sack; explaining to Prince Hal and Poins how on Gadshill he had fought the eleven men in buckram; mustering his raw recruits for the wars in the north; claiming to have slain Hotspur after fighting "a long hour by Shrewsbury clock"; paying court to the merry wives of Windsor; and last, stunned by his stern dismissal by his quondam boon companion, King Harry, "I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers." The artist has not fathomed all the contradictory depths of the most wonderful figure in humorous literature, but he has given a strong and consistent interpretation.

Leighton's *Condottiere* is a virile portrayal of one of the free-lance captains who thrived on the anarchy of medieval Italy. As usual with Leighton's work, it has more of the type than of the individual; without the aid of the title it would be difficult to fix its place and time. It is well known that one of his most famous canvases was exhibited under two different names, once as *A Greek Girl Dancing*, later as *A Spanish Girl Dancing*. The repression of individual distinction which made such a change of title possible was the outcome of the sculpturesque tendencies of his art, and of the deliberate idealizing he practised in his set work of "exterminating the ugly."

A Condottiere, painted in 1872, was one of the fruits of Lord Leighton's early preoccupation with Italy. If any of the art centres in which he studied—Rome, Florence, Berlin, Dresden, Frankfort, Paris—influenced him more than others, they were the two Italian cities. None affected him to extremes. Balance was in everything his watchword. It gave us his placidly, frigidly beautiful pictures of ancient life, nobly composed, scrupulously finished; it made him a peer and the ideal president of the Royal Academy. Perhaps the arid correctness of his work is as precious a possession as the less restrained compositions of men of more decided temperament, who sometimes see in carelessness the fire of genius.

A single river and its port have given Mr. Wyllie his fame as the first marine painter in England today. The smoke-grimed water nymphs of murky Thames allured him where the sea sirens whose call unceasing generations of painters had heeded left him cold. Themes of obvious romance—the ocean's tumultuous storm or limitless calm, the homebound brig with all sail set, speeding before the breeze—appealed less strongly than the seemingly prosaic port life of London.

Mr. Wyllie, who was born in that city in 1851, and was trained in the schools of the Royal Academy, turned early to his chosen field. He has learned by heart the estuary of the Thames. An enthusiastic yachtsman, he has not scorned to join those who go down to the sea in barges, and in the quest for all-sided knowledge has taken notes in a diving-bell. Sunset and mist, winds and waves and tides he has studied as carefully as the countless craft that crowd the river, and the busy quays and dingy warehouses that line its banks. He has observed its fact and discovered its wonder. To the eye that can pierce behind the veil of the familiar, this age of coal and iron has a romance of its own. The barge is not lower than the clipper; the smokestack of steel has its beauty as well as the mast of oak.

Mr. Wyllie's *Commerce and Sea Power* shows this insight in notable degree. Its highest praise is that inevitably it suggests Turner. The sparkling light and fine color more than atone for the lack of simplicity. The grey of the ponderous battleship which has just been launched from the ways is well offset by the red sails of the Thames barge. The busy scene conveys a soul-stirring sense, as far removed from political jingoism as from inartistic preaching, of England's might in peace and war. Mr. Wyllie has clothed the dry bones of the Imperial idea with flesh and endowed it with spirit.



UNE JEUNE FILLE

By CHARLES CHAPLIN



A CONDOTTIERE

By LORD LEIGHTON



SIR JOHN FALSTAFF

By Eduard Grützner



COMMERCE AND SEA POWER

By W. L. WYLLIE

MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY

A CHARACTER SKETCH

by Joseph M. Rogers

If, in a laudable effort to discover what manner of man is Senator Matthew Stanley Quay, you approach his enemies, they will tell you he is a compound of Machiavelli, Metternich, Talleyrand, and His Satanic Majesty.

His friends will inform you that as a constructive statesman he "is a greater man than Clay or Webster"; the shrewdest political wet-nurse in the history of American politics; the man who elected Harrison (who attributed the result to God); the man who made McKinley's accession possible (which fact that statesman failed to recognize and made Charles Emory Smith postmaster-general); a valiant soldier, a man of few words, profound insight and much reading—in a word a beneficent compound of Napoleon Bonaparte and Benjamin Franklin.

If, bewildered by these conflicting statements, you apply to those who know a good deal about him but have no animus one way or the other, you will be informed that he is the modern embodiment of the Eleusinian mysteries, a cross between the Egyptian Sphinx and a stroke of greased lightning.

No one has ever written a biography of Quay. He has been praised less and damned more than any successful politician who ever lived. Miles of editorials have been written concerning him and his deeds, but less is really known of his personality than of any other great force in American politics. Compared with Quay Platt is an open book, and Gorman an encyclopedia of personal information. What Quay thinks and does, through what psychological processes he was evolved, in what sort of a forge was wrought out his character—all these are unknown. All the available literary material concerning his life, outside his political controversies, would not crowd out the matches in your vest pocket. It has been suggested, and not by his enemies, that he write a book; and he has often threatened to do so. If he ever does, if he tells all he knows, it will be the most interesting volume America has produced. There will be some sensations above ground, and the greatest rattling of dry bones in cemeteries since Ezekiel's vision "in the midst of the valley." There is little hope, however, that such an entertaining and instructive piece of literature will be added to our libraries, for no one else is competent to write it, and he will probably put it off until too late. Meanwhile there are some events in his career which furnish side-lights on his character.

Seventy years ago young Matthew entered this world, landing in the bosom of a Presbyterian clergyman's family, at Dillsburg, Pennsylvania. A few years apart, he and Cleveland started life under similar circumstances. The child was weakly, and the man has never been strong—generally is ailing. When Senator Quay is good to his physique, it is far from vig-

orous. There are times when he acts as if he had an iron frame: then he goes to Florida or Maine to fish and recuperate. The threatened live long.

The youth of the future Senator was similar to that of most sons of peripatetic ministers — comparative poverty, patched trousers, hard work for an education—but not on the whole such as figure in the *Tim the Scissors Grinder* variety of Sunday-school literature. There were no college sports in those days, and if there had been Matthew would not have been on any team. Athletics was not in his line; but he read everything he could lay his hands on, and in those days good literature was a greater proportion of the whole than now. He read the best, and retained much of it. Today he is one of the most voracious readers in America, has a knowledge of military literature that is exceptional, and owns one of the finest private libraries in the country. There is only one subject on which he will talk freely, and that is literature. Once started, he will talk on it by the hour, and with rare discrimination. A few years ago a newspaper editor, friendly to him and his colleague, Senator Penrose, called on the two by appointment to discuss the political situation. It took one hour's time, and almost physical force, to get the two Senators disjoined from a heated argument over some phases of Renan's writings and their influence on modern thought. The political interview consumed just sixty seconds.

Fifty years ago the curriculum of western colleges was less extensive than that of the modern high school, but it gave an effective start to some able men. Quay got through Jefferson College at seventeen, with a good reputation as a scholar and the fever of *wanderlust* in his blood. At eighteen he was with difficulty dissuaded by his mother from going to Louisiana to start a Free-soil newspaper. He did go to Texas on a lecturing tour—which didn't pay. He taught school there. Then he enlisted in "The Rangers" to meet an emergency; but a niggardly legislature refusing an appropriation, the company disbanded, and he returned to pedagogy. Fifty years later he recalled with ease the names of his pupils.

Texas, however, was poor soil for his particular brand of genius. He returned home to Beaver, Pennsylvania; was admitted to the bar at twenty-one; was chosen prothonotary of the county immediately; was twice elected and then resigned—a habit which has stuck to him through life. Though an office-holder nearly all the time for more than fifty years, he has resigned every place he ever held except the Senatorship. And there are those, not prompted by altruism, who hope he will make good his record and quit that also. The waiting-list is long, and the eligibles are getting tired. Many of them died while waiting for the break-up of the Pennsylvania office-holding trust which Quay has so long represented in his own person.

The period from 1850 to 1860 was a good time for young men of talent to get into politics. Old parties were breaking up; new blood got a chance. Matthew wasn't one of the kind who needed urging, and he soon asserted himself both as a place-holder and a very effective editorial writer. This was the time when Simon Cameron thought he owned Pennsylvania, with a large-sized mortgage on some of the rest of the country. Cameron became one of the Republican leaders under conditions which did him no personal injury. He had to fight Andrew G. Curtin for leadership, and until Indian methods were adopted by "the Winnebago Chief," Curtin had the best of it; and he was elected Governor in 1860, in the decisive October campaign which heralded Lincoln's success. In that fight Curtin's lieutenants were Quay and Alexander K. McClure, another young country editor. The campaign was unprecedented for its bitterness and the energy with which it was waged —which is saying much for Pennsylvania— and it is stated that the Republican State Committee spent less than twenty thousand dollars all told, or less than many single legislative districts cost Quay in later campaigns.



MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY

Quay's abilities attracted Curtin, who made him, while a lieutenant of volunteers, his military secretary; then colonel of a regiment, which he led valiantly. Disease cut him down, it was thought that he was dying, and he reluctantly resigned on the eve of Fredericksburg's battle. The sound of cannon stimulated him, and he fought through that conflict as a volunteer aide, against the orders of the surgeon, who insisted that if he went he would "die as the fool dies." Quay replied: "I would rather die like a fool than live like a coward." Repeatedly he rode unharmed through the terrible storm of bullets. Thousands of vigorous men fell that day, but the human skeleton risked all, survived all, and gained the Congressional medal of honor. Afterwards he was the State military agent at Washington, and held other important military commissions. Whatever may be said of Quay, his military record is unsullied; and he is unfeignedly proud of it—the only part of his career which arouses the slightest enthusiasm in him. For the rest, politics is his trade—a technical calling requiring intelligence and not sentimental effort.

From 1860 to 1880 the story of Quay's life is summed up in this: in fat office, out of fat office, and then into a fatter. He was ever at the crib, but always in a fight. As in later years he always quarreled with his subordinates, so at the time in question he quarreled with his superiors —with his bread and butter, one would suppose. But, as a matter of fact, he was always to be found "right side up with care" and in a better place than ever. No man was ever less careful of what others said or thought, or apparently more heedless of his own interests. Through all his life there has been on his part a tendency to act quickly and radically, and generally against counsel. Those kaleidoscopic intellectual characteristics have made him famous as a political lightning-change artist.

His first serious situation came with the State treasury scandal, of malodorous memory. This State treasury "jobbery" incident is the one which has been most exploited to the discredit of Quay. It has been used with great effect in political campaigns, and in that of 1890 undoubtedly cost him the control of the State. The details of the treasury scandal are not pleasant reading as commonly told, and the exact truth is hard to ascertain. It is claimed that Quay got the State treasurer to loan him funds with which to speculate; that he lost about a quarter of a million, and was on the verge of suicide when, Don Cameron and other friends coming to his aid, he made good his losses. This was in one of the brief periods of his life when Quay was not feeding at the public crib. The Republican reply has always been that the treasury showed no loss, and that Quay was not State treasurer. It will be noted that this does not go into the merit of the charge, which, though oft repeated, has not been categorically denied. The official who knows most about it left Pennsylvania very suddenly, and still finds other climates enjoyable. At least, he has never returned.

The story of Quay's alleged defalcation —told with much circumstantial detail, and coming soon after his disastrous defeat in the first Pattison campaign of 1882— threatened his party leadership. His reply was characteristic in its audacity. He announced himself a candidate for the State treasurership, secured the nomination, and was elected by a larger majority than was ever before given a candidate for any office in the State in time of peace. Since then his party leadership has been maintained, though often bitterly disputed. His election to the Senate soon followed, and he resigned the State treasurership, which soon afterwards ceased to be a "plum tree" of great proportions. The ripe fruit hanging on these trees, both at Harrisburg and in Philadelphia, has been sought by many. Some have bagged the fruit, and some have been ruined.

Among the latter was "Honest John" Bardsley, city treasurer of Philadelphia, who, by the failure of two banks, lost



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WILL HE DO IT?

[BY GRACE OF QUAY HE DID]

about two million dollars belonging to the State and the city of Philadelphia. Quay mulcted the saloon-keepers for the State's loss through Bardsley by making them pay an additional annual license-fee of five hundred dollars in Philadelphia, a rate that has never been lowered.

Still there was a great demand for State deposits, for the interest paid was small enough to leave a good margin of profit. The People's Bank of Philadelphia had long been known as a political institution which served as a clearing-house for machine leaders. Immense deposits of State money were placed here, which politicians borrowed for speculation or other purposes. One fine day the bank failed; the cashier killed himself; and James McManes, the veteran politician and chief stockholder, made up a deficit of $600,000 out of his own pocket, to quiet scandal. But in the dead cashier's desk were found papers which showed that Quay and others had secured State deposits to the bank, and then borrowed part of the funds. Among the papers was the famous "shake the plum tree" telegram, which has fastened a unique and expressive phrase on political and financial terminology. Quay was arrested and tried at the bar. It was one of the closest shaves of his life; but, with his usual good luck, he escaped conviction. During his preliminary hearing, when the District Attorney offered in evidence Quay's alleged compromising letters which he could with difficulty decipher, Quay read them himself with the utmost suavity and unconcern.

In Senator Quay's political philosophy there is no such word as fail. He does not always carry his party through, but his personal interests seldom suffer. He is not a Warwick of the Marcy or Cameron school so much as a Talleyrand, looking out for himself. His astuteness is extraordinary, his power of divining the future little short of miraculous, and his methods of action Napoleonic. There is little sentiment of loyalty in his make-up. He deserted Curtin because he saw the Cameron star was in the ascendant. McClure held on to Curtin and followed him through the Liberal Republican movement into the bosom of Democracy, finally to become a Republican office-holder, at seventy-six, through Quay's efforts. No man ever owed more to another than Quay did to Curtin, but he consulted his own interests first. Under Cameron he learned much in political generalship; but he utterly repudiated the foundation-stone of Cameron's policy, which was loyalty to and unwavering support of friends. The Cameron system of nominations and control of the machine was despotic—as little suited to a democracy as the rule of a Czar—but for a long time it won.

Quay's plan has been entirely different. He makes a separate combination for every campaign, and after election dissolves it. Apparently he is afraid of a machine which may become stronger than himself. First and last he has both fought and warmly supported nearly every Republican leader, great and small, in the State. He has no sentiment in the matter. He plays to win. He has confounded his allies, frequently, by truces with the enemy while under fire; has often deserted them, to their complete surprise. What he promises he fulfils, if he can; but he throws nothing in for loyal service. There is no element of chivalry in his conduct. No man seems to have a keener sense of the weak spots in the armor of others. He appeals only to self-interest, and he pays the price. He will throw over any ally for a stronger one. Mystery always surrounds his plans. He seldom takes counsel, but acts radically and rapidly on his own initiative, with hawk-like swiftness and reckless daring. In his singleness of purpose to succeed, he either forgets or never knew the shows of love to other men. For this reason the Republican party in Pennsylvania for more than a generation, in spite of its nominal majority, has always presented the aspect of a fountain troubled. In Quay's fertile brain is silently thought out a campaign that is won after it has sometimes seemed irretrievably lost.

Quay is the only man who ever an-

nounced war on a county leader from the floor of the Senate, and the time and manner of doing so was characteristic. In the winter of 1894-5, Philadelphia leaders had agreed on Boies Penrose for mayor. He was a brilliant young scion of an ancient house of most approved social lineage, who had won honors at Harvard and at the bar. The Republican party was ruled after the manner of Tammany. The dominant forces were David Martin and Charles Porter—particularly the former, who really guided the machine while Porter had the profitable city contracts. At the last moment Martin, up to this time Quay's ally, announced that he could not support Penrose.

Quay was committed to Penrose, whose chief support was Israel W. Durham, and resolved to break with Martin. While an important bill was before the Senate a drastic amendment relating to railway corporations was offered. To the surprise of all, Quay arose and favored it, saying that his reason for doing so was that he he had recently been informed by a political leader, a member of the national Republican committee, that he must withdraw his support of a certain candidate for municipal office because ordered to do so by a corporation in whose service he was, and whose emoluments he could not afford to lose. Though the statement as made was impersonal, its meaning was perfectly clear. The reference was to David Martin, who was alleged to be the paid agent of a great railway corporation, with headquarters in Philadelphia, which was continually asking for municipal legislation or official protection. This was the gauntlet of war.

The "dollar mark on David Martin's brow," placed there in the open Senate, was a challenge soon accepted. Martin was in control of the city machine and of about two-thirds of the wards. Secretly he made a political combination with Mayor Warwick, Governor Hastings—whom Quay supposed he owned—and Chris Magee, the redoubtable leader of Pittsburg and the Republican State Chairman. When all plans had been perfected the combination, with a rashness they later repented, announced at a public dinner the deposition of Quay from party leadership. Their immediate object was to control the State machine and capture the delegates the next year to the national convention. Had they kept their counsel a fortnight longer they would have suc-



Courtesy of the Philadelphia Inquirer

A GOOD CATCH

QUAY LANDS THE STATE CHAIRMANSHIP IN 1895



Courtesy of the Philadelphia Inquirer

WEIGHED, AND NOT FOUND WANTING

A FRIENDLY CARTOON DURING THE SENATORIAL CAMPAIGN OF '99

ceeded. They were, however, confident of the success of their combination. The State convention was approaching. The nominations were for minor offices, and were unimportant; but the State chairmanship was essential. Many of the delegates had been elected and had been secured. As for the rest, if the Governor and the leaders of Pittsburg and Philadelphia could not hold them and select the incumbent who had joined the combination, there was nothing certain in politics.

And there isn't.

The sparkling champagne at the banquet had scarcely ceased to bubble before Banquo's ghost arose in the shape of determined opposition. Quay at the time was fishing, as usual. He kept on fishing for three days, and said nothing. Then he laid aside rod and reels and took command of the fight, announcing his candidacy at the coming convention of the State committee. He made a new combination. A dozen Philadelphia ward leaders supported him, headed by Penrose and by Durham. Quay

appealed to the counties as against the cities, and won where least expected. Some delegates, chosen by the opposition, most "opportunely" came into camp. In a few weeks he fought the opposition to a standstill, and, when the convention met, Quay won by a narrow but sufficient majority. He was no richer in purse for the victory, but if he had lost, his career would have been ended. Never before was the flower safety plucked out of the nettle danger with a narrower margin to spare.

One result of this campaign was to land Penrose in the Senate. Yet the very next year, when there was a city campaign on in Philadelphia, where Quay's friends were straining every nerve to drive "Dave" Martin and his "Hog Combine" from power—at the very moment they needed assistance most—Quay came out in an interview, apologized to Martin for putting the dollar mark on his brow, and calmly wiped it off, saying he had been in error.

No wonder Quay's allies in Philadelphia gnashed their teeth and longed to get one chance to mar his already sufficiently tristful visage. They won; yet such was Quay's diplomacy that he retained their interest in his own behalf, only to come near losing it later by another *volte face*. What the dictionary and most people call treachery is defined in Quay's lexicon as "looking out for number one." He is a sort of Ebenezer Scrooge in politics, who hasn't yet been visited by ghosts with reforming powers. Yet Quay wrote, offered in a State convention, and had passed, a resolution beginning:

"We decry the growing use of money in politics and the corporate control of legislatures, municipal councils, political primaries, and elections, and favor the enactment of laws to correct such abuses." Then followed a declaration in favor of civil service reform that would have warmed the cockles of the heart of Grover Cleveland, George W. Curtis, or Carl Schurz. Just then the devil was feeling very sick and had saintly aspirations.

When news was brought to Senator Quay of his election as chairman of the national committee in 1888—of which he had no previous intimation—he was discovered, as the dramatists say, knee-deep in the surf at Atlantic City, drum-fishing. He kept on fishing, much to the annoyance of some Western statesmen, who expected he would rush to New York and were waiting to see him. The political outlook was not encouraging for the Republicans. General Harrison was not a magnetic man; his unexpected nomination had been met by no popular burst of enthusiasm as in the case of Garfield. Cleveland still held his place in the affections of many recalcitrant Republicans known as mugwumps, and the negative success of his term had increased their number. The Democracy was in an enviable position. It had all the Federal patronage and authority without responsibility, owing to the Republican Senate. If Cleveland had followed Whitney's advice and had burned his annual message of 1887, it is not likely that Harrison—even through the intervention of Providence, as he claimed, or by the sagacity of Quay, as the latter would have it—could have lived at the White House. The tariff question was the club put by Cleveland into the hands of Quay, to Cleveland's undoing. But this alone would have not brought victory. It needed every possible resource; and, as the result showed, there was little margin left.

When Quay appeared in New York his campaign was laid out. He proposed to carry New York—by which alone success was possible—and to hold the regular Republican States. To do this he required three things: Money, MONEY, MONEY. General Harrison was requested to prepare carefully in advance every word he spoke, to prevent any more "Burchard business." An executive committee of able men was appointed to look after the general workings of the campaign, among them Mark Hanna, who thus made his début in national politics under a competent teacher. In addition, a large committee of wealthy merchants and manufacturers was appointed, to "fry the fat" out of corporations

and individual beneficiaries of the tariff. Tribute was exacted on a scale never before attempted; the system was as exact and as merciless as that of farming out the taxes in the heyday of the Roman Empire. The coffers filled quickly. But so did those of the Democracy under the leadership of Chairman Brice. The game was to be decided by the best use of ammunition.

Though devoid of sentiment, and placing little confidence in it as a prime factor in politics, Quay realizes its cumulative value. The "old-soldier" game, the "full dinner pail," the "bloody shirt," the "Cobden Club" bogie, "Lincoln," "Garfield," "Grant," and every other resource were drawn on; but Quay looked upon these as only sufficient to hold wavering or uncompromising Republicans. To succeed he must either win over some Democrats to Harrison, or keep Democratic votes out entirely. John Kelly was in power in New York, and Quay reduced the crux of the campaign by mathematical demonstration to New York City, the present borough of Manhattan. He claimed that Tammany had cast many bogus votes in 1884, and it was openly declared that ten thousand votes for Butler were counted for Cleveland. Quay's energies were centered on Manhattan Island and Long Island City. A note was sent to a friend absolutely unknown to the public, but in whom he had perfect confidence. Two days later Quay "went on a little fishing trip, all alone, to recuperate." Somewhere in the recesses of New Jersey he met his friend. Quay gave him a large sum in cash—many thousands of dollars—and told him to go to New York and get up a block directory, in which every inhabitant should be recorded on the maps, with the number of his house or flat. He was given *carte blanche*, and was to proceed up to the actual point of publication. In the meantime he must not communicate with any person on the subject—least of all to Quay—except to John I. Davenport, Federal supervisor of elections, who alone was privy to the scheme. And the work must be ready at any cost by October 15.

A few days later an empty building was rented on Broadway, advertisements were inserted in all the newspapers for solicitors, and the work was rushed. The publishers of other city directories became alarmed, and are said to have offered to buy out the new concern. Ten days before election moving-vans brought the books to Republican headquarters. In them was a series of maps containing the names of all voters in the city. Davenport had his register of voters complete. No man not on that list was to vote. Then Quay played his trump card. He sent for Tammany leaders and showed them the books. They took the hint. Little repeating was done in that election, and Quay had some ground for his statement at midnight of election day:

"We have won this fight and will hold it with a mailed hand."

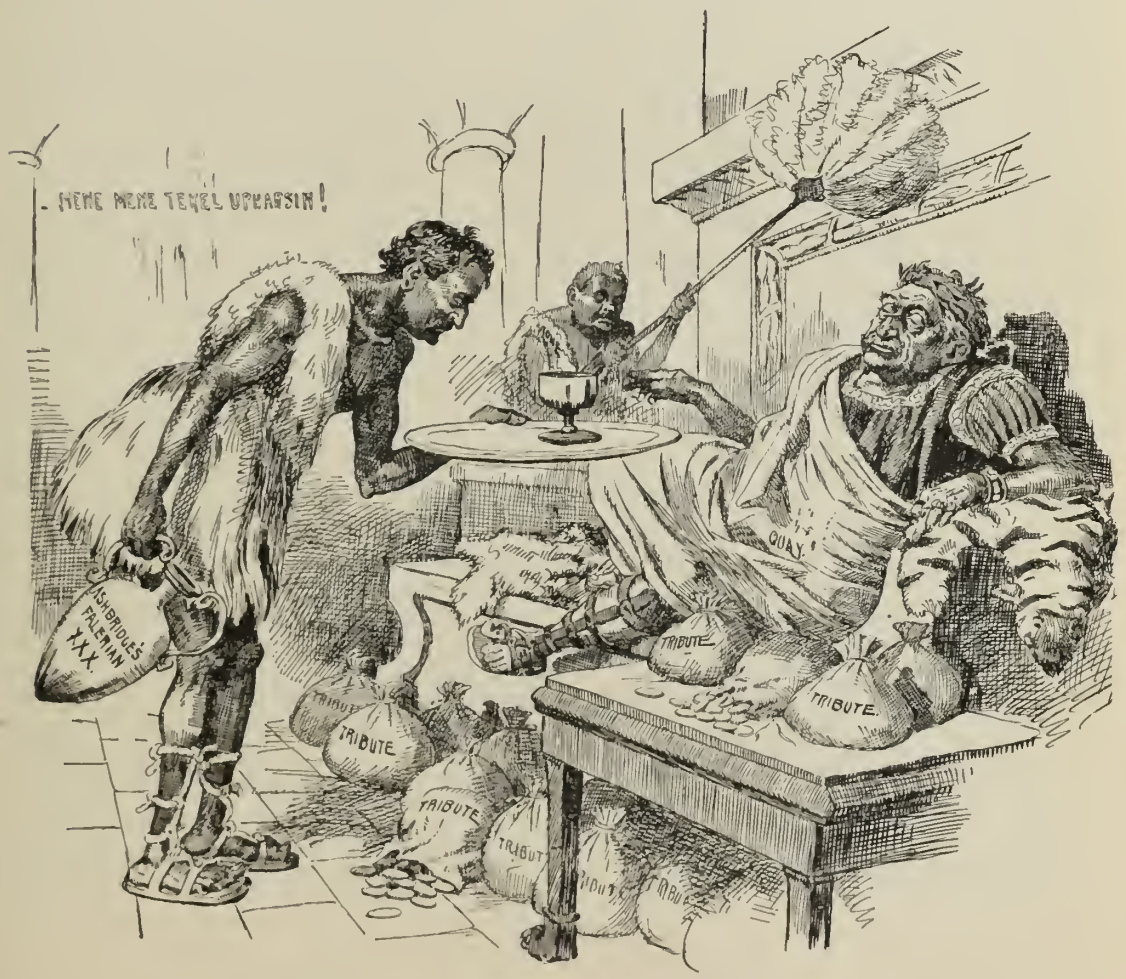
One of the most pathetic scenes in political history was that of Chairman Brice driving over Brooklyn Bridge at 3 A.M., to find out what had happened at Coney Island, the bailiwick of John Y. McKane. Something happened; but as neither McKane nor Quay ever told, Mr. Brice didn't find out. That inexperienced but hopeful manager had wasted his energies and substance in "chasing rainbows" in Illinois and the West, four years ahead of time, while Quay had carried off the prize from under his nose. Quay also had chased rainbows in every Democratic State, particularly those on the old slavery border line. He did this in no hope of success, but to make those States call on Brice for money and exhaust the Democratic treasury. Moreover, he had a system whereby at every election-booth in New York and Brooklyn men were ready to demand and get a certified copy of the returns as first computed. The reported Tammany game of holding back returns and swelling Democratic totals to suit—as was claimed to have been done in 1884—was frustrated. The true returns were in Quay's "mailed hand" at midnight.

No one ever questioned the surpassing generalship of Quay in this campaign,

except Harrison, who promptly rewarded him by endeavoring to avoid appointing to the Cabinet John Wanamaker—then Quay's great friend, but soon to be the most relentless foe he ever had. Wanamaker was one of the "fat frying" committee, and he made a good Cabinet minister; but his plan to oust Quay from power in Pennsylvania is the one great failure of his whole career.

Curiously enough, though Republicans as a whole praised Quay's success, the man himself got very little adulation, for which Quay cared not a rap. He hates ceremony, but likes the practical rewards of success; and presently, finding himself more of a stranger in the Harrison administration than a Democrat, he resigned the chairmanship, to be succeeded, after all others had refused to serve, by Carter of Montana!

Though Quay, as one may say, elected a president, he never really helped to nominate one. He has been a delegate to many Republican national conventions, and has invariably supported a losing candidate. In 1880 he was one of "the 306" at Chicago, and one of his most cherished possessions is the "Old Guard Medal" commemorating the stand made on that occasion. In 1884 and 1888 he followed Sherman's forces. In 1892 he was at Minneapolis fighting for Blaine against Harrison's renomination, and would have succeeded had not all contested seats from the South been decided in favor of Harri-



Courtesy of the Philadelphia North American

TO THE VICTOR BELONGS THE SPOIL

son. No tears were shed by Quay when, in November, Cleveland was elected.

In 1896 he was himself a candidate, and a serious one—which leads some people to think he has no sense of humor. In 1900 he was perforce for McKinley, but against any administration candidate for second place. Quay and Platt together forced Roosevelt down the gagging throat of Hanna, and in this respect Quay is responsible for another president, though Roosevelt is not one of his warmest admirers.

Quay doesn't get along well with anyone who asserts independence. Perhaps Harrison felt that Quay would try to run the administration if he had an opportunity, and so he froze him out in advance. McKinley was more lenient. After the election in 1888 McKinley went to Quay and made it plain that he wanted to be speaker of the House. Quay told him that Reed had been agreed upon as the man, but that he should have something better—the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee. "That will make you president one of these days, for the tariff question will be the deciding issue in politics."

McKinley took this rather hard at first, but he lived to be president, and to see Reed sulking in his tent, a disappointed man. McKinley remembered Quay's action, and for a few months treated him with consideration, but when Quay went dead against the administration policy in the early stages of the Cuban imbroglio and wanted to recognize the independence of Cuba, Mr. McKinley's answer was swift. Next day Charles Emory Smith, editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, and Quay's arch-enemy, was made postmaster-general, and the Senator remained outside the breastworks the rest of McKinley's administration. It was printed at the time that there were a lot of "gray wolves" in the Senate who had options on big blocks of Cuban Junta bonds at ten cents on the dollar, which would have been worth at least sixty cents if the resolution had passed.

Quay's experience with governors has been no better. He left Curtin, and by Hartranft was made secretary of the Commonwealth, the fattest office in the State; and also by Hoyt—which of course he resigned. The legislature had passed for him an astonishing law, establishing the office of recorder in Philadelphia—a useless place with enormous fees—and the Governor appointed him the first incumbent—a position which he resigned after he found it impossible to set up in business as a "boss" in that city. The recordership was soon abolished. In 1882 he led in Cameron's fight for Beaver, against a Democrat and Independent whom Hoyt, his former chief, championed; but even Quay's generalship failed, and Pattison, a young Philadelphian of twenty-eight, was elected. Still, he elected Beaver in 1886—and at times found him difficult to manage. It was amazing that even a machine politician, when chief magistrate, should dare to have a mind of his own! So Quay looked around for a governor he could own. Adjutant-general Hastings seemed to be the man, and claimed to have been promised the place. Finally Quay nominated Delamater, who was soundly defeated by Pattison once more. In 1894 Hastings was nominated, and was no more than warm in his seat when he began the fight on Quay, as already narrated. Quay won; Hastings kissed the rod, placed Quay in nomination for the presidency in 1896, and then quarreled with him again.

Quay then picked out William A. Stone, a congressman from Allegheny City, a man who looks like Cleveland—except that his complexion is light—and a man of somewhat the same temperament. The other candidates were Charles W. Stone, also a congressman, who was by nature against the machine; and John Wanamaker, who put up the longest and most bitter fight against Quay in history. At the last moment, when William A. Stone had the nomination in his grasp, Quay wanted to give in to the opposition and nominate Charles W. Stone, hoping to aid his own fight for reëlection to the Senate. It was then that Quay's friends



THE NAPOLEON OF POLITICS

who had fought long for him and for W. A. Stone—from whom alone they had expectations—and who did not propose to be sacrificed once more on the altar of Quay's success, stood up to him manfashion and threatened him if he abandoned their candidate. So W. A. Stone was nominated and elected. Surely thereafter he did all that mortal man could ask of another; but Quay was not satisfied, and at the last there was friction.

Meantime he had promised the nomination in 1902 to Attorney-General Elkin—at least had promised not to be against him. At the last moment he declared for one of his own relatives, Judge Pennypacker. Elkin refused to give up the fight and made a winning campaign before the people. He elected a majority of the delegates; but after they got to Harrisburg forty-three of them changed over to Quay's candidate by methods which were openly denounced by Elkin. The latter was robbed of the nomination at an alleged cost of $300,000. Now Quay has a governor who almost worships him, and declares he is "greater than Clay or Webster."

Quay's senatorial career has not been notable except in a few instances. He has been a valiant champion of protection. The McKinley bill was in great measure his work, and it was passed solely by Quay's strategy. Republican leaders were trying to pass the Force bill at the same time and Democratic senators threatened to filibuster forever rather than pass it. Quay engineered the deal by which the Force bill was displaced, never to be resurrected, and the Democrats agreed not to filibuster against the McKinley bill. For this he was devoutly damned by stalwart Republicans, and has never since had such high standing in the minds of most Republicans. In 1894 he made the longest speech ever delivered in the Senate. When the Wilson bill was in the Senate, in 1894, Quay objected to the House iron and textile schedules. He offered others which were the minimum that protectionists would concede, and then began his interminable speech. By a parliamentary maneuver he got to the windward of his antagonists, who were in a majority. His speech continued day after day, read in a voice scarcely above a whisper, his secretary bringing in reams of typewritten paper to replace those which were read. The situation was this: Gorman, a protectionist at heart, was in charge of the bill. To please many Republicans he changed in committee the rates of the Wilson bill until they were really protective—more so than the law of 1883 which the McKinley bill displaced. The understanding was that this was done to appease the constituents of Republicans and help in reëlections, but that on the floor of the Senate most of the schedules would once more be reduced to near the level of the Wilson bill as it passed the House. This is called Senatorial courtesy! Quay got his schedules in committee fixed the highest of all, and then opposed any reduction. In vain did the Democrats try to restore the *status quo ante*. They accused Quay of treachery. The latter stuck to his guns and reached under the desk for his manuscript; and his speech would have lasted one hundred days if the Senate had not surrendered and passed the modified bill, which was essentially a Republican measure. Then Quay informed the Democratic leaders that if the House reduced the rates at all he would talk till the millennium. Wherefore the House, with the worst grace possible, swallowed the Senate amendments in bulk. Cleveland was so disgusted that he would not sign the measure, but he let it become a law in ten days without that formality.

While the sugar schedules were under consideration the charge was made that Senators were speculating in Sugar Trust stock, and were making fortunes on inside information. That virtuous body investigated itself, and to a man every senator but Quay denied the impeachment. Quay boldly said he had bought and sold the stock, that he would continue to do so, and it was nobody's business but his own. He has been a reckless speculator, and has made and lost large sums. He is not

now esteemed a wealthy man, though his fortune must be comfortable. Quay told the truth ; but there are many pessimistic, evil-minded persons who think that other senators lied. Quay is exceedingly taciturn. He values his words too much to tell a lie. He may or may not have a superabundance of moral scruples, may think lying is simply bad policy, may deceive his friends; but the fact remains that he is not a good liar. His frankness is often surprising even to those who have no right to his confidence; but as a rule he says nothing, and when he does speak he is laconic. Most sparingly his golden words are spent. When General Beaver was about to begin his campaign for the governorship a newspaper man called on Quay, and, finding him irresponsive, announced that he was going to see Beaver. Quay asked him if he would be good enough to take a note to Beaver, which the newspaper man did. It contained these words:

"Dear Beaver, don't talk. M. S. Q."

To the cashier of the People's Bank with large State deposits—who was doing some work of a kind not intended for pub-



Courtesy of the Philadelphia North American

A POPULAR CONCEPTION OF QUAY

lication, and who complained that he was getting no plums for his work, while others did—Quay sent a telegram: "Buy 1000 Met. (Metropolitan Traction Co. stock) and I will shake the plum tree."

When all the official forces in Pennsylvania seemed arrayed against him, he announced: "I appeal to the bourgeoisie and the men in the blouses."

His religious concern is exemplified in his efforts to allow Christian Chinamen to enter the United States, his efforts to keep Smoot out of the Senate, and his interest in the Indians, one tribe of which has adopted him as a member. Most people think "it is to laugh." Until almost the last he was a silver man, and he voted with the most liberal Republicans until 1896, when he fell in line with the party.



Courtesy of the Philadelphia North American

BARRED OUT

FAILED OF ELECTION TO THE SENATE IN 1899

In 1899 he failed of reëlection, but he was able to prevent any election, and was returned in 1901. In 1902 he made a speech at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, saying: "My political race is run," and announced that he would never again be a candidate for office; but, at present, no one has so good a chance to succeed him as himself. Quay's speeches are few, and are carefully prepared. They are full of poetic conception and genuine sentiment. His tribute to the memory of Randall was a touching and forceful composition. In announcing his own retirement he spoke like a sage who, after a life of unquestioned usefulness, was seeking deserved rest.

Quay is a wonderfully resourceful man. He never hesitates to assume the livery of heaven to serve his purposes. No man knows more about the devious paths of politics. No man has trod more of them. Yet on several occasions he has championed the most radical methods of reform, has declared for a pure ballot and a better ballot-law. But today Pennsylvania is not looked upon as the purest political pasture in the

country, in spite of Quay's promises and the powers gained on the strength of them. John Fiske had him in mind when, shortly before his death, he wrote bemoaning the fallen state of Pennsylvania's public men and morals in its "bondage under petty tyrants as cheap and vile as ever cumbered the earth." But in fairness it should be said that Fiske was a free-trader, and he was speaking of protection in this connection.

As a rule Quay has had to fight the cities. His strength has come from the country districts, from the farmers, whom he leads with a unanimity not known in politics since New York in the days of Silas Wright. The real loyal devotion to Quay is in the rural counties, where he is loved for his good qualities and his services. In the cities political support is always on a different basis. No matter what may be said against Quay personally, it is undeniable that he has as a rule looked after his State, and has given the people what they want—though not what some estimable and ultra reformers think they ought to want. He understands human nature and does not believe the millennium will begin in politics, nor that the people want it to. Those who believe that the imaginations of his heart are continually evil have yet to explain how he maintains his hold upon a rural constituency, which is normally honest and God-fearing. In spite of the fact that he has used corporate money and influence lavishly when he could, some of his greatest victories have been against almost the entire combined corporate power of the State. He has run the whole gamut of men and influences, making one combination after another with kaleidoscopic rapidity, but with almost unvarying success.



Courtesy of the Philadelphia North American

AT HOME AGAIN

APPOINTED TO THE SENATE BY GOVERNOR STONE, 1899

No other career is comparable to his in its constantly shifting scenes. He harbors no animosities. It doesn't pay. He will fight a man one day and be cheek by jowl with him the next—if it pays. His success has never been stable; it is always in jeopardy. He is a consistent and persistent opportunist. He may be true only to himself; but it requires a peculiar ability in politics to follow this rule and always succeed.

No one can doubt that through Quay's philosophy "one increasing purpose runs" —to succeed. No man has succeeded by narrower margins. His temperament is so peculiar that it is difficult to understand



Courtesy of the Philadelphia North American

CROWDING THE OLD BIRD

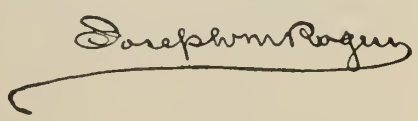
for what he values his success. Wealth has no particular charms for him. He spends much and lives well, but is not guilty of avarice. He is a born gambler, in the sense that he loves risk. He plays a strong game of poker, likes to speculate in Wall Street when he holds marked cards, and has put his son in the way of becoming much richer than himself. He dislikes ceremony; and he cares little for the mere honors that come with promotion—as witness his resigning habit. On the other hand, he has a streak of vanity, and does not like to be beaten nor forced out of place. It takes strong opposition to arouse him, and then he is a son of thunder.

Many analysts have tried to "explain Quay," as if he were a sort of anatomical specimen or a problem in differential calculus. He is neither. He is a man of extraordinary mental activity, the processes of whose brain seem to remind one of others because they are so different. His temperament is more that of a woman than a man's. He is by turns moody, exuberant, listless, excited, cold, hot, fretful, patient, loving, revengeful—and toward the same person in a brief space of time. Like a woman, also, he believes himself consistent because he follows his moods. Like a woman he loves poetry and worships ideals, though he doesn't let them get in his road. At times his brief speeches teem with sentiment, and few men can use the English language to better advantage. Of a great moral principle as a dominating influence in his life he seems to have no conception. He has a pride in his State and gets her the lion's share in legislation, but he never mentions it. He has few warm friendships—that with former Senator Vest being perhaps the strongest of his entire life. He never cared to be one of the "six men" who traditionally rule the Senate, yet few men exercise more influence than he when he tries to do so.

What is the secret of Quay's power over men whereby he has achieved his almost continuous success? That is the riddle which no man has solved. If he be as corrupt as is charged, that does not explain it. Others more corrupt than this have failed. He has no personal magnetism. He is taciturn, irritable, often repellent. He is not loyal to his friends, not even to corporations. He deserts them whenever it will serve his purposes, and he makes peace with his enemies on the same occasion. Undoubtedly he has rare perceptive powers, can see the weakness of his enemies, knows how to attach men to him by personal interest, and spends money freely. But this does not explain all. Many people believe he has a star like Napoleon, and is invincible. Certain it is that for fifty years he has had the most extraordinary career in American politics. Undoubtedly he is one of the best hated men in politics, one of the least loved. Most people believe Quay to be an utterly corrupt man. This has been asserted so often by Republican leaders, and editors of Pennsylvania and elsewhere, that few believe him possessed of any moral sense whatever. This seems, on the whole, a self-evident lie. In spite of his alleged greatness, the people who make the most noise have a perpetual grievance against him. His escapes from difficulty have been so narrow as to foster this enmity. Quay says nothing. He probably thinks he is "indifferent honest"; but he doesn't worry in public over his sins even when they find him out.

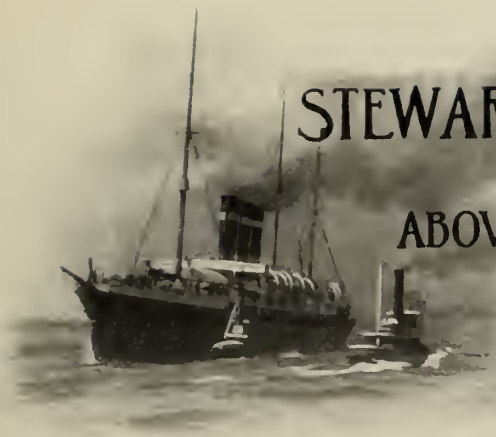
In personal appearance he is short, fat, grizzled, and stone-eyed; but he hasn't a gray hair in his head. Surely he was "cheated of feature by dissembling nature." No photograph in the least resembles him. The newspaper portraits are usually of the vintage of 1870, and are beneficent libels on his appearance.

Few people like Quay very violently, but enemies and friends respect his abilities. Much has been said of him that is manifestly false. Perhaps it would be charitable in his case to say his evil manners live in brass, while his virtues are writ in water. But, then, it might not be true.





"WANTED ON THE VOYAGE"



STEWARDS OF AN OCEAN LINER

ABOVE AND BELOW DECKS

By Winthrop Packard

About eight thousand stewards are afloat on the rolling seas of the broad Atlantic at this minute—fully half of them employed on the great ships of the International Mercantile Marine Company, the others serving on vessels owned outside of the American "merger." Who are these men? What is their life? What are their daily duties and recreations? They certainly constitute an interesting study.

Beyond a doubt, if you would know the class you must exploit the individual, on the principle of *ex pede Herculem*. Stewards in bulk I have seen on many steamships. On one at least I have been of the gang, signed on as a seaman—all stewards and stewardesses sign as such—in order to make note of my fellows in the original package. And, of course, in the one trip I learned more about being a steward than in all the others when my point of contact was that of the passenger. As a result of my experience I may say boldly that the Southampton Boys, as I knew them on the *St. Paul* of the American line, are as fine a set of men as you will find in any business.

The first-cabin passenger is apt to look upon the steward as not exactly human. To him the steward is an automaton who serves deftly and silently, appears at the right moment, anticipates wants, and when not wanted keeps out of sight, but within call. If the steward does all this, and does it with tact and diligence, with a foresight that sometimes savors of the miraculous, he is a useful appurtenance of the vessel, and worthy of a ten-shilling tip at the end of the voyage.

But if you want to know the steward as a man you must study him in the "glory hole." Perhaps you are wondering what that is. Let me tell you about it; though if you wish to know why it is called the glory hole you must put your question to somebody older than I am. There is nothing especially glorious about it, though you will recognize it as a hole, and a deep one; for, when you go down, the descent, like that to Avernus, is easy, and seems almost as far. The Jacob's ladder that leads to it, from far aft, is so steep that a mis-step might easily mean a sheer drop of forty feet or so.

There, way down in the bowels of the ship, you discover that the glory hole consists of five or six good-sized rooms, all filled full of tiers of gas-piping bunks where the sleepers lie side by side. Under these tiers of gas-piping bunks the stewards' boxes are stowed. There is no other furniture. The glory hole is essentially a sleeping room, and the steward has little time for anything else when there. Yet the linen on the thirty-inch-wide bunks is good and clean, and the "hole" is scrupulously neat, for one man is detailed to keep it so; and, indeed, it is inspected



THE BUGLE-CALL TO BREAKFAST

daily, along with the rest of the ship, by the captain, the doctor, and a train of lynx-eyed officers. So that, woe to the man in charge if dust or dirt meet their vigilant gaze! An incandescent light burns there day and night, and through long pipes leading from the ventilators on deck a sufficient supply of fresh air comes in. All told, therefore, the glory hole is a pretty comfortable place.

Here the steward is "at home." Here you meet the real man. Here, when off duty, he hangs his hat, stows his box under the gas-pipe frame of his bunk, and smokes the pipe of contentment. If you will live in the glory hole for a trip, and eat in the pantry, you will find out how much of a man the steward is. Otherwise you will know only the outer garments of the class, for the individual is reserved beneath. You will be likely to find, too, that he is a good fellow, perhaps not less gentlemanly than the man he serves, and certainly lacking neither in education nor knowledge of the world. There is a member of the English House of Parliament, to-day, who at one time served as a steward on a White Star boat. Of course one need not infer from this statement that all stewards are lords in disguise, but it is a fact that college men and younger sons of English gentlemen take up the trade for various reasons. The steward may travel far if he will, he has a chance to learn the ways of the world, and the experience teaches wisdom and diligence—things not to be despised in houses of parliament, or any other kind of house. To retain his position as steward on one of the big liners a man must be wise, tactful, and energetic; otherwise he goes looking for another job at the end of the first voyage.

Stewards on these trans-Atlantic ships are selected with much care, often come with special letters to the management, and are, besides, subject to rigid scrutiny by their fellows. A man who has proved himself lazy, ungentlemanly, or a thief, may want to sign for the next voyage; but, if the management does not drop him, it sometimes happens that his fellows will stand by and forbid him to sign. To ship in the face of such a warning would mean mental anguish, and possibly bodily disaster, during the trip. Honesty is the first requisite; and to the credit of the class it may be said that, careless as passengers usually are in leaving money and jewels exposed in their staterooms, it rarely happens that a steward turns out to be a thief. Once he has been even suspected his days of usefulness are over, and he leaves the ship at the first dock.

The many great liners plying to the ports of all the world from Southampton, England, have bred up a special class of

stewards known in the shipping trade as "Southampton Boys," and these are reckoned the smartest and best in the business.

They come from all over England, but especially from the southern counties, and many of them are Londoners. You may know them by a touch of the Cockney accent, their neatness, and general smartness of appearance and manner. Stewards from German, Belgian, or even French ports seem not to have the alertness and ready wit of these Southampton "boys."

There must be something attractive in the conditions of this service, for the pay is not large. On the American line, for instance, the steward receives fifteen dollars a month, in addition to food and lodging, while at sea. Out of this sum he must buy his own uniforms and pay his own laundry bills. He gives up, furthermore, fifty cents a trip to the "boots" who keeps his share of the glory hole clean, fifty cents in each port to the shore steward who serves his meals while the ship is at the dock, and pays fifty cents each round trip to have his box taken away from the ship and brought back—for he is discharged and signed on anew each voyage, as the government requires.

It will be very clearly seen that, after deductions have been made, the net amount is not very large. To make a living for the wife and babies at home the steward must receive tips from the passengers whom he serves. There is no arbitrary rule in this matter. Some passengers do not pay them at all, and probably suffer nothing as a consequence. Custom decrees the minimum as ten shillings each—two dollars and a half—to the bedroom steward,



BOUILLON AND BISCUITS AT ELEVEN



THE VEGETABLE COOK-ROOM

the deck steward, the saloon steward, and also the bath steward, with perhaps a dollar to the "boots," besides the passenger's name on the subscription paper for the smoke-room steward, and for the organist or band. With all this money flying about at the end of the trip, an alert and tactful man is apt to find that he has made more than his wages. In exceptional cases are still better chances, for sometimes a clever steward will see an opportunity to make himself more than ordinarily useful, and will therefore receive five or ten dollars, or even more, in grateful appreciation. Thus Li Hung Chang, when he crossed on the American line, left two hundred dollars to be divided up among those stewards who had in any way served him, the men receiving from five to thirty dollars each. The summer is the bonanza season. In the winter, when passengers are fewer, the family ashore must be kept on the proceeds of more fortunate trips. Thus the awkward or lazy steward soon finds the business unprofitable, and drops out.



A LUNCH FOR THE LOUNGERS

Many of the Southampton Boys are wise in this matter of full trips. They sign on the trans-Atlantic ships for the summer; then, in the winter season, go over to the China or South African and Australian trade, whose busy season is in the winter time. Because of this shifting the clever steward becomes a much-traveled man, and knows the shipping ports the world over. In the glory hole at night, when pipes are lighted for a short smoke before turning in, you may hear fascinating tales of far distant lands; of jackals that slip out of the jungle and board the ships lying at Garden Reach above Calcutta; of romantic adventures at night in Arab Town at Port Said, "the hottest hell on earth"; of the dust from coaling ships at Aden, so thick that it obscures the sun and makes the soup black while you bring it in; of the darkies who dive for pennies in the clear waters of Colombo, and are chased by the watching sharks; and you may learn the comparative value of the lunch places of Hongkong and Sydney or Cape Town. Here, too, the true life of the steward shows through, and you discover oftentimes that he has tastes and aspirations which surprise you. I know one steward, who serves daily at table with expressionless face, who has at home a collection of original drawings by Doré and other artists that would delight a connoisseur. Another, signed on as a seaman at regular steward's pay, is the ship's organist, and is said to be a musician of far greater skill than many a more pretentious one who listens as a passenger.

For some reason it happens that the Southampton Boy often is musical I discovered this musical tendency on the first night out. The ship swung along to an easy sea while I slept in my bunk. At

twelve I was roused by a clear baritone voice singing:

"If you lik-a me
And I lik-a you,
And we lik-a both the same,
I lik-a say,
This very day,
I lik-a change your na—a—ame."

The eight-to-twelve bedroom stewards' watch had just come below. In a moment a sleeper just at my right took up the chorus in a good bass; then a tenor joined in, and more tenor and bass and baritone, till the *Bamboo Tree* was ringing out to a full, clear-toned chorus. This goodnight carol lasted for ten minutes or so. Then the newcomers turned in, and silence reigned in the glory hole for the rest of the night, none of the sleepers seeming to resent being aroused for a midnight song.

Except for brief moments like this, snatched from his sleep, the steward on the North Atlantic gets little leisure. Yet he has his bit of sport occasionally. The boys get up a half-crown pool on the ship's run—just as the millionaires do in the smoke-room above—and late at night you will often see them sitting in at a little game, generally whist, seated on their boxes and using another box for a table.

But the life of the steward is no sinecure. The saloon stewards are called at five-thirty in the morning, mustered in the dining saloon, have coffee and rolls, and get to work. They are on duty in one way and another till eleven at night. They eat breakfast at about ten, after all the passengers have breakfasted. They have the first-cabin food, but they eat it informally standing in the pantry; and they



SERVING TEA ON DECK



A "CORNER BAKERY"

waste no time about it. There is no opportunity for ceremony. The lunch-counter method on board a liner would make a New York broker's clerk quite at home. In the same way lunch is served at about three, and dinner at eight. Between whiles there are the tables to be laid, and cleared, and relaid, the silver to be cleaned, the saloon to be swept and put in order, and a host of minor things to be attended to—all under the watchful eye of the second steward, who is responsible for them. The deck stewards are continually on their feet during the same hours, serving tea or bouillon between meals, and attending to the wants of the idle and the indisposed in the steamer chairs.

The bedroom stewards have similar hours, and watch must be stood at night in turn—from eight to twelve, twelve to four, and four to eight—looking to the safety of the part of the ship under their charge, and ready to answer calls from the various staterooms.

These are the stewards with whom the passengers come most in contact. But they are only a part of the force. There are the pantrymen, the dishwashers and scullions, the cooks, bakers, butchers, and storehouse men, the linen-keepers, and the "boots." A host of these, employed in the inner workings of the ship below decks, have little chance to receive tips, and must live by the regular wages alone. In some instances this is but the regulation fifteen per month, but in the majority it is more. The cooks receive from sixty dollars a month to twenty-five, according to their skill and importance; the bakers from forty to eighteen, and so on. Even the second steward, who is commanding officer directly in charge of this host of men, receives but fifty dollars a month; but he is in direct line of promotion to the post of chief steward, an office much coveted, carrying an excellent salary—as sea salaries go—amounting to fifteen or eighteen hundred a year, and ranking as



THE SMOKE-ROOM—A GOLD-MINE FOR THE STEWARD



A STEWARD IN THE PURSER'S DEN

one of a good deal of dignity and importance. Indeed, the great men of an ocean liner are the captain, purser, chief engineer, chief steward, and doctor.

The comfort of the passengers depends, perhaps, more on the vigilance and executive ability of the chief steward than anyone else. He it is who orders the supplies for the voyage, has a minute knowledge of what the store-rooms and refrigerators contain, and sees that the menu for each meal is ample, well cooked, and daintily served. He makes arrangements in port for the entire trip, plans each day's meals at sea, and, with the assistance of the chief cook, gets up the menu-card. You will find him mornings in his office, just off the grand staircase, making up his books and records; but during the rest of the day he is all over the ship, now taking a look at the storerooms far below to see that groceries and provisions are rightly served out to the cooks, now inspecting the refrigerators to note the temperature, and again watching the butchers with precise knowledge of how meats shall be cut, and seeing that they are delivered to the cooks on time and in the right quantities.

All these things he is responsible for; but that is by no means all. He must also keep a minute record of all transactions of this sort, and must have a watchful eye upon the passengers to note that his lieutenants among the men are giving them prompt and cheerful service. He has a record of every passenger traveling with him, and all the details connected with his journey. If you sailed with him last year or twenty years ago, he can refer to his books and tell you the date of the voyage, its duration, your room and seat at table, and just what stewards served you.

To be a chief steward on one of the great liners is, of course, the ambition of every earnest steward on the sea. Next to that position he looks with eyes of desire upon the post of the smoke-room steward. Indeed, many would prefer the latter. It has less dignity and importance,



THE MUSICAL STEWARDS

but there is often more money in it. It was a White Star purser—no less—who told me he would rather be the smoke-room steward on a popular flyer than hold his own position. The smoke-room steward's berth is a hard one; he must be deft, tactful, vigilant, and untiring; he is on his feet from dawn to midnight. But he reaps his reward, for the tips are many on a ship full of millionaires.

The rank and file of stewards have to satisfy their souls with a less lofty ambition. In the glory hole you will hear them outlining their plans. One man knows a little fried-fish shop in the purlieus of London, where there are pleasant state-rooms on the upper deck for the wife and babies. If travelers are plenty he will buy this shop in a year or so, and retire from the sea, so that his children shall grow up knowing him. Another aspires to own a "pub" where Bessie might tend bar, and where he knows that many seafaring men would drop in for lunch and refreshment. And there are ambitions beyond this, too. More than one has his eyes on the States, where money is plentiful and all men are equal. He knows this equality is real, for his Yankee mates have told him so. Many a young fellow among the stewards is saving money for a better education, and for a chance to get up in the world.

Long before the voyage is over you will learn to have a genuine liking and much respect for these honest, tactful, willing servitors on the high seas—that is, if you will bunk in the glory hole and eat in the saloon pantry, where only you can truly come to know them.

FLOWER MAIDENS

Water Color Sketches

by

Louis Rhead



THE NASTURTIUM MAIDEN



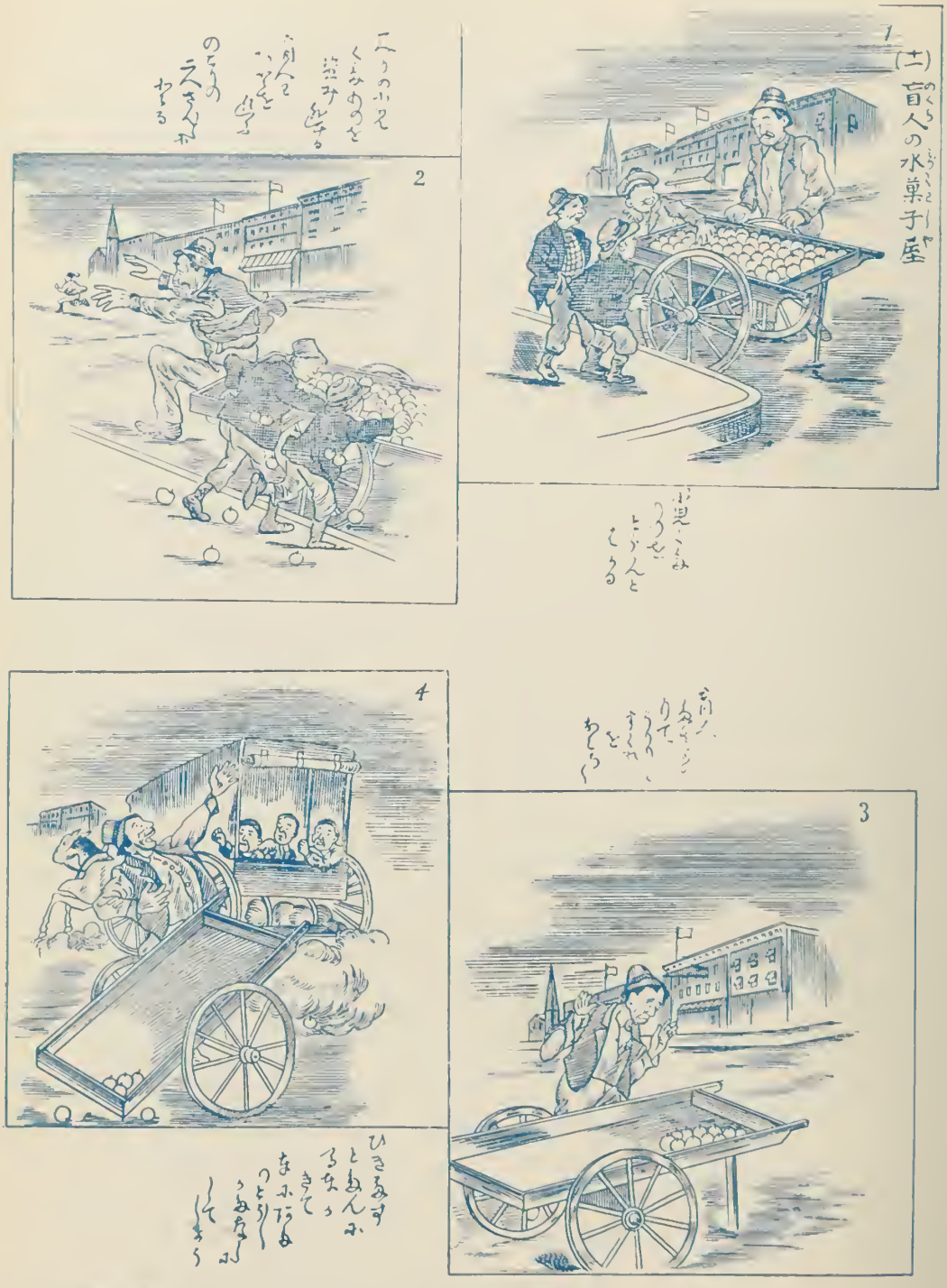
THE ROSE MAIDEN



THE CLEMATIS MAIDEN



THE CHRYSANTHEMUM MAIDEN



THE FRUIT PEDDLER AND THE BAD BOYS

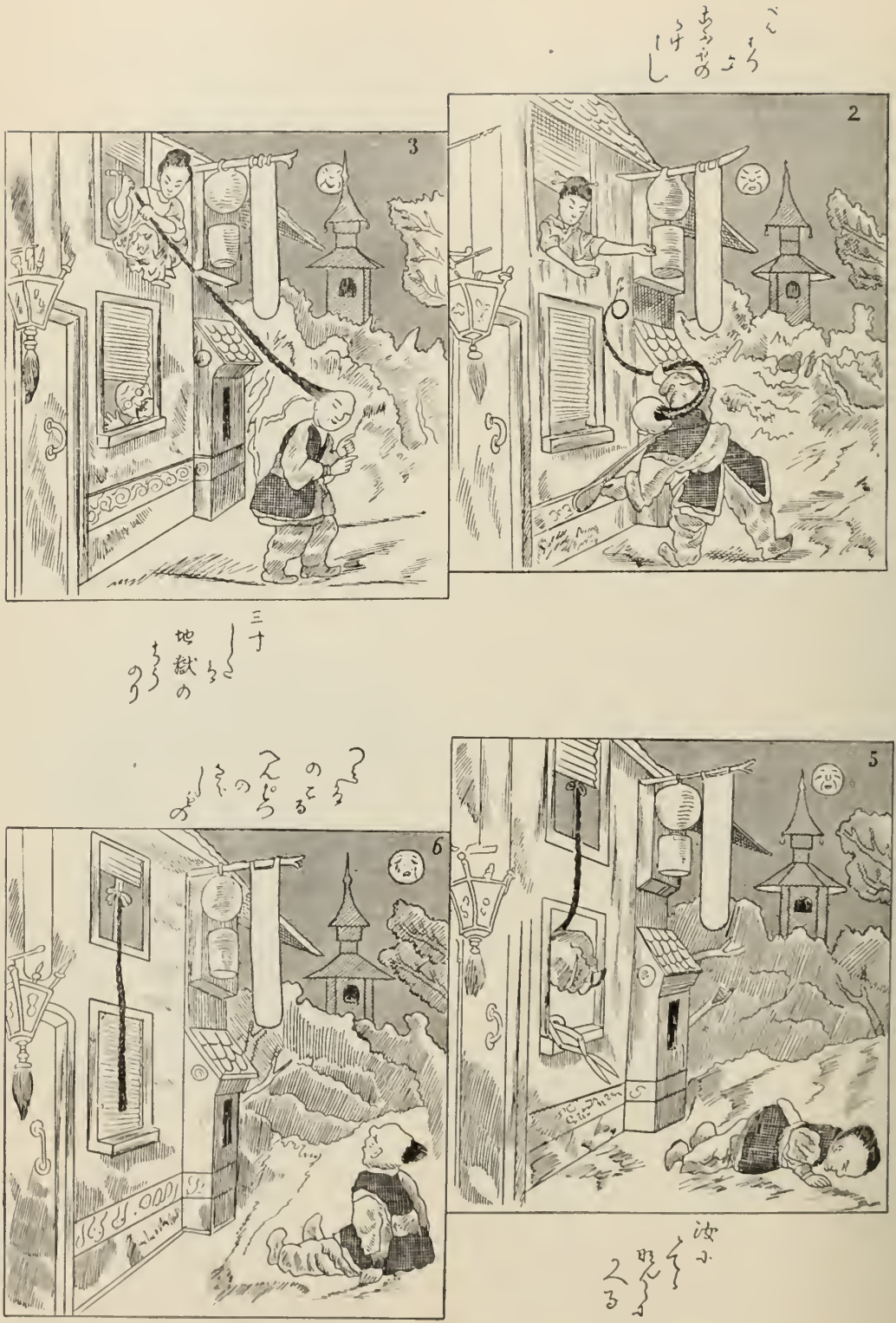
JAPANESE CARICATURE

AN IMPORTED NATIONAL HUMOR

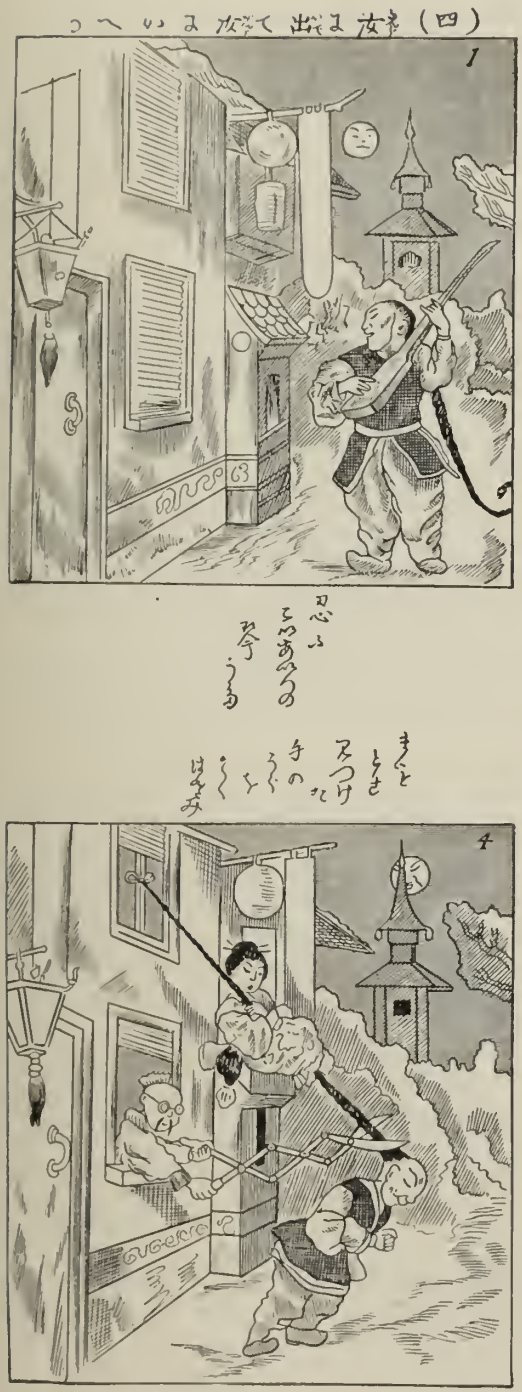
Imitation is the mother of art, and in no land is this more evident today than in strenuous, prophetic Japan. The comic illustrators of the Sunrise Kingdom, no less than their more serious artistic brethren, are doing some notable work which must at length result in a modern national school of no small excellence. Today it is still imitative, as is nearly every other form of activity in this kaleidoscopic period of Japan's brilliant modern career; but her artists are compassing such mastery of technical difficulties that tomorrow we may look for the appearance of genuine creative work. The several series of comic drawings which are presented herewith exhibit, even in reproduction, a sureness of touch, a deftness of handling, and a lightness of line that are altogether admirable.

We need but examine the choice of subjects for the comic drawings here presented to find evidence of the imitative quality of Japanese pictorial humor. The obligation to foreign models is sufficiently plain. Nor is such the case merely in the present series, but practically every modern Japanese attempt at comic drawing exhibits the same characteristic. The humorous ideas and ideals are plainly imported, along with much else that is of present-day interest. Occasionally oriental subjects and atmosphere are attempted by the Japanese "funny man," but the result is then certain to revert to the long-drawn-out style of two decades gone by; and twenty, or even thirty, drawings are required to perpetrate a joke of which Opper, Howarth, or "Bunny" would scarcely be guilty at all, and then never at a greater length than four or five exhibits. For example, we have the story of two travelers, evidently Englishmen, who, accompanied by a native guide, camp for the night, and, startled by the diapason of the guide's snores, open fire incontinently on the thin air and keep it up till daybreak, when they, of course, discover their error. It takes twenty-eight pictures to present this humorous happening, and it requires no little skill to discover that the pictures are intended to be progressive. Of course this is an extreme instance.

Fair examples of how national characteristics assert themselves may be seen in the accompanying specimens of comic drawing. Even when foreign models are followed, the tendency to bend imitative work to a national type is shown in using more drawings than an English or an American artist would deem necessary, as well as in a funny mimicry of American and English styles of drawing. We see in the Italian fruit peddler not merely the typical East-side New York vender, but a Japanized Italian-American. The debonair duellist, who folds his slender arms across his spare ribs, is a Frenchified Jap; his rotund opponent is semi-Teutonic, by every mark; while the Bad Cowboy need not be labeled at all. The sad story of the ingenious swain whose means of elopement and hope are alike cut off by the traditional "irate father" is so evidently Chinese, as are all the pictorial accessories, that the series might have been drawn by a Chinese illustrator, were it not for the evidence of Anglo-Saxon methods of draftsmanship. We need only transpose the



A CURTAILED ELOPEMENT



signaling Tommy Atkins and his coadjutor to the pages of *Punch* to have a series of cartoons distinctly English. Still, all carry a distinct suggestion of the Japanese as well.

Furthermore, the Japanese fondness for the minute is allowed to modify the type imitated. This is even more evident in the originals than in the reproductions. The significance of each line is valued properly, and even when the draftsman runs counter to our technical rules he imparts an air of intention that could never be mistaken for a bungling slip of the pen.

These instances of comic illustrations, enforced by others which cannot here be noticed, may serve to demonstrate how the national spirit of art is slowly changing in Japan. And what is true of art is true of humor in general, as well as of humorous art in particular. Critics have not, it is true, always agreed as to what a national spirit of humor really is. When William Dean Howells finds a flavor of distinctively American humor in the naïve comment of the Swiss peasant upon the lateness of the spring—"The winter seems to have come to spend the summer with us"—he raises a nice question of discrimination. For not only are most of us at a loss to discern in what wise such a bull differs from Irish or German humor, but we also suspect that essays to point out definitively the lines of demarcation between the characteristic humor of one nation and that of another have not always been satisfying. Indeed, there are not wanting those—probably extremists—who insist that there is no such thing as a peculiarly national humor except as it arises from the unfamiliar aspect of foreign eccentricities of language, costumes, habits, and social relations. In a word, they maintain that national humor consists not in a distinctive spirit, but only in the unfamiliar view-point of the onlooker.

It is probable that the truth lies in the middle ground, and that we must look for the marks of national humor in ourselves as onlookers as well as in the language-forms, the costumes, and the customs of more or less unknown peoples—that is, it

is both subjective and objective. It might, then, be not wide of the mark to say that national humor is that which arises not alone from the sources common to all humor, but particularly from national habits of looking at men, things, and events. For instance, anyone can appreciate the humor of the German who says things deliciously hind-foremost, of the Irishman who asserts a palpable contradiction, of the Frenchman whose cleverness does not acquaint him with his own absurdity, or of the American whose keenness over-reaches its possessor. Yet none of these would be examples of national humor, but only presentments of the way these droll national foibles appear to foreigners. When, however, we can lay finger upon the particular nerve whose excitation is guaranteed to make a Frenchman smile, or upon the ganglion which is certain to start the guffaws of the Yankee, we have fixed upon distinctive types of national humor, indigenous and, in their entirety, untranslatable.

By this criterion the volume of national humor is not large, and little of it can be appreciated by those not familiar with the language and the people in question. Most of us—wedded as we are to our own conceptions of dignity, grace, and propriety in personal bearing and conduct—rather take it for granted that in the grotesque figures which abound in Japanese pictures the artist intended a pictorial extravaganza; for we are near of kin to the obliging young woman who felt it her duty to giggle all through Mark Twain's reading of Browning. Contrariwise, we business-pursuing Westerners find nothing to inspire merriment in the ancient puns seriously introduced into medieval Japanese poetry. The fault in both instances lies in our inability to adopt a foreign point of view.

Japan is both an ancient and a modern nation, or, to be more precise, neither the one nor the other. It follows that she has no recognized typical humor that is not touched, as are all things in this period in her career, by somewhat of the old and of



THE ADVANTAGE OF SLENDERNESS



A SURPRISE FOR THE SIGNAL CORPS

the new. Without seeking to trace the development of a national humorous art among the Japanese, it will be enough to note in passing that, the Japanese spirit being neither characteristically original nor daring, the tone and temper of their literature is reflective, and that, as a consequence, their best humor is literary rather than pictorial. In spirit it is mild and dainty, almost pathetic. It laughs with you, not at you; for there is an almost total absence of the broad German farce, the pungent wit of the French, and the tart irony of the English. Keenly alive to the attractions of the minute and of the delicate, sensitive to every foreign influence, courteous almost to the extreme of absurdity, the Japanese mind is taking on a variety of tones which are neither altogether admirable nor wholly harmonious. These characteristics are already beginning to be reflected in her civilization; and first of all in her pictorial humor, as eventually in her fine art, these heterogeneous forces must appear as the foes of that great fundamental of all that is great and good in art—unity. It is committed to Japan to fuse all the elements now seething in the alembic of her national life into the pure gold of unity.

The Japanese people have too decidedly as well as too lately parted company with their old ideals for them to have exclusive recourse, upon the one hand, to old methods of humorous illustration, or, upon the other, to have developed as yet a style of cartoon in any respect national. That period is, with so much besides, still in the marvellous future which this acute, persistent, adroit, and "Yankee" people is so rapidly realizing into a dramatic present.

J. Berg Esenwein



STRAIGHTENING OUT A TANGLE

"Way for the Breakdown Gang"

How Railway Wrecks are Handled

On every large railway system there is a train not scheduled on the time-card, but just as essential to maintaining the service as any of the limiteds or locals. It is a passenger train, but the passengers pay no fare. It consists merely of two or three freight cars and a caboose, yet when it starts over the road everything else on wheels must give it precedence. If the president himself is *en route* in his special of private cars, he must take the side track until it passes by. As Kipling puts it:

> Oh, the Empire State must learn to wait,
> And the Cannon-ball go hang,
> When the West-bound's ditched,
> And the tool-car's hitched,
> And it's way for the Breakdown Gang!

This special train has been dubbed the "Wrecker." Really it is a relief train, ready to respond to any call for aid in case of accident.

When the wrecking train is off duty you find it standing on a side track at the end of the railroad, if the road is a short one; or at some division headquarters, if an extensive system. An important road will have enough wreckers scattered over it so that if trouble occurs at any point the train nearest it can reach the scene within two or three hours in any case. The only feature which distinguishes the wrecker from any other lot of freight cars is the platform car which supports a ponderous metal arm. This is one of the indispensable parts of the outfit—the wrecking crane. In the old days of railroading, and not so far back either, some companies kept a hundred men in readiness to respond to the call of the trouble. Nowadays a little squad of a dozen, or twenty at the most, is usually sufficient to do the skilled work, thanks to the wonderful crane, which lifts, twists, and drags masses of wood and steel weighing twenty and thirty tons as easily as if they weighed a pound. Another car is fully equipped with wedges, rope, and chains of various sizes; and still another is literally a machine-shop on wheels. Every wrecking outfit is supplied with two or three sets of axles with the wheels attached, which can be put under a car body. Of course it would be impossible to move a locomotive or passenger-coach any distance without rolling it on wheels.

The passengers on this "special" are housed in an ordinary freight caboose. They have it all to themselves, except a "state-room" at one end reserved for the "old man," if the superintendent decides to go with them to the accident. The state-room, however, is furnished just like the rest of the car—a bunk where its occupant can snatch a bit of sleep *en route* if he feels like it, and a table, which sometimes has a portable telegraph outfit, for, if the accident has happened at some distance from a station, an operator and a lineman are taken along to tap the wires. The state-room gives a chance for the superintendent to lay out the line of action with the gang boss while on the way, so that no time is lost in getting to work on arrival. Pipes are not barred, and while the train is rushing along at a fifty-mile gait, the relief crew can make the air blue if they wish, or "nap it out" on the leather-covered bunks that line the walls. There are the little stove and corner pantry that every well-regulated cabin-car contains,



A PLUNGE DOWN AN EMBANKMENT

and the men can have beef-steak and onions, corn cakes and sausage, or "pot roast"—those favorite dishes in the menu of the caboose chef.

The man who would be a wrecker must have what his fellows call "grit," must be quick-witted and quick-motioned, and must be an expert machinist. It is not an easy task for the wreck-master to select a force having all these qualities, and his gang are picked men from the best on the company's pay-roll. And size counts for much also. Two or three little men are valuable, for there are many nooks and corners in and under the torn and twisted cars where they can work with hammer and wrench, where a big man could not move. For the same reason a few left-handed men are desirable. If a railroader has ever been a sailor, he is given preference in selection, for there are so many ropes and chains to be fastened to the wreck to pull it apart that the seaman's knowledge of knot and splice is of much value. Furthermore, the men who follow the sea learn to think and act quickly. Everyone of the wrecking crew has some regular occupation in addition to his emergency assignment. They form a part of the basket-and-bucket brigade which wends its way to shop and roundhouse every morning with the blowing of the whistle, leaving only at the close of the day unless the accident call comes.

The passengers of the relief special are always employed in the vicinity of the siding where it stands, perhaps with engine attached and furnace filled with fuel ready to be "fired up" at a moment's notice. The boss knows the work which each man is doing every day, and both he and the train despatcher have records containing the addresses of the crew and the nearest route to their homes, for use at night. Of course the first news of trouble comes over the railroad wires to the despatcher's office. Instantly the despatcher starts messenger boys through the shops. All they have to say to each man wanted is "wreck," as they run by him. Dropping his tools and seizing his coat and hat, he hurries for the train. The engineer

and firemen have also been alarmed, and while the latter is getting up steam his chief is going carefully over each inch of the running gear, for he may have orders to run a mile a minute. In five minutes after the first hint of trouble the train is pulling out of the siding on to the main track, fully manned. On the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad one of the wrecking crews has a record of starting within three minutes after being summoned, but on this system fires are kept banked on the engines drawing the wrecking trains, in order to save time in making steam.

As the world moves on, time becomes more and more precious; but perhaps nowhere is it considered of such value as on the railroad. A year or so ago one of the companies which has thrown a band of steel from the banks of the Mississippi to the Golden Gate expended ten million dollars in shortening its line in order to reduce the time of its train service merely six hours between St. Louis and San Francisco. No one appreciates more than the president or general manager of a railway what the relief crew can accomplish in saving time—if it has the right tools and is composed of the right men. Usually the loss of property in an accident counts for comparatively little with the railroaders. Though fifty thousand dollars' worth of cars and their contents may be totally destroyed, if the track is blocked five or six hours, and fifty or sixty trains are held up, the delay may mean far more than this sum out of the treasury of the company. This is why the first and most important thing to do—next to life-saving, of course—is to clear the way. If it is a double-track line, one must be cleared; and enough rails and ties can be thrown down in an hour or so to make a switch, and let trains pass from one track to another and go around the obstacle.

When the wreck-master and his gang reach the scene this is the first question



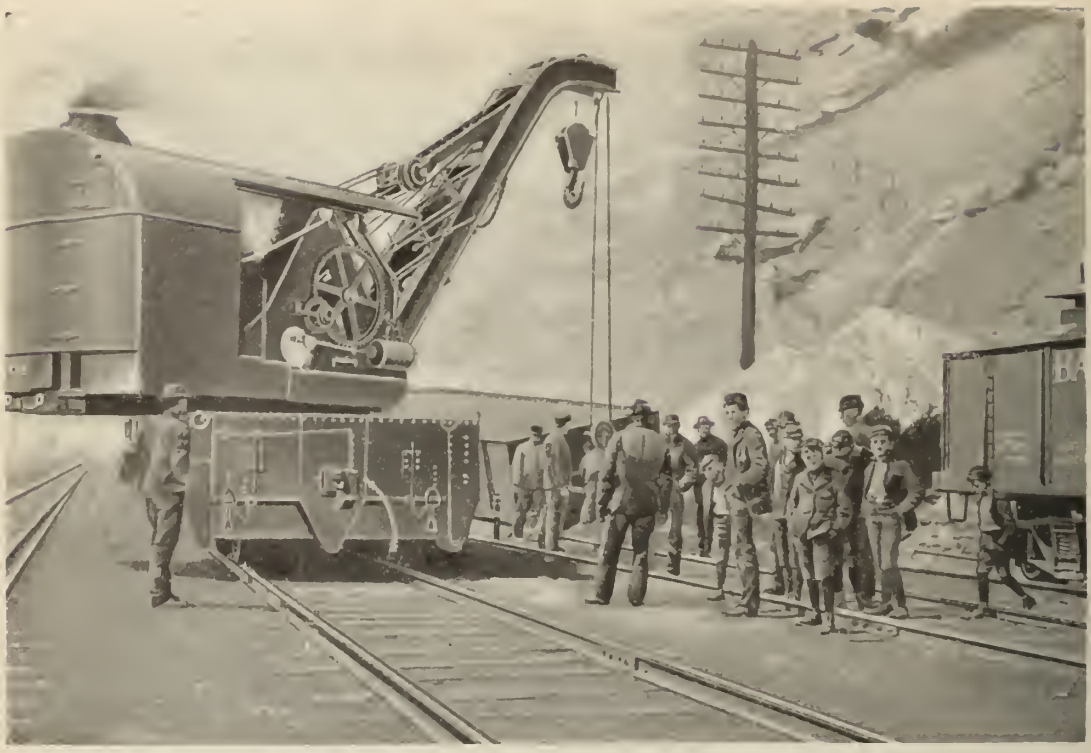
A HEAD-ON COLLISION



THE WRECKING CRANE IN ACTION

that arises: Is there anyone, living or dead, under the debris? If so he must be taken out at once. The next question is: What is the hardest part of the debris to move away? It is not always a collision that has the worst consequences, although the force of trains meeting may rend to splinters half of the cars of which each is made up. It is always the unexpected that happens on the rail. An engine may jump the track when going down hill or around a curve, with the result that a dozen cars are thrown on sides and roofs, and perhaps piled into a mound of wreckage right in a cut, where there is no room to work to the right or left. Again it may be a coal train which is the sufferer. These are the days of cars holding fifty tons each in their great steel boxes supported by massive metal frames. Considerable force is required to derail a train of such cars; but when it does go, it usually means the hardest kind of work for the wrecker. The coal may be dumped on the roadbed in piles of a hundred tons each, to be removed with the hand-shovels after hours of tedious toil. Instead of breaking, the cars are bent and twisted into various shapes, only to be straightened at the repair shop, if worth the effort. They cannot be burned and thus disposed of like wooden wreckage, and often are so injured that they are worth merely their weight as old metal. They are the special dread of the railroad man; but fortunately very few "coal wrecks" occur, owing to the strength and weight of the cars. The old-time "jimmies" probably caused more accidents than anything else in the history of American transportation. Compared with the present carriers they were mere toys in size, only holding ten or twelve tons each. Their lightness gave them so little traction on the rails that it was a common occurrence for a train to "buckle" in going down grade, or if the brakes were too quickly applied.

There is no time to be wasted in getting at a wreck. First, the boss and superintendent—if the latter has come along—take a hasty but critical survey of the situation. They note the cars that are worth saving, and those fit only for the bonfire or scrap-heap. Locomotives are very deceptive. Many an engine, battered and bent, with smokestack gone and perhaps cab destroyed, has been made as good as new by the skilled repairers. It doesn't take the officials long to "get a line" on the damage; then operations begin. Suppose a locomotive is lying across the track, a position it too frequently assumes to suit the railway people. It must be righted before the way can be opened. The crane car is pushed as near as possible, and the great metal arm is swung into position. From the pulley at the end of the arm hangs a wire cable, which passes through the pulley, along the arm, and is wound in a coil on a windlass like an anchor chain. Half a dozen men pull the cable over to the engine as the windlass drum unwinds, and one of the little men crawls partly under the boiler and pushes the cable through the few inches of space between the boiler and the ground. His companions loop the end around the boiler and make the loop tight with iron clamps. The wreck-master waves his arms as a warning to all to get back to a safe distance, for here is to be a struggle of steel Titans. The engineer of the crane, pipe gripped firmly in his teeth, pulls a little lever. The steam engine of the windlass turns it a few inches and the heavy cable tightens as rigid as a bar of iron. He pulls again—just a little bit this time—and the great mass of steel and iron begins to quiver. Again a touch of the lever, and it moves an inch or so. Thus it is hauled slowly forward until it is parallel with the rails instead of at right angles to them, and is near enough to the crane to be lifted. One of the chains is brought from the tool-car, made fast around the boiler, and attached to the arm. Now a greater test of strength is demanded. Slowly but surely the locomotive is lifted and swung in the air by this mechanical muscle, although it weighs no less than fifty tons. The great arm now swerves to one side with its burden until it is poised directly over the



SWINGING THE CRANE FOR A LIFT

rails, when the locomotive is gently lowered until its drivers and truck-wheels rest upon the rails again. Perhaps it is so little injured that it can be hauled away to the repair shop on its own wheels.

Thus in a half hour the wrecking crane will do what a hundred men could not accomplish in a half-day. Perhaps the engine and cars have fallen into the ditch or stream by the roadside. It pulls them out very easily and quickly. Perhaps a telescoped passenger coach blocks the rails. It pulls first one side out of the way, then the other; unless the men put rollers under the coach, when it "snakes" it off where it will not interfere with train service. As its cable finger is a hundred feet long it can cover considerable ground, but while its arm is swinging here and there and its hoisting engine is throbbing and puffing, its human assistants are not losing time. Here, one gang is replacing a broken car-wheel from the set brought along on the train. There, another is piling up the remains of a door and platform ready to be burned, for they are too far gone to repair. Another is patching up a truck temporarily, so it will support the car until the shops are reached. Others are pulling apart the lighter wreckage with ropes and chains. As fast as the rails are cleared they are carefully examined for breaks. Some ties may need replacing or perhaps a section of the track must be rebuilt, but this part receives the attention of the gang in charge of the section, who, of course, are on hand to assist.

When the way is cleared and the victims of the disaster are on their way to the shops or scrap-heap, the work of the wreckers is over. They board their train, load up their pipes for a fresh smoke, and are hurried homeward to return to bench and table until the despatcher's messenger again brings them the imperative summons to relief duty.

D. A. Willey

Literary Geniuses and Brain-Fag

SOME FACTS ABOUT EYESTRAIN

By GEORGE M. GOULD, M.D.

A bird without webbed toes will hardly prove as good a swimmer as one with them. A person whose sense of hearing and musical tone is so faulty that a discord is as pleasant and natural as a concord will make a poor professional musician. Many such analogies rise in the mind when one sees that thousands of people choose a literary or studious calling with eyes far less adapted to the work they are forced to do than a barn-swallow's feet are for swimming, or a tom-tom player's love of noise for conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

If you glance through the biographies of any twenty-five great literary workers you will find a strange and striking difference between the personal lives of perhaps half of the number and of the others:—twelve or fifteen will be found to be comparatively healthy, while the others are constantly afflicted, and endure lives of intense suffering. Of this class are George Eliot, Huxley, De Quincey, the Carlyles, Parkman, Browning, Wagner, Spencer, Whittier, Margaret Fuller, Lewes, Darwin, and Nietzsche.

If we examine carefully the biographies and letters of the fourteen geniuses just mentioned, it will be found that they all suffered in much the same way. They had headache, sick-headache, dyspepsia, nervousness, indescribable misery, irritability, insomnia, and dejection. Moreover, all of them learned every day that the use of their eyes in their occupations caused these symptoms, and that the only cure was non-use of the eyes in such work. But not one of them, nor one of their many physicians, ever put the matter exactly that way. They thought it was either fate that so afflicted them, or that it was the effect of intellectual work. Why the walking, the touring, the trips to Italy, gave relief, none ever saw. The mystery of the disease baffled them all.

The result in lost time and opportunity alone is most noteworthy. If De Quincey's opium-eating, as I have no doubt, was due to his eyestrain, then a large part of his life was certainly wasted from that cause. Surely three-fourths of Carlyle's working time and ability were spent in horseback riding, walking, and in recovering from the exhaustion of writing. He produced during his working life about half a page a day. Darwin was able to read or write only about two hours a day, and his literary product was less than that of Carlyle. Just at the climax of Huxley's sufferings, at the zenith of his powers, he was compelled to resign and take to the moors. For forty-five years his life and power of work had been greatly crippled by his sick-headache.

Browning avoided suffering by avoiding eye-work, by going to Italy, by living in the open air, and—when he could not do this—by living, as his biographer says, "upon the surface," and by "countless social engagements." Wagner came near committing suicide many times, owing to his tortures. He also squandered a large part of his life in hydropathy, diet, and walking, until relief came all at once from three apparently supernatural sources. Parkman estimated that seventy-five per

cent. of his life had been wasted by his inability to use his eyes. He avoided the agonies of others by simple renunciation. Parkman's output for fourteen years was about six lines a day. The hideous waste of his superb powers and valuable time was, I think, fully ninety per cent. All the newspapers which Whittier edited until he had to give up all literary work, except verse-making, had to be discontinued because of his bad health. He was forced to renounce the use of his splendid abilities as a statesman and reformer, and for the rest of his life retire to the farm to nurse his health and write a little poetry. Spencer avoided suffering by cunning precautions in non-use of his eyes; more deftly still he hid his lack of scholarship in such things as German and metaphysics, which were denied him because he could not study.

The record of the large portion of their lives wasted in travel, walking, and exercise by George Eliot, Lewes, Nietzsche, Parkman, Huxley, Carlyle, and others is most pathetic. Even had it been impossible for these patients to have stopped the ocular source of their troubles and diseases, as it now is in the United States —not in Europe—they could have prevented them by the natural method of using other people's eyes. Nowadays those who are caught in this mysterious wretchedness get stenographers and amanuenses.

The so-called "brain-fag" is a silly myth. The brain does not tire; intellectual work does not hurt under normal conditions. It is eyestrain that causes all the brain-fag which the newspapers have been exploiting of late. Spencer learned this lesson and escaped the tragedy of Nietzsche and Carlyle by dictating his writings, getting others to do his research work for him, and by being willing to go without vast realms of accurate knowledge. Parkman was driven to similar expedients. But all the rest groaned and suffered even while they wrote little notes and postal cards instead of letters to their best friends.

The result in suffering was incalculable and horrible. There are biographies of these people which do not allude to it; physicians and medical editors have been known who smiled ironically at the "exaggeration" of "vivid imaginations"; and there are numberless fools who think they are excused from all sympathy with a Carlyle or a Nietzsche. They do not know that the misery of the pain of one attack of the nausea of sick-headache has not been equaled except in some medieval or oriental torture-chamber. When for some profound reason the dominant and oldest instinct of the organism —that for food and nutrition—is violently reversed, it should be plain even to the stupidest mind that the deepest wrong exists and that the very springs of life are being drained. Add to this another symptom almost equally terrible, intense pain in the brain, the organ controlling both character and life-processes, and what disease could be more desperate? How many of our patients had sick-headache it is impossible to tell, owing to the disinclination, especially in letters and biographies, to speak of vomiting. Probably most of them did suffer from it more or less. With Mrs. Carlyle, Huxley, Wagner, and Darwin it was almost constant when the eyes were used in close scrutiny. Whittier, Nietzsche, De Quincey, and Carlyle suffered from it also. Spencer, Browning, and Parkman escaped, undoubtedly by means of not driving the eyes to the degree of use that would produce it. But headache alone, without the thirty—or sixty—hour retching, is bad enough. Then, it must be remembered that for geniuses like these, upon whom was laid the heavy duty of world regeneration and enlightenment, the mental anguish from knowing their life-work frustrated was greater than any merely physical suffering could be. This comes out with tragical emphasis in a hundred quotations that I must omit. Until cerebral paralysis came to his rescue, the mental and physical agony endured by Nietzsche was one of the most terrible spectacles imaginable.

There were only two or three of these patients who were not extreme sufferers from inability to sleep. Of some it seemed

the chief complaint; and the bitterness and reiteration of the trouble with most was so great as to make this symptom of exceptional interest to physicians and physiologists, and to demand a scientific explanation. For thirty or forty years, one would judge, several could get on an average but two or three hours of sleep daily; a full night of sleep was hardly ever or never secured, and the attempt to rid themselves of noise constituted their greater trials and expenses of practical life, and dominated all plans and methods of domestic economy. Oriental cruelties and physiologic laboratories have demonstrated the absolute necessity of sleep, the fatality of enforced wakefulness; and everyone knows from personal experience how all health and happiness is dependent upon that strange lapsing of consciousness. The indigestion, the dyspepsia, of most of these sufferers was a constantly emphasized complaint. Their physicians could not even suspect that these far-away symptoms were caused by the morbid function of their eyes.

It is noteworthy how frequently proverbial and empiric wisdom forefelt the lessons here emphasized. One of Lincoln's maxims was: "Keep your digestion good; steer clear of the biliousness." Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson said that the would-be centenarian, among other things, should "work as little as possible by artificial light." Von Moltke, Sir James Sawyer, and many others, have strongly advised regular out-of-door exercise. Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman are old and famous physicians. The existence of the large number of spas, health establishments and resorts, cures, hydropathic institutions, sanitariums, and the periodic migrations to Italy, Switzerland, and sunny climes where out-of-door life is encouraged, are all to some extent the products of eyestrain.

Most suggestive is the fact that these establishments, whether frivolous and fashionable, or scientific and curative, are based upon a régime which stops close scrutiny by the eyes. How fashion does this need not be set forth. Take the best instance of the best class of these "waters" or "cures"—Karlsbad. In the first place the old superstition that there is anything mysteriously or miraculously therapeutic in the water itself is worthy of the days of opera bouffe; and it is far more wonderful that the humbuggery has been accepted by the world, lay and medical, so long. The spring-water is the sugar-of-milk placebo which fixes the attention while several other really important things are demanded with military authority: 1. A diet which lessens the stored energy of the organism. 2. Baths and other measures which increase metabolism. 3. An amount of walking and exercise that increases the outgo of force in normal or physiologic methods.

But note the ignored and revelatory fact implied in all this: All three methods reduce the overstock of fat and the excess nervous energy, which are the basis of "gout" and the like; but while they do this they absolutely prevent close scrutiny by the eyes. The "walking cure"—or rest-of-the-eyes cure—that every poor eyestrain and migrainous patient has found by bitter experience so necessary, is the *sine qua non* at Karlsbad.

The diseases of eyestrain all show an excess of nervous energy, and all are dependent upon close scrutiny by the eyes. All are cured by draining off the excess of innervation through physiologic channels—walking and athletics—and stopping close scrutiny by the eyes. It is most suggestive and noteworthy that what cures "gout" cures the hundred sequels of eyestrain—and *vice versa*.

The biographies and letters of these geniuses I have cited are filled with expressions and facts going to show cerebral and emotional irritability—what, for want of a better word, may be called nervousness. The passion for activity, the desire for change and movement, is often uncontrollable, and the words used to express it are painfully intense. It rises to morbid extremes just in proportion to the amount of eye-work demanded or completed. In every one it took the form of physical exercise, usually of walking. Carlyle

walked numberless miles, and rode one horse twenty thousand miles. De Quincey walked around his "measured circuit," a thousand miles in ninety days; during his life he averaged fifteen or twenty miles a day in walking, often far into the night. Darwin trudged about his "sandwalk" all the time he was not hydropathizing. Huxley's only relief was ten or fifteen miles a day. Browning, Parkman, Wagner, Nietzsche, even Whittier, were forced to the same plan of life, each in his special way. Even Mrs. Carlyle says she walked from six to ten miles a day for ten years. Parkman's early fiery athleticism is positively morbid in its intensity; in his youth De Quincey ran to vagrancy for years; and Darwin's devotion to sports in his college days was the despair of his father; and so on. There can be no doubt that this commanding impulse made Darwin take the *Beagle* voyage, made Huxley join the *Rattlesnake* expedition, and turned both from other studies and living to natural history and science. When Parkman was denied the power of reading and writing, and when he could not live among the wilds or go into the army, he devoted himself to horticulture for fourteen years—by means of low stools and rolling chairs—and when he could not do this he rowed or practiced sedentary gymnastics. Spencer avoided danger by recreation. Nietzsche denied the need of walking and action so much that, forcing his eyes to a relentless fury of study, he positively went insane. Wagner felt he would literally go mad unless he should relieve himself by exercise, and he deeply cursed the "damnable organ of sitting still." That they lived to ripe old age, that their health improved as they grew older, that when very old most of them could outwalk all the young men—all this shows that their hearts were not organically diseased, that they were essentially sound physically, and that their ailment was truly functional. The demand and ability to carry out life-long physical exercise also point to an overplus of nerve force and an undeniable necessity of draining the surplus innervation to the large muscles of the body. But this also points more surely and clearly to the fact that only by this means could the eyes be rested and the source of reflex irritation shut off.

It is impossible, says George Eliot, for strong, healthy people to understand the way in which sick-headache and suffering eat at the roots of one's life. It is at first sight strange that eyestrain may produce in some patients sleepiness and dulness—pure inhibitory effects—while in others the nervous system may be driven to a fury of irritation. Thus in the cases of George Eliot, Whittier, and Darwin there was the most painful lassitude and exhaustion; while in Carlyle, Wagner, and Nietzsche there was a morbid hyperesthesia and activity. Often both conditions may alternate in one patient. Although George Eliot was usually dejected, depressed, and tired, she speaks of "the excitement of writing"; and the mechanism is seen in many sentences, as: "My idle brain needs lashing." In Wagner, eye-work usually produced feverish intensity and irritability; and yet he says: "Sometimes I stare at my paper for days together." But it is true, as he says, that exaltation was the rule and ordinary calm was abnormal. Hundreds of poignant quotations would vividly demonstrate this. In the same way Carlyle had to work with his "nerves in a kind of blaze," "in a red hot element," "with his heart's blood in a state of fevered tension," "in a shivering precipitancy." And yet sometimes it was inhibition instead of hyperesthesia—and he sat at his desk, stared at his paper, his imagination would not work, and so forth. Writing stirred Mrs. Carlyle's head to "promiscuousness," and always finally exhausted her. It "stirred up" Parkman's head, produced "a highly irritable organism," and he stopped to avoid greater troubles, as did also Spencer. But in Nietzsche it drove the sufferer to "a horrible earnestness," "a nervous excitability," "an unendurable *Spannung*," "a subterranean fire." To use his own words: "The vehemence of the interior vibrations was frightful." It drove Darwin

to the sandwalk and De Quincey to opium. In almost all it produced melancholy, helplessness, and despair.

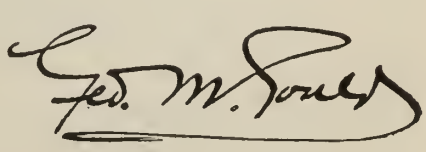
The youth who at twenty-four was a German professor of philology, who had so splendid an organization, physical and intellectual, as had Nietzsche, who was forced to give up that professorship in ten years because of suffering of eyes, head, and digestive organs, and who at the age of forty-five was steadily and fatally driven into insanity by his ingravescent, atrocious eye defects coupled with love of knowledge, just at the time presbyopia was beginning its cruel exaggeration of misery—such a man and such a fate is the very limit of the tragical. There can be little doubt that the over-driven intensity of Nietzsche's thoughts and writings was the indirect result of his terrible struggle to see. And there can be no doubt at all that his later aphorism style of writing was the direct result of the device to which he was driven by his eyestrain. He had to walk most of the time in the open air, and did his thinking and composition while doing so. He carried a note-book in his hand, and jotted down the detached sentences. These he then gathered into essays, but he could not see well enough, or long enough, to fill out the gaps or mold them to homogeneous and harmonious unities. Hence the disjointed and exaggerated aphorism.

We should not fail to note the universal complaint, in all modern literary criticism, of the pessimism which seems, with its gloom and dejection, to color half the literature of our time. Melancholy, morbidity, and despair are the confessed results of "migraine." And this in an age of wealth, vigor, national expansion, and a thousand possibilities of pleasure and gladness. How many of the world's great writers have had migraine! How inevitably, in a certain proportion, the very work of their writing produces migraine!

The most valuable products and assets of a nation are confessedly not its material things, not those measurable in financial terms; they are not discussed in its legislative halls, or much thought of by kings and presidents. Worth all of these things are the few literary and scientific geniuses that silently emerge in each century. How inestimably valuable were the men and women whose lives we have hastily noted! And the amount and character of their intellectual product were limited and qualified by their bad health.

How narrowly each escaped absolute failure to deliver his message, how fine the line between utter loss and the saving of even the wreckage! And to this there must be an added poignancy of regret when one considers that it was precisely the act of doing their intellectual tasks that brought the suffering, that crippled and morbidized the results, and that involved the threatened danger of absolute failure itself.

Not the genius alone, but the common workman and workwoman, should be in our mind. One is very likely to get a much distorted, or at least one-sided, idea of the rôle of eyestrain in the world, if he sees it only from observing its disastrous effects in the case of great literary and scientific minds. The symptoms and the kind of tragedy it brings to the mechanic and the mechanic's wife; to the sewing-woman, clerk, and housewife; to the lonely and distant settlers far from cities and oculists; to the millions of school children and college students; to professional men and women of all kinds—these are different calamities, and they present in each case a separate problem. The one fact common to high and low is that it morbidizes character, augments suffering and personal burdens, lessens all productive capacity, depreciates the national valor and validity and wealth, and delays the advance of civilization. This last is its most evil effect, because every act and product of intellect is intermediated by vision.



A SPRING POEM

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

You laugh, then, at the poet of the spring? You do?
So be it. Spring and the poet laugh at you.
Come, let us laugh together,
Laugh at the world and weather.
Let us carol, let us chortle!
Shake off the winter mildew,
As every wholesome mortal
Does, has done, will do
Forever and forever till there be no spring.
Sing! Sing! Sing! Sing!
How the wild blood
Leaps in a sappy flood!

The floors of earth are newly clean
With purest, sweetest green;
Her ceiling has that matchless hue
Of rain-washed, sun-soaked blue;
The world is cleaning house.
Open the windows of yourself and let the sunshine souse
In every corner! Shake the dust out of your lungs!
Pray for a dozen tongues
To sing as med' larks sing
In praise of spring
And everything.

A May day
Is a pay-day
For all the world may owe you.
Shout! or the paymaster may not know you.
The rain
Is gone, but its blessings still remain;
The sun
Pours out its golden heart for everyone:
The breeze
Blows warm, blows cool, doing its best to please;
Every grass-patch is a lyric,
Every robin's note a panegyric;
The sky's a rarer blue than rarest delf,
The clouds are stowed away on heaven's highest shelf.
Really, I hardly think that I could make a better day myself.



THE MANAGING COMMITTEE

By Howard Fielding

I

The affairs of Miss Winifred Locke were in the hands of a managing committee of her relatives. This committee was self-constituted; it had neither power nor responsibility; it lacked harmony; it lacked discretion; it had no policy; it was especially and peculiarly unfit to deal with unusual events or exceptional conditions. And yet, in the presence of the most extraordinary circumstances, this committee accomplished wonders.

Winifred was an orphan, and her home was in the town of Delafield, Massachusetts. Her mother had died a long while before, and her father but recently. Mr. Locke was supposed to have been possessed of considerable property; but after his death it appeared that his estate consisted of the house in which he had lived, a few hundred dollars in the bank, and his share in his business, which immediately became involved in a very perplexing litigation. The result of it all was that Winifred had a home without an income to sustain it; and, moreover, she was saddled with Cousin Helen, who had brought her up—a good-hearted, childish creature, who had been early married and early widowed. Winnie was sole heir under a will expressed in a single sentence: "I leave all my property to my daughter Winifred."

This was a good, safe will. Uncle William, as a business man, so declared it, adding: "And yet I must say ——"

But on second thought he did not say it. Some of the other relatives did say it. They said: "I think he might have left a little something to me." Scars from these heart-burnings may have remained after the condition of the property became known, but

they ceased to be the subject of conversation. Thereafter the question before the meeting, whenever two or three of Winifred's relatives were sitting as a committee of her affairs, was: "What will the child do for a living?"

Winifred was not really a child. She was twenty years old, and far from immature in mind, for she had received an excellent education, and had gained breadth of view from travel with her father, whose business journeys had been quite extensive. In appearance, however, she was youthful, and she had a slender, girlish figure and a charmingly innocent face, with wide-open, violet eyes. To an impressionable man a glimpse of Winifred made him feel that somehow he had long been missing the best of life. It was fully recognized by Winifred's aunts, uncles, and cousins that her good looks constituted an available asset which, when combined with her ownership of a comfortable house, should be enough to solve the problem of the future.

But the girl was not in love with any man, and she did not see why she should be married. She was unwilling to believe that the courts could deny her justice. But as the days and months went by, although the business in which her father had been interested was still conducted and appeared to be profitable, nobody except the lawyers seemed to get any money out of it. Winifred tried to earn a living meanwhile by teaching music, and made desperate resolves not to touch the reserve in the bank. Yet it melted away. The truth was that she had not been brought up in the ways of economy. She indulged herself and Cousin Helen; and the advisory committee began to see the future all black.

Uncle William Locke had a very serious talk with her in the spring of this year. He was quite an old man and not unkindly, but as narrow as the grave. He had heard that Winifred had drawn some money from the bank for a new spring dress, and upon this text he preached a sermon which had the flavor of old-fashioned perdition in it, tempered, however, as such discourses often are, by the fact that the preacher was better than his creed.

"If you keep on in the way you're going," said he, "it will end in a mortgage on this house. I can seem to see it coming." New England thrift still makes a mortgage partake of the nature of sin; and Winifred shuddered when it was mentioned.

A short time later the advisory committee held an informal session, and decided that Winifred must take boarders. This suggestion involved a difficulty similar to that which had brought all matrimonial projects to naught; there were only a few possible boarders, and Winifred would not have any of them in the house.

Her reasons were excellent, and yet the advisory committee decided, in the language of Aunt Lucinda, that Winifred was not really trying "to do for herself."

II

Thus matters stood on a certain June day. Winifred was sitting on the veranda, and sadly reflecting that the six great wooden columns which supported its roof were beginning to need painting, when she saw Dr. Edwin Gorham, the leading physician of Delafield, coming up the street with a strange man.

It is hard for us of the city, who see ten thousand strangers whenever we go out of doors, to realize the interest which an unrecognized face excites in the mind of the villager. It is the recognized face that interests and surprises us.

Winifred immediately became interested in Dr. Gorham's companion. To herself she commented upon his appearance: "I wonder who he can be? Perhaps he is a specialist from Boston—I heard that Mrs. Conway was worse. How young he is—I should think they would want an older man—this one can't be over thirty. I like men who don't wear beards or moustaches. Really, he is very good looking—but what a queer expression he has! I wish I had a hat on—the wind has blown my hair all over my head. I am sure Dr. Gorham has just said something about me—I wonder what it was? The man looks to me as if he were half asleep. Goodness! they're coming in here—and I don't look nice a bit!" Aloud she said: "Oh, how do you do, Dr. Gorham."

"Good day to you, Winnie," said Dr. Gorham. "Is your cousin Helen at home?"

"She went over to Aunt Lucinda's about half an hour ago," replied the girl, "I think she'll be back soon. Won't you sit down and wait for her?"

"May I introduce a—a—"; the doctor seemed somewhat at a loss how to characterize his companion, and finally contented himself with the name, "Mr. Henry Sylvester."

Winnie greeted the young man with dainty embarrassment. Her life had been so very quiet of late that this commonplace situation took on dramatic value; it was almost like an adventure.

Mr. Sylvester seemed to be entirely at his ease. His manner was marked by that distinctive quality of deference which is the cultivated man's tribute to beauty. Yet he uttered not a word. His lips parted as though he were about to speak, but he closed them again. Winnie received an impression of the unusual, and she noted at that moment that Dr. Gorham eyed his companion with veiled curiosity.

The doctor relieved the embarrassing silence by an impromptu explanation: "Mr. Sylvester is a stranger in Delafield. He is here—as one may say—for his health, and thinks of remaining some weeks, perhaps, though his plans are not very definite. I have told him that you and your cousin might be able to give him a room, and a seat at your table."

Before Winnie could reply, the stranger began to speak, very slowly, as if the exertion cost him considerable effort. It flashed across the girl's mind that he was a foreigner and imperfectly acquainted with English; indeed, there was a slight suggestion of a French accent in his speech.

"I think that we should tell Miss Locke the whole truth at once," he said. "The fact is that—that I am not quite normal; I have lost my memory." He uttered the last sentence more rapidly, and as if it were a relief to say in a few words that which he had vainly tried to express in a less direct way.

"Oh, yes, of course," said the doctor. "We had thoroughly agreed upon that. You and your cousin Helen must know the truth; but—but I wouldn't mention it outside the family."

Winnie murmured a vague promise and an expression of sympathy as they seated themselves on the veranda. "How did this misfortune come to Mr Sylvester?" she asked the doctor, including Mr. Sylvester in her glance.

"He does not know what caused it," said Dr. Gorham, "and neither do I, as yet. Mr. Sylvester rode out with me this afternoon on the train from Boston; that is, he rode a part of the way. Whether he came from Boston or not, neither of us yet knows. At the Junction I was in one of the cars that didn't switch off to our branch, so I went forward, and eventually sat down behind Mr. Sylvester in a Delafield car. I noticed his peculiar manner at once."

"I was then just coming to myself," said Sylvester. "I have faint memories of the last part of the ride; and from the time when I got down from the train in Delafield my impressions seem to have been nearly normal; that is, I remember what happened clearly enough. But I don't know where I boarded the train, nor why; I don't know where I came from, nor where I live, nor one smallest detail of my past——"

"Except your name," said the doctor.

"A man's name," responded Sylvester, "is in his present, rather than in his past. No man remembers having got his name; it has become a part of him in the course of years—like his looks. I did not remember what manner of man I was, but when you showed me a mirror in your office, I was not surprised at the face

which I saw in it. And yet—and yet," he added, as if to himself, "there was something peculiar about it. Perhaps I have changed."

"How long have you been ill?" asked Winnie.

Sylvester shook his head with a grave smile.

"A year or a day, for all that I know," said he.

"Let us finish the story," said the doctor briskly. "When Mr. Sylvester got down upon the station platform here he seemed to be confused. He evidently did not know what to do. By that time I was quite interested in him, and finally spoke to him: 'You are a stranger in Delafield,' I said. He looked at me vacantly. 'Where?' he asked, at last, choosing and uttering the word with difficulty. Of course, when he said 'Where?' I knew what he meant, and drew his attention to the twenty-foot sign on the side of our depot. 'Delafield,' said he, struggling with the word; 'I don't know where that is.' Then I knew for certain that something had happened to his memory. I took him up to my office, where we had a little talk, and this is the net result of it: We know that we have Henry Sylvester as our guest in Delafield, a stranger within our gates; a stranger to himself no less than to us. Beyond his name and his appearance, we know absolutely nothing about him. He hasn't a scrap of paper that gives the shadow of a clue. Everything that he wears, all the small possessions in his satchel, and the satchel itself, were bought in one of the big stores in Boston. We telephoned to that store with hope in our hearts, but that hope was speedily shattered. Mr. Sylvester is remembered—by description—and the peculiarities of his manner were remarked upon when he made his purchases there, yesterday forenoon; but the salesman who served him, and a member of the firm who noticed him, are perfectly certain that he was a total stranger in that establishment.

"We communicated with the Boston police, and learned that the name Henry W. Sylvester appears in the city directory, but the person bearing it happens to be a policeman, who reported for duty as usual today. He does not resemble the gentleman here present, and no person even remotely answering to that description is missing in Boston, or elsewhere, so far as the authorities know."

"I have a more or less distinct impression that I have never lived in Boston," said Sylvester. "Except for the evidence of my clothes, I should say that I had never been there. However, as I unquestionably bought a suit of clothes there, I must have laid one aside. It can be found, no doubt, and there will be letters or documents to put me in touch with my past. But," he added with decision, "I have made up my mind to stay here a little while, whatever happens, and rest. I hope that you will give me shelter?" he

asked Winifred. "I have money enough for my present needs, and though I seem to be, for a time, cut off from social or commercial guarantees, and even in a sense from my own self-approval, Dr. Gorham has kindly consented to pretend that he knows me, and that I am as worthy as a man in this bad world may reasonably hope to be to come under your roof."

This was a long speech and somewhat carefully expressed, and the effort of uttering it was perceptible upon the speaker. He put his hand to his forehead, and in reply to a question by the doctor he admitted that he felt a strained and painful sensation.

"I would do very little talking today, if I were you," said the doctor, "and no thinking at all, if you can help it. And now, Winnie," he added, "what do you think?"

She answered timidly that she saw no objection, but in reality she began to feel a dread of bargaining with Mr. Sylvester. It seemed mean to ask money of one who came afflicted, to demand a price for hospitality extended to a wanderer uniquely astray. The two men helped her through this difficulty with tact, and in a few minutes Mr. Sylvester was installed in the big eastern room which had formerly been Mr. Locke's. To use the room that had once been her father's gave Winnie an impression of sacrilege, but it was so much less than she had always dreaded it would be, when the question of a boarder had been urged upon her consideration by the committee of relatives, that the girl felt positive relief.

"It does not seem so bad," she said to herself; "he is a gentleman, and besides, he is ill."

III

Returning to the veranda, Winnie was alone there for a few minutes, and then Aunt Lucinda appeared upon the scene. This lady, whose husband had long enjoyed his rest in the village cemetery, lived in the fourth house above Winnie's, and it was set considerably further back from the street than the others. Therefore a person who did not know Aunt Lucinda would have thought it remarkable that she should be the first to be aware that there was a stranger about. Winnie, however, was not surprised, but she was somewhat embarrassed by the necessity for discretion. The secret of Mr. Sylvester's affliction had been given to her in confidence, and to tell Aunt Lucinda was to tell all creation.

"He is a friend of Dr. Gorham's, or an acquaintance at least," said Winnie, in reply to the inevitable question which Aunt Lucinda shot at her the moment she came within range and got her breath.

"Where does he come from?" demanded her inquisitor.

"I—I don't know," stammered Winnie.

Aunt Lucinda was rather too plump, and she had a disquieting habit of settling down into her corset and then struggling up again, —a way which gave the impression that she was coming out for the purpose of doing something desperate.

"I think Dr. Gorham took a good deal upon himself," she said, "to bring a strange man here to live without asking our permission. This has got to be looked into. How do you know but what——"

"The windows are all open, Auntie," said the girl. "I shouldn't like him to hear."

"Well, he won't hear anything but the truth from me," responded the old lady in her peculiarly penetrating voice, "if he listens a year. What I'd like to know is——"

At this moment, to Winnie's inexpressible relief, the door opened and Dr. Gorham came out upon the veranda. He paused near the door, and looked from Winnie to her aunt and back again, in that slow, thoughtful, inferential way which doctors acquire. He was thinking.

"That woman will worm it out of her; or if she doesn't, she'll tackle Sylvester, and that will be tragedy," he said to himself. "It's hard, but I'll have to tell her."

"Mrs. Wells," said he aloud, "I've found a boarder for Winnie. I know you'll be glad because you've been urging her to make a profitable use of the house, having so much more room than she needs."

"Who is he?" demanded Aunt Lucinda, ignoring the implied compliment to her worldly wisdom.

"He's one of my patients," replied the doctor, taking refuge in a hasty, if substantially true, generalization.

"Patients?" she echoed. "What's the matter with him?"

Winnie hastily rose and closed the wooden door behind the swinging screen that served its purpose in summer days.

"He's been overworking a bit," the doctor began, and as he paused Aunt Lucinda subsided into her corset a little way, and asked in a more gentle tone:

"Working at what?"

The doctor surveyed her with eyes that twinkled. He was one who took a pleasure in the observation of human nature, even of the less agreeable types.

"You ought to have been a lawyer, Mrs. Wells," he said. "The truth is that this gentleman is suffering from an unusual but by no means unique affliction; he has completely lost his memory.

He came to Delafield this afternoon, for what purpose we do not know, and happened to make my acquaintance; he consulted me about his difficulty, and I advised him to take a long rest. He seemed to like Delafield, but he didn't like our hotel. Nobody does; but some don't find it out till they've been to dinner. However, the long and the short of it is, that I detected in this gentleman an excellent boarder for Winnie."

Aunt Lucinda came out of her corset slowly, and adjusted her glasses.

"Who's his folks?" she demanded.

"The Sylvesters are a fine old family," said the doctor, lying glibly, for he had never heard of them. "There are a lot of Sylvesters in Cambridge and Arlington. We'll know, in a day or two, all about him."

"Do you mean to say that he doesn't know who he is?" cried the scandalized old lady. "My goodness! A crazy man! And Winnie living in the house with him, totally unprotected!"

"Mr. Sylvester is as sane as I am," said the doctor; "and besides, you forget Winnie's cousin. You'll like him when you see him. He's a man after your own heart, a quiet, refined, cultivated gentleman. If I hadn't felt sure that he was one of whom you'd approve, I never would have recommended him. You see I was trying to help Winnie do what you wanted her to do."

Aunt Lucinda came out of her corset with a steadily increasing momentum which eventually brought her to her feet.

"When you feel another call to be so mighty helpful to our family, Ed. Gorham," she said, "you just let us know beforehand. 'Pears to me we are having trouble enough about Winnie without—"

"He's going to pay fifteen dollars a week," said Winnie desperately.

Aunt Lucinda paused, with her mouth open—it would hardly be accurate to say that she was struck speechless—for the price of board in Delafield rarely exceeded eight dollars. In spite of her resentment toward Dr. Gorham, and her instinctive recognition of the great peril to which a motherless girl would be subjected by close association with a man whose people were unknown in Delafield, the pecuniary advantage loomed large in her mind. She was by nature self-reliant, but there were limits to her confidence in herself; and she was moved to take counsel, the more strongly because of the news which she could tell.

"I'll have to talk this over with William," she said.

Mr. William Locke was at that moment crossing his front yard, with a rake over his shoulder; and Aunt Lucinda, after a

few hurried and meaningless words to Winnie and the doctor, descended the steps and walked away with a heavy tread.

"I'm afraid I've raised a rumpus for you, Winnie," said Dr. Gorham, "but my intentions were good."

The girl had a high color in her cheeks, and her eyes were alight.

"This is my own house," she said; "my father gave it to me. I shall do as I please, so long as I feel that he would approve of it."

"What do you suppose your uncle William will say?"

"Everything's a trouble to Uncle William," she replied, with some slight show of temper. "He will take this very hard. He will advise against keeping Mr. Sylvester, and he will see insurmountable obstacles in the way of turning him out. If you take Uncle William's advice upon any subject and analyze it, you will find that what he really wants is that we shall all die and go to heaven, because that's a place where nothing unusual ever happens. The trouble with this world, in Uncle William's view, is that it won't run in one rut."

"And your cousin Helen?"

"She will think in accord with the last person who's been talking with her," said Winnie. "Her natural idea, however, will be that Providence has sent Mr. Sylvester here to marry me."

IV

Winnie was well aware that there had been a family council in the latter part of the afternoon, and she had expected to receive a deputation even before supper. When Uncle William came alone, after the meal, she knew that the matter had been taken very seriously. Aunt Lucinda might have come to announce a decision; but so grave a thing as an indecision could be properly stated by no one except Uncle William.

Mr. Sylvester had walked down to the region of the stores.

"I have a suspicion that I am a smoker," he had said to Winnie, "though no tobacco was found in my possession. I am going to see whether cigars tempt me. If it should prove that I have the failing, will it be permissible to yield to it occasionally on this veranda?"

Having received a gracious affirmative, Mr. Sylvester raised his hat with such fine courtesy that Cousin Helen was quite flustered; and she was launching out into extravagant praise almost before the young man was beyond hearing, when her flow of language was repressed by the sight of Uncle William coming somberly up across the unfenced ground between the two houses.

Mr. Locke had a scholarly, high-domed head, full of quaint and curious learning which gave him great repute in the town. He had an accurate knowledge of the English language, which, however, he habitually abused—a result of conforming in his earlier years, for reasons of business, to the speech of the farmers who traded at his store.

"Wa—al!" said he. "Wa—al! What's this I hear?"

Uncle William's introductory remarks were always spoken in a cheerful, bantering tone. This was a matter of principle with him; it was a sort of notice that though the world was undoubtedly an evil place, he himself was still undismayed.

"I've got a boarder," said Winnie, inwardly hardening herself against opposition.

"A gentleman without a past," said Uncle William. "That's good; very good, so long as it lasts. However, we must remember that the past is in the future, so to speak; and the future is something to be afraid of, always."

"I'm not a bit afraid of it," said Winnie.

Then Uncle William came down to business. He spoke kindly, and he enunciated many wise principles; but the difficulty was that he did not tell Winnie what she ought to do with Mr. Sylvester. His remarks might have all been summed up in the disjointed sentence with which he was wont to cover his retreat from a disputed position:

"Lookin' at this matter soberly"—a pause—"sometimes I think"—another pause—"and then, again, I don't know."

It had been suggested that Uncle William might come up and stay at Winnie's house for a few days, but, on the other hand, Mr. Sylvester might think that this was odd.

"Yes," said Winnie, "I should think he might."

Again it had been suggested that Mr. Sylvester might have a room at Uncle William's; the attic chamber was unoccupied. Looking at this in another light, however, it might be seen that Mr. Sylvester couldn't be made to take the attic chamber if he didn't chance to like it.

"I think I'd rather either board Mr. Sylvester or not board him," said Winnie; "I don't want to try to do both at the same time."

Uncle William shook his head in a way that meant much; but, unfortunately, he did not say anything. The upshot of it was that he went home at last with the burden of decision still upon him.

Presently, Mr. Sylvester came back smoking a good cigar; and he and Winnie and Cousin Helen—the latter progressively

somnolent, yet always happy—sat up till eleven o'clock, a shockingly late hour for Delafield.

The next day the boarder came down to breakfast looking so much improved that Winnie expected to hear the story of his life immediately; but before the meal was over he confessed cheerfully, yet with obvious perplexity, that he had conquered not a single stronghold from the enemy of darkness that had stolen his past.

Dr. Gorham called shortly after breakfast, and the two men had a long talk. At its close the doctor told Winnie that he could not see any important change in his patient's condition.

"We have arranged to take some steps toward a proper investigation of the affair," said he, "but we shall proceed quietly. Mr. Sylvester would be sorry to see his case get into the newspapers. And speaking of Aunt Lucinda, have you seen her this morning?"

"No," answered Winnie, "but I am dreading it."

That her words were not idle was presently proven. Aunt Lucinda appeared, and in her most painful mood. She had made up her mind during the night. Mr. Sylvester was an impostor; nobody ever had any such disease as he pretended to have. Aunt Lucinda flattered herself that she knew a thing or two about sickness; she ought to; she'd had enough of it in her own family. She had seen people out of their heads in fevers, lots of them, and as crazy as a fiddler's elbow; but they always came out of it all right. She had seen crazy people, too.

"Mark my words," said Aunt Lucinda, "this man's got an object. He knows all about himself, but he ain't tellin' it. You wait till I get a chance to talk to him."

At this Winnie went cold from head to foot. She realized that a conversation between Mr. Sylvester and Aunt Lucinda could not redound to the credit of the family. The boarder had gone out for a walk, and fortunately Aunt Lucinda's household duties tore her away before his return. When he came back he sat with Winnie on the veranda, and it was then that she first became aware of a peculiar effect of his presence, a trembling of the heart that was not altogether due to the sound of his voice, but was certainly accentuated by it. She was not a girl much given to embarrassment, yet she spoke timidly to her guest, and was unreasonably anxious not to say anything silly. He seemed vastly superior to any one whom she had ever known before; and though his conversation was limited to commonplace topics, it seemed to possess a fascination and an importance quite peculiar. Without entering into any analysis, she decided that the root of it was in his manner.

"This is very restful," he said, leaning back in a comfortable

chair ; " and, by the effect of contrast, it suggests that I must have had an occupation. What would you say that I did for a living ?"

" You may have been a man of leisure," she said.

" I hope so," he replied with a smile. " Something seems to tell me that I was quite well off, or that I was going to be. I may have had some sort of expectations." He repeated the last word, as if trying to fix it in his memory.

" It is strange," he continued, " I never know what I am going to say until the word comes. I have an idea, and it seems to me that I have no means of expressing it. My mind is blank in the matter of words, but they fly out like sparks from a dark background. By the way, I met a relative of yours while I was taking my walk—Mr. William Locke—a very interesting and impressive man, with quite a philosophical turn of mind."

" What did he say to you ?" asked Winnie anxiously.

" We talked about the weather and the crops," replied Sylvester. " I don't know much about those subjects, and so I couldn't say anything worth while, nor even fully understand what your uncle said. I couldn't make out whether he thought things were good or bad, upon the whole ; but he left the general impression with me that they were bad."

" Yes," said Winnie, " that was my uncle William. He is a very kind-hearted and good man."

" Clearly, clearly," responded Sylvester. " He took great interest in my case, and asked me some very intelligent questions ; which I couldn't answer, of course."

" You mustn't mind our curiosity," said Winnie, blushing. " We have so little to interest us in this quiet town."

" If I am subjecting you to any inconvenience by my presence in your house," said he, " you must not fail to warn me instantly."

Winnie raged internally at Uncle William. All the wilfulness of her nature, which was by no means devoid of that quality, rose up in arms and accepted war. The conduct of her venerable relative seemed monstrous to her. How dared he take this underhand way of accomplishing something which he had lacked the open courage to advise ? Mr. Sylvester was a man marked out for sympathy ; to give him food and shelter was a Christian virtue. He should stay under her roof as long as he pleased, and her relatives might talk until they deafened one another, but it would make no difference.

" You are very welcome here," she said. " This house was my father's, and now it is mine. He would have wished you to stay, and I wish it. You will learn that I never say what I do not mean."

V

Sylvester had been fully a month in Delafield before there was any advance beyond the bounds of friendly comradeship; and even then it was not much—the shadow of a caress. He was standing behind her chair on the veranda, in the moonlight, and he bent down and touched his lips to her hair. She neither saw nor felt, yet she knew. And unfortunately Cousin Helen had been standing just within the screen door.

To be plain about it, Cousin Helen was delighted. She wished that he had kissed Winifred good and hard; then she would have known that Mr. Sylvester was coming into the family. He was the nicest man that Cousin Helen had ever known; she had declared it in the family council with a rashness that frightened her dreadfully. But by this time she was thoroughly won.

When she saw Mr. Sylvester yield to temptation she was really flustered with happiness, and remained very still behind the screen door, hoping to hear a declaration. But Mr. Sylvester had been speaking of impersonal topics before he kissed Winifred's hair, and he continued to speak of them afterwards.

The next day, in one of those moments of mental aberration which were not rare with Cousin Helen, she confided to Uncle William that she believed that Winnie's future was assured. That was the way she expressed it; and naturally so wise a man as Uncle William inquired what she meant. He found out without much trouble; and then he really had something on his mind which was worthy of such a mind as his. He could see disaster in every direction. He was sure that, while there was no knowing what would come of this, it would undoubtedly be the very calamity which he himself had predicted, but he did not say just what that was.

Cousin Helen was frightened, and she ran home and told Winnie what she had done. Winnie was aghast. She was as near to being angry with Cousin Helen as it was possible for a sweet-tempered and self-restraining young woman to be with a human dumpling.

"Even if Mr. Sylvester did this," said Winnie, "I don't think it was a crime. I didn't know anything about it. He didn't really try to kiss me, Cousin Helen, and he has been so fine and courteous! Oh, why in the world did you say anything about it?"

Cousin Helen was in tears by this time, and the only reply she could muster was that she had "tried to act for the best." This made Winnie laugh, and went far to restore her equanimity. But trouble was really brewing now, and in her heart she knew it.

The next morning when Mr. Sylvester went out for his usual walk, he encountered Uncle William, quite by accident it would seem. There was a long, circuitous, and dismal conversation, and Mr. Sylvester came home at last with a headache. In the meanwhile Winnie had been entertaining Aunt Lucinda, who had given the girl "a piece of her mind." Things had reached a climax.

After Aunt Lucinda had gone Winnie went upstairs, and as she passed the door of Mr. Sylvester's room she heard him stirring about. The intuitions of a woman in love are surprisingly accurate. Probably the best detective in the world would not have guessed what Mr. Sylvester was doing, but Winnie knew that he was packing his trunk. He had bought one, and a liberal supply of clothing, since coming to Delafield.

Winnie paused irresolute in the hall, and suddenly Sylvester ceased from his labors and came out. The girl wished to flee, but she could not; she seemed to be destitute of the power of decision.

When Sylvester appeared, his face and manner were more changed from what they had been at first than Winnie had yet seen them. She set it down to trouble. It was her theory that Mr. Sylvester had not got well, but on the contrary had in certain ways progressed further from himself, because of the worry which had been brought upon him by the committee of relatives. She now beheld him, therefore, with eyes of sympathy, blind to all defects.

"I am going away, Miss Locke," he said; and then, abruptly: "Are you sorry?"

Winnie was startled; the tone was unlike him.

"Yes," she said, "I am very sorry, yet I cannot urge you to stay. Everything has been made so unpleasant for you."

"*Au contraire*—," he began, and stopped, with his hands upon his forehead.

It was one of his recently developed peculiarities that he would begin a sentence in French and be unable to finish it. He seemed to have, indeed, less knowledge of that language than Winnie had. He could make nothing at all of a French book which she had given him one day, by way of experiment.

"On the contrary," said he, slowly, "my stay has been made far too pleasant. It is too hard for me to go away."

Winnie stood trembling. She dared not trust herself to speak.

"All the same," he continued, with his most pronounced Gallic accent, "I must go. It is better that we say no more; I must go."

He lifted both hands in a very Frenchy way, and, turning about, went slowly and somewhat heavily down the stairs.

"If I had been permitted to care for him as I would have done," said the girl to herself, "if his mind might have been absolutely at peace in this home of mine——"

The tears rushed suddenly to her eyes, and she groped her way to her own room. Her heart was deeply grieved, and she was very bitter against those who, in her opinion, had done so great and cruel a wrong.

Mr. Sylvester was gone about an hour, and when he returned he told her that he had decided to go to New York. For this journey it would be advisable for him to take a carriage to South Framingham, where a better railroad connection could be made than by means of the branch. Winnie did not attempt to dissuade him, but her heart felt as if it had stopped.

In the afternoon a carriage appeared before the door. Cousin Helen was locked in her room. She had fled there after a gulping good-by to Mr. Sylvester.

Winnie stood by the front door. She could hear Sylvester's step in his room upstairs, and she traced every movement, though he came softly, until he stood before her with extended hand.

"Miss Locke," he said, "I don't seem to have bidden you good-by at all. I don't know how."

"If you ever come to Delafield again——" she began.

It was what she was trying not to say.

"That is impossible," said he. "I may go abroad."

He stopped as if in the middle of a sentence, and looked out toward the carriage, where the trunk had just been deposited.

"Come with me to South Framingham," said Sylvester suddenly. "There are still many things we wish to say, and I cannot wait. I have not too much time now."

It was insanity, this ride. Winifred knew it as well as it is possible for a mortal creature to know anything, and yet she yielded. Cousin Helen, from the window above, saw Sylvester help the girl into the carriage. She knew that she ought to do something, but she was incapable of any decisive effort; and so, as the two rode away, Cousin Helen beat feebly with her hands upon the wire screen in the window.

The way was not long. Winnie might be expected home by six; and Cousin Helen was upon the veranda by half-past five, impatient and nervous. Soon it was half-past six, and still there was no sign of Winnie.

At last Cousin Helen heard a rattling of wheels. She had a momentary hope, but the vehicle proved to be coming the wrong way. It was Dr. Gorham's carriage. The doctor leaped out before

it had fairly stopped, and came running up the walk, holding a bit of paper in his hand.

"Good God!" he cried. "Look at this. They're married!"

As a physician, he should have known better, but at least his medical knowledge availed him in bringing Cousin Helen out of the faint into which she had instantly fallen.

They were married; there could be no doubt of it. They had risked all. A man with less than two hundred dollars for his whole fortune, without occupation, without friends or influence anywhere, so far as he could tell; with a past that might hold honor or shame, or a vow that would make him a criminal and disgrace indelibly the woman he had that day sworn to love and cherish—such a man, in the face of such a mystery, had dared to stand in the sight of heaven and make promises which an hour might bring to naught. It was not a pleasant thing to think of; and if Cousin Helen cried all night, and Dr. Gorham half-stifled himself with tobacco smoke in his office until the dawn, it is not to be wondered at.

VI

A week later the bridal pair came home. Cousin Helen was taken by surprise, but did her feeble best in the way of congratulations. She thought that they were looking very well; but Dr. Gorham, when he saw them next day, was of an entirely different opinion.

"Whatever it is that has wrecked this man's mind," he said to himself, "it has got him harder than ever now. He's more of a Frenchman; that's sure."

If Sylvester's condition was worse, however, he seemed not to know it. The doctor was deeply angry with him for having married Winnie, and the first interview heightened the feeling. After it, Gorham would have given his right hand to have his conscience clear in the matter. He saw little of Winnie in the first week. One day she came to his office with trouble in her eyes.

"Dr. Gorham," she said, "don't you think we might do more for my husband? He is ill, just as he was when he came here. It is nearly two months, and we have accomplished nothing, for he is drifting further and further away from himself."

"Winnie," said he, "I am bound by the vows of my profession. Will you speak to me in confidence? I shall ask no idle questions. Do you love him? If it were to do over again, would you marry him?"

"Certainly, I would marry him," she replied gravely, "if I had not already done so. Nothing shall ever separate me from him."

"You have answered me perfectly," said the doctor. "The essence of the trouble is the change in him. His loss of memory is no marvel; it is in all the books. But I am incompetent to deal with that which has followed it, and I can find no authority. I shall take advice about it tomorrow, however; I am going to Boston to consult with experts; I may bring one of them out here with me."

"I am glad," said Winnie. "Whatever this may cost, tell me and I will pay it."

The doctor looked grave.

"That brings me to a question which I hate to ask," he said; "but I cannot help it. What does Mr. Sylvester intend to do for a living? His money must be nearly gone, and the little that you have ——"

"I shall tell you a secret," she said. "My husband has effected a settlement of my interest in the factory. I have sold it for fifteen thousand dollars, and my husband has found an excellent investment for the money."

"What is this investment, if I may ask?" he said.

"It is the Langdon quarry," she replied. "My husband buys from the Langdon estate a tenth interest in the quarry, and he gets a position with the company."

The doctor heaved a sigh of relief.

"Now, that's business," he said. "Come, let's cheer up. Those people are going to make money over there. I've looked into it. I'd rather have a tenth interest there than forty law suits. Mr. Sylvester has done mighty well. By Jove! this makes me feel that everything will come around all right."

Winnie's eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"I would burn this money on a bonfire in our yard," she said; "I'd burn the house with it, and give up the land, and go out into the world without a home or a penny, if he could be as he was when I first knew him."

The next day Dr. Gorham went to Boston on the earliest train, and called upon several men who were eminent in his profession. The opinions which he obtained were on the whole rather disquieting, for the general view seemed to be that Sylvester was probably a fraud. When the doctor boarded the train for Delafield, his mind was so deeply engrossed with the problem presented by this case that for twenty miles he rode in the same car with Sylvester and did not know it. During the last part of the way, however,

they talked together, and Dr. Gorham, fresh from conference with his professional brethren, was much inclined to concur with them. At least, it now seemed plausible to him that Sylvester's French accent and ways had been laboriously assumed as a disguise; that he had practiced them, so to speak, in the seclusion of Delafield for his greater security when he should go forth into the world. This spelled crime, and Dr. Gorham was sick to the soul at the thought of it.

The suspicion haunted him all night, and at last drove him to an extreme decision. In pursuance of it, he took the train next morning for Undercliff, where the Langdon quarry was. The result justified his worst fears. There had been no bargain with Sylvester; the Langdons had never seen him.

Gorham returned to Delafield with set teeth. There he found a telegram from the Boston detective bureau:

"Look out for woman to identify H. S. This is not through us. We have no facts except that she is probably from New York. We have her name as Grace Lockwood, probably Mrs."

If this should portend the final blow, the sooner it descended the better. A little later, thought the doctor, and the money would have been gone beyond recall. He hurried to Winnie's house, and as he approached it he saw a strange carriage coming down the hill. A man and a woman, besides the driver, were in it; and the doctor, now a very bundle of suspicions, felt a presentiment that Mrs. Grace Lockwood had come for a missing husband. Gorham stood by the gate, waiting. He glanced toward the house, and saw no one, but heard Winnie playing softly on the piano in the parlor. Sylvester was probably with her, and the doctor ground his teeth at the thought. The man in the carriage appeared to be elderly, tall, and of slender build. He stepped nimbly out, and gave his hand to the lady with the somewhat pronounced courtesy of years ago. As she and her escort turned toward the house the doctor was directly in their path. He raised his hat, and the old gentleman gravely returned the salute.

"I beg your pardon," the doctor began; but at that instant he heard a voice that checked him instantly. It was Sylvester's, as Gorham had first heard it; indeed, even beyond that, for it had no trace of accent. The man was standing by the parlor window, and he cried:

"Grace! why, it's Grace! I don't understand."

The lady leaned suddenly upon the old gentleman's arm. Her face was pale. "It is he," she whispered, "I am frightened!"

Her escort opened his lips to speak, with the air of one who

would say, "Courage!" But instantly there came cries from the house. Winnie's frightened face looked out. "Doctor! Dr. Gorham! come quickly!" she cried.

Gorham ran like a boy, and the others followed at their best. In the parlor Sylvester was sitting in a chair by the window; he was rigid and white. Winnie held one of his hands in both of hers, and she was calling upon him frantically. The fleeing figure of Cousin Helen was visible beyond a doorway.

"He has fainted!" exclaimed Winnie. "Hurry! hurry!"

"I don't think it is serious," said the doctor calmly. "It will not last long. Let him sit here by the window."

His tone reassured Winnie. She turned toward her visitors and uttered a cry that had a hint of joy in it, amazing to the doctor.

"Why!" she said, advancing toward the lady, "you're his sister, aren't you?"

"Yes," was the answer. "But what has happened? Why is he here?"

"He came to this town ill," said Winnie. "He had lost his memory. You must have had some information of his state, or you would not be here?"

"We had read and heard something of it," was the reply, "but the name deceived us, though there are reasons why it might have been a clue. But it was incorrectly spelled—not in the French manner, as it should have been. Henri Sylvester is—is one whom we know."

"And not he!" cried Winnie, as if in triumph.

"No, indeed. He is Frederick Lockwood. I am Grace Lockwood, his sister, as you guessed."

Throughout this conversation the man hitherto known as Henry Sylvester had not moved, nor had he given any sign of hearing. The doctor had watched him narrowly, and now said: "I think it would be best if he should lie down. With your help," he added, turning to the old gentleman, "I think I could carry him upstairs."

"Mr. Douglas Stanton," said Miss Lockwood, by way of introduction. "Mr. Stanton is a lawyer, and has long had charge of many interests for our family."

"I am Dr. Gorham," said the physician, "and this young lady is—Mrs. Lockwood, as it now appears."

"I am your brother's wife," said Winnie, with a strange and charming mixture of humility and pride.

It will be admitted that the situation presented many difficulties

for Miss Lockwood, but she met them in a way which challenged the doctor's admiration.

"I will trust my own intuition and my brother's heart," she said, quickly and sympathetically, "that this is the beginning of much happiness for all of us."

"And now," said the doctor hastily, for he was afraid that Winnie would break down under the strain of this amazing interview, "if Mr. Stanton will kindly lend a hand."

They were about to lift Lockwood from his chair, but some veiled consciousness of his perceived their wish. He rose, and guided by the doctor, walked from the room and up the stairs.

The chamber that had been Winnie's from her early girlhood was wide and cool. There was a dainty freshness in all its pretty furnishings, and the faint delicate perfume of blossoms here and there in little antique vases seemed altogether befitting. Miss Lockwood, bred in luxury, saw the room, and its sweet simplicity touched her heart. She laid her hand upon Winnie's shoulder with a sudden impulsive caress, as the doctor was silently persuading Lockwood to lie down upon a couch by the window.

"He needs only rest," said Gorham. "The shock of seeing you, Miss Lockwood, has set up heaven knows what mysterious process of adjustment in his brain. We must wait for its completion. And meanwhile I would like to ask a question or two. Who is this Henri Sylvester, and why was he so much upon your brother's mind?"

"There is a certain young woman," said Miss Lockwood slowly, "a Miss Dunscombe—now Mrs. Sylvester—for they were married on the twentieth of July."

"My own wedding day," whispered Winnie.

"Mr. Sylvester is a man of French extraction, about whom we really know very little. But we do not think well of him. My brother was engaged to Miss Dunscombe and—and she came to prefer Sylvester. It would seem incredible if you knew both men. My brother took it very much to heart, though I do not believe that he was truly in love with Miss Dunscombe. I think he had made a mistake. It matters little now, however. It was certainly a great grief and a great mystery to him when Miss Dunscombe set him aside. He believed that Mr. Sylvester had unworthy motives; that he was tempted by some small property of Miss Dunscombe, the value of which he greatly exaggerated. Just what Mr. Sylvester's intention was my brother could not divine; and he was continually brooding upon the matter. At last he determined to go to France, where more might be learned of the man's antecedents. My brother

was to sail from Boston. We supposed that he had sailed; and it is only recently that we discovered that he had not reached his destination. His baggage was upon a ship ——"

"So that's where it went, eh?" said the doctor; and then—"do you observe any change in your brother's appearance? The moustache and beard, of course—but is there anything more?"

Miss Lockwood regarded her brother closely, as he lay seemingly asleep.

"It is fading," she said, with a shudder, "but beyond a doubt there was at first a suggestion of ——"

"Of Sylvester?" said the doctor.

Miss Lockwood bowed.

There was silence for a few minutes; and then the man upon the couch stirred and stretched his arms. His eyes swept the group and rested affectionately upon Miss Lockwood.

"Hello, Gracie, girl!" said he. "Isn't this a dear little room? How did we get here?"

The voice and manner sent a thrill through Winnie's heart, and through the doctor's as well. Winnie knelt softly beside the couch.

"He has come back," she said. "I thank God with all my heart."

Lockwood laid his arm across her shoulders as she knelt, and looked at her with a deep inquiry, a perplexity relieved by hope.

"I do not know who you are," he said, "yet I know that it is good for us to be here together."

The doctor made a pretence of dust in his eyes, and sought for an escape from his emotion.

"I wonder what has become of Cousin Helen," he said; and as no one replied, he hurried downstairs.

He found that lady sitting on the floor beside the table in the dining-room, just recovering from a state of unconsciousness.

VII

Lockwood's recovery was rapid. Upon the second day the doctor thought it safe to speak to him about business. What had he done with Winnie's fifteen thousand dollars?

Lockwood was entirely unable to answer the question. He had no recollection of anything whatever that had occurred during his stay in Delafield, with the exception of a few fleeting memories of Winnie, which seemed all to be of the earliest date. He remembered how the veranda looked on that first day, and how the girl had seemed to him so sweet a vision; but all was vague, even in

regard to her; and as to the money, he knew absolutely nothing. The loss mattered little, however, for Lockwood was very rich; yet the mystery cried out for solution.

After much study upon it, the doctor remembered his visit to Boston, and the fact that Lockwood had ridden out with him that day. Working upon this clew, the money was found in the safe of a Boston hotel. It was not quite the full amount, but the deficiency was explained by the presence in the package of a ticket upon an ocean steamer. It was enough to freeze his soul with horror, yet beyond a doubt Lockwood, while playing the part of Sylvester, had planned to rob his wife of every penny she possessed, and to run away across the sea!

To Lockwood this was utterly beyond realization. There was in his nature none of that covert sympathy with baseness which disfigures many souls that still escape clear from the grosser forms of temptation.

"It will make me humble, however," he said, to Dr. Gorham. "I shall have to be a better fellow because of it. I love her very dearly," he added, suddenly clasping the doctor's arm in a tight grip. "My love has sprung out of the darkness full grown. Fate has been good to me."

The doctor replied somewhat conventionally, and then sank into meditation. They were riding to Delafield upon the train.

"I'd like to know what that man Sylvester has been doing," said Gorham. "I am no mystic, and yet—there's something here."

"Mr. Stanton is on his way to New York," replied Lockwood. "We may hear from him about it. He has the subject in mind."

They heard upon the following day, and it appeared that Sylvester had turned his wife's small fortune into cash, and had fled. He sailed on the day that Lockwood would have sailed from Boston, and, but for the mysterious suggestion derived from Lockwood's purchase of the ticket, Sylvester might not have been caught at the end of his voyage. The cable intercepted him, however, and most of his plunder was recovered.

It was Aunt Lucinda's opinion that there were more mysteries hidden than had yet been revealed, and "that Mr. Lockwood, or whatever his name is today," as she was fond of saying, "was a suspicious character." Uncle William contented himself with calling attention to the fact that he had always said there might be another view of the matter. "This shows that it's always wise to look on both sides," said he; "you never can tell. Even now I have a feelin' that something's likely to happen; and then again it may not."



The French Republic Tottering

France is on the eve of being replaced by a military dictatorship or a consulate, which will be the preliminary either to the empire or the monarchy. Out of a hundred Frenchmen, seventy-five are eager for the crisis and the end of the present *régime*. While making war against religious ideas, the government for the last ten years has been enrolling timid Catholics, who believe themselves to be obeying the instructions of Leo XIII in adhering to the republic. The accession of Pius X has had an unfavorable effect upon this policy. Constitutional Catholics, breaking with the republic, are now for the most part turning either to royalism or to the empire.

Radical socialism is also undermining the republic. Part of their programme includes these measures: (1) The replacing of free schools and congregational teachers by official schools and lay teachers; (2) the creation of an old-age pension fund; (3) the creation of a second pension fund for the working classes. According to the calculations of the most competent authorities, the sum total of these economic provisions would require a minimum annual expenditure of 1,000 millions. Wealthy Frenchmen, foreseeing this spoliation, have been taking precautions for the last two years against the future exactions of the treasury. The greater number of our stockholders have placed their capital in England, Belgium, and Switzerland. All the burden of the new taxes will thus fall upon merchants, functionaries, and employees. These three social categories, thus oppressed, will be obliged to sell their shares.

There is only one power capable of counterbalancing the power of finance, and that is the army. Alas! for the last three years the French army has caused nothing but disappointments to those who care for it most. Without vigor or energy, it has not been able to protect itself against its enemies. M. Combes is a man of limited intelligence, who only perceives the immediate results of his actions, and does not even suspect their future consequences. But among those who urge him on to violence and failure, several tricksters may be found, who are carefully calculating the result of the blows which M. Combes is striking, by their orders, at French society, and who are thought to be covenanting with the enemies of the republic!—"*Normannus*" in *The Fortnightly Review*.

Brain Addresses Brawn on the Labor Problem

In answer to the question: "What modifications of existing labor conditions will tend toward permanent industrial peace and be absolutely consistent with the democratic ideal of liberty?" I would recommend: (1) *Steadiness of employment* as reasonably desired by both the workmen and the employer. . . . The instant dismissal of the laborer by the employer, except for the clearest reasons, is brutal, and inconsistent with considerate relations between labor and capital; and even sudden reductions in the working force of a large establishment without notice of previous concert are

lamentable, although sometimes unavoidable. . . . The automatic sliding scale of wages also offers advantages in promoting steadiness of employment, and prevents the contests which the inevitable fluctuations of wages are apt to provoke.

(2) Another common need for workmen and employers is that condition of labor which permits *the laborer to have a settled place of abode.* A nomad population can hardly be a civilized one. Only a firmly settled laboring population, which desires and expects to pass its life in one spot, can be really happy and contented and produce good citizens. . . . It follows that employers or associations of employers that import, or bring from afar, wandering workpeople having no local attachments, impair the prospect of establishing just and satisfactory relations between capital and labor.

(3) It is desirable to give the workmen two things which they now but rarely obtain: *First, a voice in the discipline of the works*, including that very important part of discipline, the dealing with complaints; and, *secondly, a direct pecuniary interest besides wages* in the proceeds of the combined application of the capital and the labor to the steady production of salable goods. . . . They almost unanimously believe that it is both right and expedient that they should have a voice in regard to the discipline of the establishment. They also believe, almost unanimously, that the faithful and industrious workman who works for years in the same industrial establishment has earned something more than the wages paid him. They believe that he has contributed to the reputation of the product and therefore to the good will of the establishment, and that he should have some pecuniary share in the value of that reputation and that good will. They recognize the fact that only the settled or reasonably permanent workman has any claim on this intangible and yet real something. The transitory workman who shifts from one factory to another is evidently entitled to his wages only.

These two provisions—a voice in the discipline of the works and a share in the pecuniary value of the good will—would give the workingman something indispensable to a satisfactory working life, namely, the opportunity and purpose to serve generously and proudly the establishment or institution with which the workman is connected. This is one of the deep, permanent satisfactions of human life, and I cannot call any conditions of employment humane which make that satisfaction unattainable. Looking back on my own working life, spent in the service of a single institution, I see clearly what a happy privilege it is to give unstinted service to an undying institution in whose permanent and enlarging serviceableness one ardently believes. — *Address by President Eliot, of Harvard, to the Boston Central Labor Union.*

How Books Achieve Circulation

There appears to have arisen in the publishing trade in recent times a new theory and practice in the exploitation of novels and other books, a theory which seems to lose sight of past experience and to savor of the methods of advertising hitherto used chiefly in the making known of the excellences of patent medicines and other similar wares.

This new publishing practice seems to be the outcome of a theory that it is merely necessary to make the title of a book known by means of advertising and its author's personality familiar to newspaper readers, in order to make the work in question successful from the standpoint of sale and in demand for general reading, without any regard to the book's real appeal to the reading public, whether from the standpoint of interest, real value as literature, or the imparting of useful information.

It may be confessed that at the outset the "new method" has been attended with some success, and in one or two cases, where the method was used to exploit novels of no particular goodness or the reverse, extraordinary sales have followed, especially where the novels so exploited followed on the heels of really popular books, and especially also when these latter were imitated by the successors in question.

The success which attended the movement in these cases led to its adoption by many publishers, and finally to the exploiting of all novels in the same manner, the only results finally attained being an increase



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ILLUMINATION OF AMERICAN WARSHIPS AT HONOLULU



LEW WALLACE

George Brehm in the Indianapolis Star

of expense on the part of the publishers for advertising, and the filling of the columns of the daily and weekly newspapers with inane, and often offensive, personalities about authors and their works.

The fact seems to be that the so-called reading public is not, by any means, a constant quantity. A *David Harum* or a *Richard Carvel* is published, and in some unexplained manner hundreds of thousands of readers buy and enjoy their reading, and the appetite for reading is fostered, and finds new adherents. The publishers, alive to the increased number of readers, "exploit" a book unworthy of large circulation and uninteresting from the standpoint of the reading public, and, as has been pointed out before, the public gets taken in, and worthless books find a short-lived, unusual circulation, with the result that thousands of people, who would otherwise become habitual readers, are turned in other directions for amusement and instruction. It is also a fact to be noted here that the amount of money spent by the publishers in exploiting *David Harum* and *Richard Carvel* was not nearly so great as that since used in "booming" novels that have not enjoyed one-tenth of their sale.

Few people, probably, today read Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, which, nevertheless, remains perhaps the best story of its class, and was for many months more read and talked of than any novel of its time, its sale probably having reached half a million copies. Yet, on publication, it met only a lukewarm reception, and, passing from the hands of one publisher to



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

George Brehm in the Indianapolis Star



GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

George Brehm in the Indianapolis Star

another, was not pushed as some recent novels have been.

No recent book has repeated, I think, in the course of its publication, the experience of Mrs. Ward's *Robert Elsmere*, which was given away as a premium with a bar of soap—common washing soap at that—and the incident, though amusing, is not, perhaps, particularly apropos of our theme, which is to show how books achieve circulation; yet *Robert Elsmere* is, nevertheless, an excellent example for our purpose. Published before the days of international copyright, its American publishers had little incentive to make it popular, to do so being merely to run the risk of piracy. Yet of their comparatively expensive edition tens of thousands were sold, and in the various pirated editions which afterwards appeared, the book must have circulated upwards of a million copies, and without advertising or exploitation of any kind, in the modern sense of the word.

I do not mean for a moment to decry the value of judicious advertising or the value of careful reviewing in furthering the sale of books, but to maintain that the most that either or both of these can do is to introduce a book to the beginning of its circle of readers, and to assert that most of the present exploitation of books is, in fact, a detriment to their sale, and that it tends to the narrowing of the possible circle of readers for all books.

The publisher of a book introduces it to its first circle of readers, and the sale the book finally achieves depends almost altogether upon its contents and its interest



NEWTON BOOTH TARKINGTON

George Brehm in the Indianapolis Star

for the reading public. In other words, it seems likely that the most effective, and, indeed, only really effective advertising that a book gets is the opinion formed of it by its readers and repeated, in the case of a strong and virile book, from mouth to mouth in increasing circles of readers.—*George P. Brett* in *The Outlook*.

The Peril of the Peerage!

The number of American heiresses who have recently married peers, or their relatives, is really formidable, as Lady Sykes points out in her novel, *Algernon Casterton*. Now, an heiress nearly always comes of an unhealthy or barren stock, else she would not be an heiress. As a rule an heiress is an only child. American fortunes are so gigantic that sometimes there is enough to make a millionaire brother and millionaire sister, or even two of the latter. But it will not be denied that American girls, whether from their climate, their diet, their habits, or the exciting, wearing life of their fathers, are not so strong and healthy as English girls. Their choice, therefore, by the best Englishmen as wives cannot, on physical grounds, be a matter of congratulation. With regard to the moral and mental constitution of the American woman, Lady Sykes pronounces her to be cold, calculating, and devoted to the pleasure of social excitement. Like all judgments of the kind, this is perhaps too sweeping, but who can deny that there is much truth in it? It does not require any very intimate knowledge of life in the United States to be aware that the father or husband is regarded by his womenkind as a mere machine for the production of dollars, to be squandered on dresses, diamonds, and visits to London and Paris. The calm way in which the American man is left at home, while his wife and daughters are scattering thousands in European hotels, must often have struck the observant. This sort of arrangement does not tend to stimulate the domestic affections, or to cultivate a sense of duty in any sphere. It inevitably makes women exacting, heartless, and sensual. The English girl of the upper class, with whom the American millionairess must be compared, is brought up in a well-ordered, old-established country home, where she has a variety of healthy interests, her brothers' sports, her father's politics, her neighbours and the poor. She likes London, to be sure, and dresses and dances, but in moderation; these are not her only interests, and she is quite capable of sitting still in a room. Substitute for the well-bred English girl the American heiress as the ruler of society, and the result must be the materialization of the tone of society, the substitution of a restless craving for excitement, *coûte que coûte*, for the calm and comely ease of the great lady of the old school. The constant changing of gowns of fabulous cost, tearing about in the latest and most expensive motor-car, trapesing from one social function to another, dining by preference in a crowded restaurant—such is the serious business of an American woman of wealth. And when one reflects that these are going to be the mothers of our future aristocrats, it is impossible not to share Lady Sykes' uneasiness.—*The Saturday Review*.

England's Premier Duke

Much interest has been aroused by the wedding of the Duke of Norfolk, not because it was several times postponed, nor yet because at last we have a duchess who is not an American, but for the simple reason that the bridegroom is the most picturesque figure in the English nobility. He is no upstart of Tudor or Stuart days. His title stretches back to the remoter time of Richard III. Like his bride, the Duke remains true to the Roman faith—a fidelity which seems at times to conflict with the obligations attending his hereditary position as Chamberlain. At the Coronation, for instance, the Duke had to listen to a declaration that his dearest religious conviction was a blasphemy; while at Rome, which he visited as a pilgrim, his pronouncement in favor of the temporal power caused diplomatic difficulties with Italy. The Duke of Norfolk retains quite a number of feudal privileges. Whenever he so desires, he may demand from the Committee of Defence and the Inspector-General an escort of cavalry. When an English sovereign is crowned, the Duke of Norfolk is entitled to receive a golden wine-cup. But, apart from these ceremonial rights, the present Duke, regardless of dress and silent in manner, occupies



Photograph by Russell & Sons

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, K.G.

RECENTLY MARRIED—BUT NOT TO AN AMERICAN HEIRESS!

a position of his own in the public estimation. Certain stories about him have become classical. He has been ordered to get out of the way of his own carriage. Old ladies visiting his grounds have scolded him for not obeying the printed instructions to "Keep off the grass." As Postmaster-General he was on one occasion only able to secure attention from a clerk by addressing a telegram to St. Martin's-le-Grand signed "Norfolk, Postmaster-General." Of another duke, whose signature was a county and whose costume was fustian, the story is told that a bank clerk declared, "My dear sir, we want your signature on this cheque, not the place where you live." That incident might well have happened to his Grace who has just been married. He carries with him the good wishes of his countrymen. Like

Lord Howard of Effingham, he is a man who by fighting for his country showed that religion and patriotism need not clash. —*London Daily News.*

The Hermit Kingdom

One of the many ironies of the war between Russia and Japan is the position of Korea. The integrity and independence of Korea are put forward by Japan as the main cause of her appeal to war; and yet everybody knows that the meaning of this is that Japan desires to destroy both the one and the other; or, if that be putting it too strong, her ambition is to make Korea the absolute vassal of Japan. It is a further irony of the situation that the Japanese, who are supposed to be fighting for the rights of Korea, are, as a matter of fact, more feared and hated by the Koreans than any other foreigners, and if the Koreans themselves had the choice of masters the Japanese are perhaps the last of all the races of the world whom they would choose. That this is the position of Korea everybody knows. Here is Mr. Angus Hamilton's summing-up of the situation of Korea:

"The position of Korea in regard to the disputed questions is a hopeless one. Unfortunately, the government of Korea is powerless to prevent either the advance of Russia or the steady spread of Japanese influence. She possesses neither army nor navy which can be put to any practical use. At a moment of emergency the entire force would become utterly demoralized. Korea is the helpless, hapless sport of Japanese caprice or Russian lust."—*T. P.* in *T. P.'s Weekly.*

The Value of a Man's Word

Early in the winter of 1901 the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Company mailed to certain men of great wealth in this country and in Europe a circular containing a proposition. It stated in the fewest possible words that a syndicate was being organized to finance the United States Steel Corporation. The terms on which subscriptions would be received followed. That was all. The response that this



IN A TIGHT PLACE

THE KOREAN GOVERNMENT HAS DECIDED TO PRESERVE A STRICT NEUTRALITY IN THE EVENT OF WAR BETWEEN JAPAN AND RUSSIA.—*Daily Paper*



The Graphic

"COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE"

A KOREAN CORRESPONDENT WRITES: "WHEN ON OUR WAY TO A COUNTRY HOUSE, WE SAW A ROW OF HEADS PASS ALONG IN SINGLE FILE. EACH WAS ADORNED WITH THE QUAINT KOREAN HAT, AND EACH SMOKED A LONG PIPE. THE SIGHT WAS VERY CURIOUS, AS THE BODIES OF THE MEN WERE COMPLETELY HIDDEN FROM VIEW"

Drawn by Frank Dadd, R.I. From a sketch by C. W. Cole

circular evoked was the most tremendous demonstration of the asset value of one man's word ever given.

Three years earlier, Lyman Gage, Secretary of the United States Treasury, offered for sale $200,000,000 of United States two per cent. bonds. The integrity and asset value of these securities was indisputable. Behind them was the nation's credit. Yet Mr. Gage was several months in marketing the Government's offering, while Mr. Morgan's proposition was oversubscribed a few days after its announcement.

Incidents proving how keen Mr. Morgan's sense of personal honor is might be quoted without end. It is sufficient to tell of one: A certain underwriting syndicate, involving a good many millions, was organized on the eve of Mr. Morgan's departure for Europe, but not completed when he sailed. Upon his return he asked to see the subscription list and the balance sheets, the work of the syndicate having been completed and the books closed. As he glanced over the list, he noticed that one name which he presumed would be there was missing, and he said to his partner: "I do not see the name of ——— here." The reply was: "We were able to organize the syndicate without them, and we therefore did so."

Instantly Mr. Morgan replied: "But I promised them that they should come in."

Then making a rapid computation of what these bankers' profits would have been had they been admitted to the syndicate, Mr. Morgan drew his company's check for the amount, which involved several hundred thousands, and sent it to them.

Mr. Morgan had no part in the original promotion of the Shipbuilding Trust. But there is that matter of the secret agreement. The history of that contract, as given by Mr. Perkins and Mr. Steel of the Morgan firm, shows that it was prepared, and the name of J. P. Morgan & Company inserted, with the expectation that Morgan & Company would sign it. It pledged that the Shipbuilding stock or obligations held by J. P. Morgan & Company and by Mr. Schwab should be marketed first; in other words, it contemplated, if not a deception, at least an injustice with respect to the public. That contract, however, was taken to Mr. Morgan's office, and when read by



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A DIPLOMAT OFF DUTY

CHINESE MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES, HIS SON, AND HIS SECRETARIES IN AN AUTOMOBILE, OUTSIDE THE CHINESE LEGATION AT WASHINGTON

his partners was repudiated, the precise words being: "The house of J. P. Morgan & Company does not do business in that way." Undoubtedly, had Mr. Morgan himself seen it, he would have insisted that the name of J. P. Morgan & Company be stricken from the body of the contract. But it was presumed by his partners that it had been cancelled.

The collapse of the United States Steel Corporation stock values, the failure to market the securities of the International Mercantile Marine, the evidence of the preposterous overcapitalization of the Shipbuilding Trust, and the identification of the house of Morgan with certain phases of that transaction, have undoubtedly impaired public and private confidence in J. P. Morgan's word. Public judgment is not concerned with the causes of failure. It judges by results. The identification of J. P. Morgan's name with an enterprise had spelled for the public the soundness and future prosperity of that enterprise. So it seems that the object of Mr. Morgan's latter dealings is profit, and that he has not the fine regard for the public's interest that the public had ascribed to him; hence the impairment of that extraordinary credit and financial prestige—for a few years a wonder of the world.

Yet it must be said that the great men

of affairs in New York, while they admit that Mr. Morgan's judgment may be mistaken, find their confidence in his fine sense of honor unimpaired.—*E. J. Edwards* in *Everybody's*.

"Song of the Artesian Water"

Now the stock have started dying, for the Lord has sent a drought;
But we're sick of prayers and Providence—we're going to do without;
With the derricks up above us, and the solid earth below,
We are waiting at the lever for the word to let her go.
Sinking down, deeper down,
Oh, we'll sink it deeper down;
As the drill is plugging downward at a thousand feet of level,
If the Lord won't send us water, oh, we'll get it from the devil;
Yes, we'll get it from the devil, deeper down.
—*A. B. Patterson, the Australian Kipling.*

The Mormon Peril

Mormonism is now brought face to face with Americanism at the bar of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections. Nominally, the issue is whether Apostle Reed Smoot shall take his seat in the United States Senate. The real issue is whether a Mormon can indiscriminately break the law; whether the Mormon Church, after having pledged itself to keep out of politics, can continually interfere in the election of the people's representatives; whether polygamy is to continue to exist in defiance of American opinion and American laws. That the Mormon hierarchy intends, as has been indicated in the astounding testimony of President Joseph F. Smith, to do all these things—that it is, in fact, in practical conspiracy against the United States Government—there is not the shadow of a doubt.

That Mormon conspiracy, whereof Reed Smoot in the Senate is only one expression, was not made yesterday. It had its birth in the year of the Edmunds Law and its drastic enforcement. In that day, black for Mormons, it was resolved to secure such foothold—such representation in the Congress at Washington—that, holding a balance of power in the Senate or the House, or both, the Congressional Democrats or Republicans would grant the Mormons safety for their pet tenet of polygamy as the price of Mormon support. As long as politicians make a market for the Mormon vote at the polls and in legislative bodies, just so long will the leaders try to stay in politics.—*Alfred Henry Lewis* in *Collier's*.

Graft at the St. Louis Fair

You already hear much complaining comment on the manner in which all things work together for graft at the World's Fair, and not the smallest matter, not the most insignificant want of the public, but has been anticipated, and the means of selling or satisfying that want has been syndicated, monopolized, and conceded, and the public will have to pay. It should make up its mind to this right now. The "able" Fair management has adopted a policy that will distinguish this Fair in the annals of World's Expositions as the one most ill-famed for the refinement and greed of its schemes, as well as their variety, in getting money out of the public.

Recently an order was issued prohibiting anyone bringing a camp-stool or other piece of furniture to sit on into the World's Fair grounds. This is to make good the seat graft; for, gentle reader, if you visit the Fair and become weary, you cannot sit down to rest yourself unless you pay for the privilege. The thousands of common people who have but little more than enough money to visit the Fair and remain on the grounds for one day, will be mercilessly grafted for the ordinary privilege of sitting down to rest. A fellow has bought the seating privilege; and to further make this graft good, he should have an order issued that anybody caught sitting on the ground should forfeit his coat and hat and be summarily ejected through the gates.—*The St. Louis Censor.*

'Appy Eppy Grams

Riches may haf vings, but they nefer flew my vay.

Der girl dot hesitates is left at der hitching-post.

Der viskey of today is der headache of tomorrow.

History is der place vare great men go to be forgotten.

It is a long lane dot has no automobustup on it dese days.

Birds of big fedders flock togedder on der theater-hats.

An ounce of prevention is vorth 250 pounds of policeman.

If marriage is a lottery vy doan'd dey arrest der minister.

Viskey is der banana peel vich slides a man's soul from under him.

Fools rush in on a pass vile vise men haf to buy at der box-office.



The Sketch

A STOCK QUOTATION FROM LONDON

"DULL, BUT FIRM"

Drawn by John Hassall

Some young mens start ouid to play der prodigal son und come home playing der fat-head calf.

Some vimmen chump at conclusions der same vay dey chump off a street-car, vich is backvard.

Reform is a vord vich der politicians borrow until after election, den dey put it back in der dictionary.

Der vorld owes efery man a lifing, bud you will find it a poor boarding-house at supper time if you doan'd hustle.—*From "Eppy Grams," by Dinkelspiel, per George V. Hobart.*

The Perils of the Translator

In these days when the Yellow peril is so much in evidence, it is worth while recalling the precautions taken by the Chinese a century ago against the first encroachment of the White peril. The death penalty was over any native who assisted a foreigner in the study of the language.

Morrison entered Canton in a business capacity, and became translator to the East India Company, who provided him with a hiding-place where he could carry on the Bible translation. This was in a warehouse, used for the storage of merchandise, which was lighted by small windows in the roof. A low tunnel, through which a man could creep, was constructed of boxes and bales from the door, for about half the length of the building, then up to the roof and back to the gable, then down to the floor on the other side, and on to the end of the wall; in this way it wandered on and on, a perfect maze, till it ended in a corner where boxes were built up so as to form a shaft to the skylight. There Morrison worked, with two Chinese scholars whose confidence he had gained, until the colossal task he had undertaken was completed. He dared not ask the natives to his house, and so great was their dread of detention that they never came to assist him without bringing arsenic in order to poison themselves should they be discovered by the Mandarins. The preparation of this Chinese Bible cost the society £10,000.

Perils of another kind have beset the translator. In the Eskimo language the missionary had to render "the Lamb of



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COUNT CASSINI

RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES



The Theatre-Goer

WILLIAM WINTER AT WORK

Drawn from life by Ryan Walker

God" as "the Little Seal of God," since sheep were unknown in Labrador.

In New Britain the translator was seeking some native idiom to convey the idea of a binding oath, when a chief suggested that the desired phrase was, "I would rather speak to my wife's mother than do such and such a thing." In British Columbia a missionary wanted his catechist to translate "A crown of glory that fadeth not away." This was done to the satisfaction of all concerned, but ultimately the missionary found to his horror that it had been rendered, "A hat that never wears out"!

A Hindu pundit was much exercised by the promise in Genesis, "Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes," which is generally taken to refer to the closing of the eyes after death. The pundit said, "I can't understand this story of Joseph. He seemed such a good son, and his father so fond of him. How comes it, then, that they have a stand-up fight and Joseph, being the stronger, hits his father on the eye so hard as to close it?" There was no help for it but to render the passage: "Joseph shall conduct thy funeral ceremonies." — *Miss F. Klickmann* in *The Leisure Hour.*

Dobbin's Despair

I have no differential clutch
And no pneumatic tire;
I guess I don't amount to much,
For none come to admire
My form or speed—I have no cam;
And, to my deep remorse,
I must confess I only am
A one horsepower horse!

They used to stroke my sorrel side
And tell how I could go,
Today they speak in tones of pride
Of some bright red tonneau.
But, though my sorrow is so great
And anger is so keen,
I'm glad to have a chance to state
I don't eat gasoline.

I don't know how to carburet,
Nor how to radiate—
When I wished to get up and get
I simply struck my gait.
'Tis true, in casting out the beam
For fairness I should try—
But 'lectric, gasoline, or steam,
The "mote" is in my eye!

I have no wondrous steering gear—
But still they rush to see
A thing that has, I'm pained to hear,
A horseless pedigree.
They used to pet me all the time,
But now they only shrug
Their shoulders, and pass by, for I'm
A poor old sparkless plug!

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Ancient Instances

I. With Poetic Intuition

Hood completed the Song of the Shirt. "I was awfully rushed," he told his friends. "If I had waited till it came back from the laundry there wouldn't have been enough left to write about."

With a regretful glance at the garment he sent it out to be mangled.

II. An Odorous Comparison

Henry of Navarre told them to follow his white plume.

"If I only had my auto," he mused, "they could follow the smell of gasoline instead."

Despite this disadvantage, however, they shortly gained the day.

III. The Medieval Cooking School

Catharine de Medici was defending herself.

"I may have made a few persons afraid of their victuals," she remarked, "but I never told people that there were microbes in everything."

Feeling hers was the more humane course, she deftly compounded a new poison.—*McLandburgh Wilson* in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Is Poetry Unpopular?

When the Poet-Laureate feels it incumbent on him to lecture at the Royal Institution on "The Growing Distaste on the Part of the Many for the Higher Kinds of Poetry," those who are concerned for the development of what is best in the mind of the nation must necessarily experience a certain shock of alarm. This was Mr. Alfred Austin's self-chosen task, and the conclusions to which he asked his audience to come were gloomy enough. Men and women today, he asserted, turned away from reflective poems unless they were of the most modest dimensions. Our fathers and mothers used to learn long passages of poetry by heart, whereas their children looked coldly at such verse. Even Shakespeare himself was merely tolerated. In his younger days, he said, he could repeat by heart the "Essay on Man," "The Deserted Village," and Gray's "Elegy." Was there a man or a woman under thirty who could say as much now? If Mr. Austin were to make an appeal to the sales of the booksellers—by inquiring, that is, how many copies of Shakespeare or Milton or Wordsworth or Tennyson are asked for and bought by the public every year—what would he find? He would find, we believe, that the demand for new editions of the classics is very large indeed; far larger than it used to be ten years ago. At all events, new editions of all the English classical writers, both of prose and poetry, are being published in very large quantities every year. The "Temple Classics," the "Chandos Classics," new editions of Shakespeare, Scott, Keats, Burns, Shelley, Byron, Browning—the reviewer's shelves are crowded with them; the difficulty, indeed, is out of the increasing numbers of new editions to choose those which are worth a special word of praise. But if the supply is so large, must there not be a large demand? Would the great publishing houses, year after year, bring out these new editions if nobody bought them? And if the new editions are constantly bought, the poets must be supposed to be constantly read.—*The Spectator* (*London*).



The Bookman

BLISS CARMAN

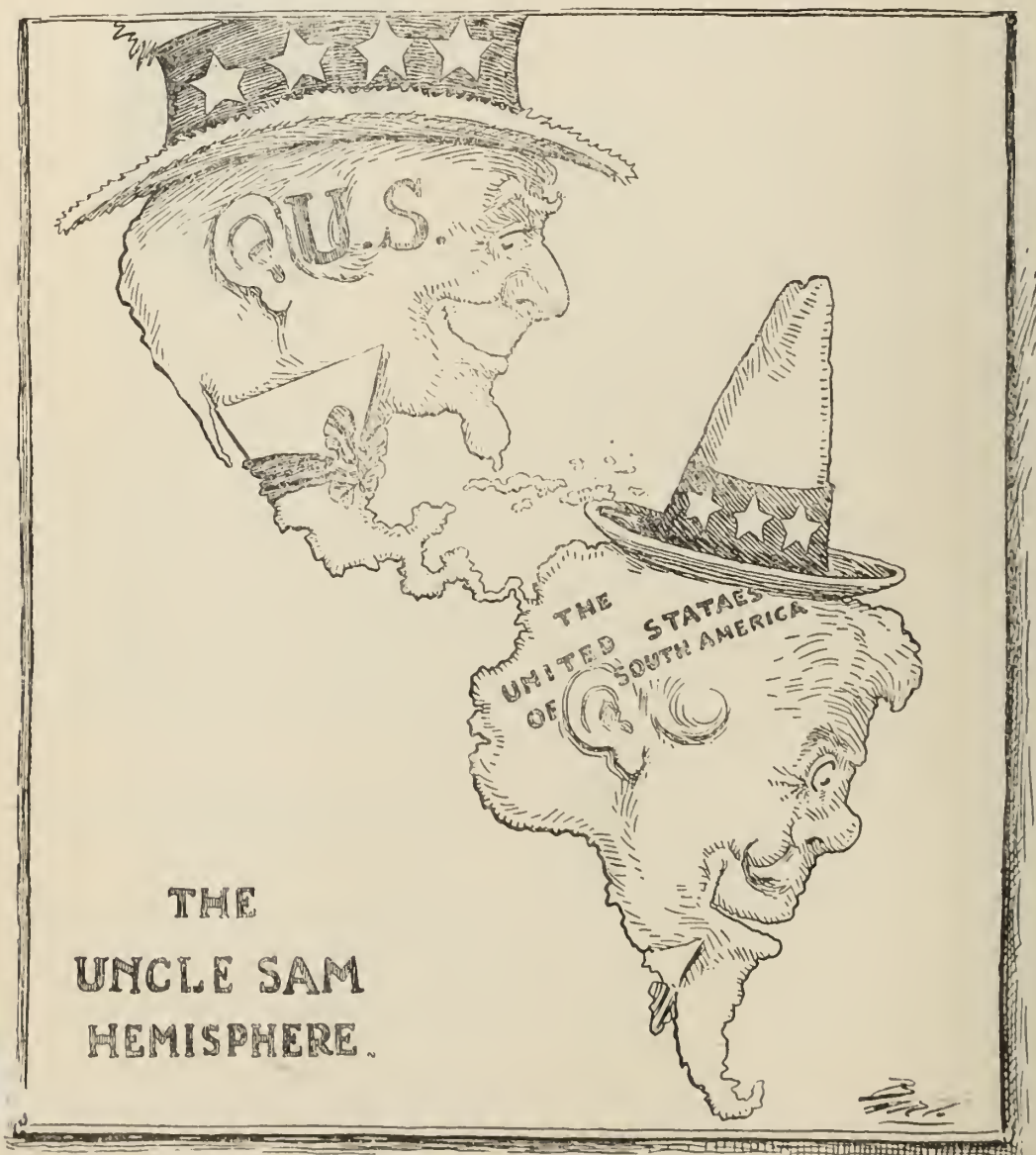
Drawn from life by Ryan Walker

The United States of South America

The general impression of the masses is that Colombia is a small South American republic, given to comic-opera warfare, where cockfights are popular and gambling universal. This is more or less true, but at the same time it is well to take int consideration that the State of Cau alone, one of six states, is territori nearly as large as the Empire of France, its products valuable and prolific: coffee, sugar, cocoa, vanilla, rubber, gold ($300,000,000 since the Spanish Conquest), platinum and hides, all finding markets in the United States and Europe. Most of

these products, it is true, go to Europe, because Europe (London and Paris) extend long credits to Colombian merchants, and American merchants do not. This applies to the whole of Latin America, which, as a whole and considered in concrete form, presents a most formidable front and in fact constitutes what may be considered, in that light, as one of the world's powers.

The idea of an amalgamation of the Chilean, Brazilian, Argentine, and Peruvian fleets, as against the fleet of the United States, would be excellent food for thought, and there is not one Latin American republic, Panama and Cuba included, which would not sit back and chuckle at the first reverse of their northern neighbor's arms. They don't like us; we are to them as the canine is to the feline. One has only to hear the opinions expressed in the cafés and theatres in "Rio" and



The Minneapolis Journal

THIS SUITS U S

NO ONE WOULD SMILE WITH MORE SATISFACTION THAN THE UNCLE SAM OF THE NORTH, OVER THE ADVENT OF AN UNCLE SAM OF THE SOUTH

Drawn by "Bart"



Courtesy of the Scientific American

STRAPLESS STREET CARS!

NEW TYPE OF DOUBLE-DECKER TO RELIEVE OVERCROWDING. DESIGNED BY MR. JAMES L. GETAZ, OF KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Buenos Ayres, Pernambuco, Lima, and Valparaiso, and the thunderous applause when the United States is ridiculed by some mummer, to realize the drift of public opinion and feeling. The writer was in Panama on the night of July 3, 1898, trying to get ship for the West Indian Islands (Jamaica). The news came of the defeat of the United States fleet by Cervera off Cuba. Panama was wild with delight. Bands played, shots were fired, fireworks were burned and bells rung; but, when the truth came, mass was said in the cathedrals and the populace were sad.—*Charles M. Dobson* in *The World To-Day*.

A Double-Deck Car for Rapid Transit

Although the double-deck car is practically unknown in this country, it is very extensively used in Europe. In a recent

examination of the question of double-deck cars made for the Merchants' Association of New York, by John P. Fox, it was stated that of the 6,660 electrical cars of Great Britain and Ireland, ninety per cent. are double-deck and ten per cent. single-deck, while of the 3,517 new cars in cities having a hundred or more cars in use, ninety-four per cent. are double-deck.

The double-deck car of which we herewith present an interior view was designed by James L. Getaz, Knoxville, Tenn., and is presented as being an interesting study of this problem. The car, as shown, is of larger capacity than would be used within the interior lines of city traffic, being more adapted for interurban service. It has a width over all of 8 feet 10 inches, a height from the top of the rail to the roof of the car of 15 feet. The length over all is 53 feet 2 inches. The car is vestibuled, and an entirely separate cab is provided at the front end for the motorman. To keep down the height of the car and provide good head room on both decks, the floor of the lower deck is lowered between the two trucks, access to this lower central portion being had by a couple of steps at each end. Access to the upper deck is by way of two stairways as shown, one on each side of the car, and the movement of passengers is facilitated by arranging the seats on the upper deck back to back, longitudinally down the centre of the car. The side walls of the car are braced together by carrying the floor of the upper deck upon forged steel rockers, which are bent upward at the centre into an inverted U, to provide increased head room for the centre aisle of the lower deck, an arrangement which gives over a foot of extra head room, and assists in keeping down the total height of the car. These steel rockers are attached by stout knees to the side posts and materially stiffen the whole structure.

This particular car is of the completely inclosed type—suitable for winter travel. For summer travel it can be built with open sides, as is done on the cars in European cities. The question of stability has been carefully considered, and the lowering of the lower deck between the trucks, coupled with the weight of the motors which would be necessary with a car of this size, has kept the centre of gravity at a safe height above the tracks.—*The Scientific American.*

Soddet od Sprig

I sig the joys of soft ad suddy sprig;
(I sig them through the dose). A welcob warb
We tedder to her spilig, verdal charb;
(She deeds the warpth,) the robid's od the wig;
The blossobs their cobbiggled scet exhale
Upod the air, ad everythig here blows—
The pik adebbodee, the pikker dose,
The Easter boddet id Dorth-easter gale.—
The frogs are id the pod—(ad id the throat,)
The yug sprig labkid id the beadow sprigs,
(Ah, warb, the all-wool labkid!) Od the breeze
A byriad gerbs of idfluedza float;
Ad by the stove, id witter fladdel thigs,
I ped this soddet ere by figgers freeze!

—*Rosalie D. Floyd* in *Life.*

The Last Analysis of Graft

We are, all of us, on the wrong track. You can't reform a city by reforming part of it. You can't reform a city alone. You can't reform politics alone. And as for corruption and the understanding thereof, we cannot run 'round and 'round in municipal rings and understand ring corruption; it isn't a ring thing. We cannot remain in one city, or ten, and comprehend municipal corruption; it isn't a local thing. We cannot "stick to a party," and follow party corruption; it isn't a partizan thing. And I have found that I cannot confine myself to politics and grasp all the ramifications of political corruption; it isn't political corruption. It's corruption. The corruption of our American politics is our American corruption, political, but financial and industrial, too. Miss Tarbell is showing it in the trust, Mr. Baker in the labor union; and my gropings into the misgovernment of the cities have drawn me everywhere, but always, always out of politics into business, and out of the cities into the state. Business started the corruption of politics in Pittsburg; upholds it in Philadelphia; boomed with it in Chicago and withered with its reform; and in New York, business financed the return of Tammany Hall. Here, then, is our guide out of the labyrinth. Not the political ring, but big business—that is the crux of the situation. Our political corruption is a system, a regularly established custom

of the country, by which our political leaders are hired, by bribery, by the license to loot, and by quiet moral support, to conduct the government of city, state, and nation, not for the common good, but for the special interests of private business. Not the politician, then, not the bribe-taker, but the bribe-giver, the man we are so proud of, our successful business man—he is the source and the sustenance of our bad government. The captain of industry is the man to catch. His is the trail to follow.—*Lincoln Steffens* in *McClure's Magazine.*

War and the Markets

The reason why an international war should have a far-reaching effect on financial values deserves explanation, because it is very imperfectly grasped by the community at large. To most people the matter seems simple enough. In ordinary comment on such events there will be found a prevalent inference that the securities of a given state, in time of war, rise or fall according as that state is victorious or unsuccessful, because success in the contest will make for national prosperity and defeat for national adversity. Security values are affected simply and solely because of the enormous expense of war, which leads to sale of new securities, whereby the general level of values necessarily is lowered. The underlying principle of war markets is that the enormous costliness of war, particularly in modern times, makes absolutely necessary very large borrowing operations by the contending governments. Estimates of recent wars indicate that even a small war cannot be fought to a finish except by an average expenditure of fully a million dollars daily. French statisticians have lately reckoned that a conflict in Europe between two first-class continental powers would cost each of them in the neighborhood of $5,000,000 a day. These estimates may or may not be exaggerated; but they show what financial requirements may be involved in such a conflict.

Now, no government possesses a fund of money sufficient to wage such a war for any long period; nor is it possible for any government to introduce new taxes such as would raise from its people the sum required. Hence it must have recourse to the accumulated capital of the world's money market. But since the resources of the world's capital have some limit, it follows that such sudden and enormous demands will necessitate withdrawal of invested capital from its previous location. —*Alexander D. Noyes* in *The Forum.*

"Put Yourself in His Place"

A wild Southern politician is said to have once truculently boasted that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of the Bunker Hill Monument. If the tradition is true, it was a piece of insolence which naturally offended deeply the sentiment of the people of that proud Commonwealth. But this was mere gasconade. Had he been able to carry out his threat, and then had he installed his negroes in the State-house of Massachusetts, and, by a travesty of law, filled the legislative halls with thieves and proceeded to disfranchise the best and the proudest people of the Commonwealth; then had he, sustained by bayonets, during eight years ridden rough-shod over them; cut the value of their property in half; quadrupled their taxes; sold out over twenty per cent. of the landed property of the state for forfeiture; appointed over two hundred negro trial justices who could neither read nor write, put a negro ex-convict on the bench of their highest court, and paraded through the State something like 80,000 negro militia, armed with money stolen from the State, to insult and overawe the people, while the whole South looked coolly on and declared it was just; then might there be a partial but not a complete parallel to what some of the States of the South endured under negro rule.—*Thomas Nelson Page* in *McClure's Magazine.*

George Meredith as a Prophet

As to the question of the inevitable ascendancy of the United States in the English-speaking world, Mr. Meredith insisted that even Mr. Gladstone had seldom shown any prescience in his foreign outlook. I demurred to this, instancing his Atrocity Campaign in 1876. Mr. Meredith pooh-poohed this, on the ground that



The Tatler

A VERY STRIKING-LOOKING ENVELOPE

THIS ENVELOPE, OF WHICH THE BACK AND FRONT ARE SHOWN, WAS POSTED IN SPAIN FOR ENGLAND. THE POSTAGE STAMPS THEREON ARE OF THE VALUE OF ONE-TENTH OF A FARTHING EACH. AS THE POSTAGE FROM SPAIN TO ENGLAND IS 2½D. (ENGLISH MONEY) IT TAKES ONE HUNDRED OF THESE LITTLE STAMPS TO FRANK A LETTER TO ENGLAND. THE STAMPS ARE OF SO LITTLE VALUE THAT THE OFFICIALS DO NOT CONSIDER IT NECESSARY TO CANCEL THEM. THIS IS BELIEVED TO BE THE SMALLEST STAMP IN EXISTENCE

it was not dictated by any far-sighted political vision, but was due to humanitarian emotion. I then pleaded that Mr. Gladstone had recognized frankly and fully the coming ascendancy of the United States, to which Mr. Meredith replied that that was "a commonplace of politics" which many others had known besides Mr. Gladstone.

"Why," said Mr. Meredith, "many years ago I ventured to express an opinion that the ascendancy of the United States was so certain that we had much better join hands and merge ourselves in the American Republic than sink into the mere position of a dependency of a State in which we had no representation. I have been of that opinion for many years," he said, "but when I first urged it I was subjected to such an outcry that I have said nothing about it for a long time; but I am still of opinion that it would be the best thing for the world. We should have, as I used to say, the Eastern star in the Banner of the Republic. But the English are so wedded to their old institutions that there is no hope of their opening their eyes to this until it is too late. What, for instance, should we do with our crown, or our Monarch in such an alliance? Nevertheless, it is the right thing to do."

Discussing the Americans themselves, he said that he found very great diversity among them. Mr. Choate, for instance, was very sympathetic and receptive. Many of the Americans whom he had met were men of very lofty character; but their financiers were very much like the financiers of other countries, who considered that they had paid sufficient sacrifice to honesty if they kept within the rules of the game. Still, the American nation was destined to a great future if only because it was such an amalgamation of nations.—*W. T. Stead* in (*London*) *Review of Reviews.*

Directions

The stranger in town was wandering around somewhat hopelessly when he met one of the oldest inhabitants.

"Would you be kind enough to tell me where Easy Street is?" he said.

"Certainly, sir," said the old inhabitant. "This is Milk Lane. You go along here for a couple of blocks until you come to Kindergarten Place. Then you turn sharply and walk through College Row, or you can go by it if you haven't time. You will then come to Know It All Park, but don't loiter there. Walk directly through the Park until you come to Experiment Boulevard, being careful to avoid Bottle Alley, Siren Centre, or Gambler's Square. Turn from thence to your right—always keep to your right—until you strike Hardship Street. You will know it because it begins with low, scraggly buildings, improving slightly as you go along. Keep straight on."

"And from there how far is it to Easy Street?" asked the stranger, eagerly.

"Well," said the old inhabitant, looking him over carefully, "you seem to be about as good as the average stranger in these parts. You ought to get there in from forty to fifty years."—*Tom Masson* in *Life*.

"The Sleep That Knows No Waking"

A quarter of a century ago Colonel Lewis, of the Indian Medical Service, was examining the blood of some rats caught in Calcutta. He was astonished to see a wormlike microbe dashing about at an extraordinary rate and causing everywhere a violent commotion by the lashing of a whip which it possessed at its anterior end. The rat, strange to say, appeared to treat its unruly guest with indifference. This parasite, which has also been found in one out of every four London sewer rats, was



The Sphere

A MESSENGER OF DEATH

THE FLY AND BACILLUS WHICH CAUSE THE "SLEEPING DISEASE" IN AFRICA

From specimens in the South Kensington Museum



CREED OR CONVICTION?

THE PAINTING, BY MR C GOLDSBOROUGH-ANDERSON, WHICH IS ATTRACTING CROWDS TO THE DORÉ GALLERY, LONDON

called from its boring motion *trypanosoma*. So strange was its appearance that many eyes were turned to microscopes, and a veterinary surgeon in India soon discovered that it was not always harmless, as one of its brethren was constantly found in the fatal surra disease of horses in India.

Long after this Colonel David Bruce, of the Army Medical Corps, happened to be stationed in Zululand, and was soon impressed with the fatality amongst domestic animals of the nagana or tsetse fly disease. In Zululand Colonel Bruce soon found, contrary to belief, that it is not the actual bite of the fly that is poisonous, but that the fly deposits in one animal a trypanosoma which he has sucked from the blood of another. The fly is merely a go-between, and it is the trypanosoma which carries death to all it enters. Where does the fly get this microbe? For years all explorers and natives had noted that the fly was in some way connected with big game. Where the koodoo, impala, and buffalo fell before the gun of the hunter, the fly and with it the nagana disappeared. This enigma was solved by Bruce, who found that the fresh blood of the wildebeest and the koodoo sets up nagana in healthy animals.

Until recently man seemed to rest secure. Only a year ago, however, the captain of a Government boat on the Gambia sickened, and in his blood was found a trypanosoma—with the usual result. About the same time alarming reports had come from Uganda of the deadly Congo sleeping disease of negroes.

The sleep is at first insidious and is often put down to laziness, but the face becomes dull and bloated, and the sufferer, once happy and without a care, is soon a changed man. He no longer goes out, but lies sleeping in his hut and can scarcely be roused for his food. He may fall asleep during his meal, by degrees wastes to a skeleton, and within eight months is a dead man. No case has recovered.—*The Sphere*.

Creed or Conviction?

The picture *Creed or Conviction?* shown in this issue, is one of the successes of the year at the Doré Gallery in London, a centre of attraction which is rarely missed by Americans who visit the English capital. The painting is by a young artist, C. G. Anderson, who is as yet comparatively unknown. The present painting, which represents his best work so far, though not the only work which has figured in the London galleries, is along the lines of the celebrated production of Luke Fildes, *The Doctor*. The dying man is assumed to be a scientist who, as the end approaches, gravely debates in his own mind whether he shall please his tearful wife and sorrowing son by yielding himself up to the strenuous priest who appeals to him so powerfully and dramatically; or whether he shall still resist them all, and leave the world sternly unbelieving himself, and refusing his family the consolation that would make his last act one of hypocrisy. The figures are powerfully painted, and the conflicting emotions in the three faces that are visible are shown with rare artistic skill, and with a delicate perception of the finer shades of human feeling.—*F. A. A.*

The Office-Boy's Record

Monday, hired;
Tuesday, tired;
Wednesday, fired!
—*F. R. Batchelder* in *Lippincott's*.

Moral Overstrain

In mechanics it is part of the engineer's profession to consider carefully the amount of physical weight and pressure which various substances will bear—how many pounds a given girder will sustain; how much an upright. It is upon this science and its carefully figured mathematical details that the safety and well-being of the housed community so largely depend.

It is rather a sad thing, when one thinks of it, that the field of this sort of mathematics has such definite limitations, and that we cannot by mathematical formulæ calculate moral stress and strain, and ascertain how far we can safely go in placing burdens on the characters of those with whom we do business, or of those with whom we have social intercourse.

Outside of fidelity insurance corporations, there seems to be in practical operation no rational system for estimating or relieving the strain upon morals which business life necessarily involves.

We are paying greater attention yearly

to the physical discomforts of the worker, trying to relieve the overburdened, and to lighten the load of hard work which has fallen so heavily in our struggle for commercial supremacy, particularly on the women and children. This is all excellent, but we must remember that we have no more right to overload a man's morals than his back, and that while it is a duty as well as a privilege to have faith in our fellows, we should temper that faith with common sense, so that our faith may be to them a help and a support rather than a stumbling-block and a cause of offence.—*George W. Alger* in *Atlantic Monthly*.

No North or South

Mark Twain said that the South had been overthrown by reading *Ivanhoe:* that it had gone down before the knightly ambition bred of that literature, and now only lived to mount a horse, grasp a lance, and joust. My own thought is that the great injury to the South results from its being Southern. If I owned the South I should have a law in every State abolishing the word Southern. It is much smaller than the word American. Besides, it's a fallacy. There can be no such thing as a Southern interest or a Southern question or a Southern man. The interest or the question or the man is every time American. Take the negro question: it is an American, not a Southern, question. If you were shot in the leg would you call it a leg question? If you had pneumonia what could you think of your leg if it said:

"I'm sorry for Lungs with that pneumonia. However, it's none of my affairs."

And if I were the South I'd not only quit being Southern but I'd quit being solid. To create a force is to create an opposition; otherwise, some day, somehow, some Archimedes would capsize the earth. A solid South means a solid North. If the Democracy were wise it would give the Republicans Louisiana, Alabama, Florida, and South Carolina. The Democracy would carry a dozen Northern States if it did.

Let it be understood that I like the Southern man. There's no smell of Europe about him. Moreover, he is apt to be a man and unlikely to be a snob. I have never met a Southern member who remembered that he was a Congressman; I have never met a Northern member who forgot it.

That, doubtless, is the result of education. A Northern man is taught that it is a mark of honor to go to Congress. Finding himself thus distinguished he is correspondingly puffed. Now, your Southern man is like a squab pigeon, biggest when he's born. The fact of his nativity is the greatest honor reachable. He is cradled on a peak; he can climb no higher. Wherefore, although he go later to a Senate or a Cabinet or even a White House, he goes ever downhill.—*Alfred Henry Lewis* in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Saul Among the Prophets!

To speak plainly, we see no essential difference between the taking of a competitor's business away from him by extreme competition—that is, by competition not warranted on any other motive—and the forcible abstraction of portable property from one man by another man stronger than himself. We do not regard it as morally defensible, for example, for a man to establish himself alongside someone else and proceed to take away the business of that someone else, using for that purpose the brute force of money spent in selling at a loss, any more than we should regard it as morally defensible for him to accomplish the same purpose by brute force of arms. The purpose is immoral. It involves the taking away of that which belongs to someone else by other than fair competition. Of course, such a process is as common as can be in the business world, and is perfectly legal. The Standard Oil Company was charged with this kind of thing at practically all stages of its existence. No Standard Oil representative has felt it necessary to deny the charge.

The fact of the matter is that the conventions of the business world, expressed in the law, have simply replaced the exercise of mere brute force, leaving the article of the decalogue against stealing expressed only so far as the stealing is accomplished by actual physical force or by absolute fraud. Beyond this the moral law finds no expression in the law of business.—*The Wall Street Journal*.



RICE PLANTING IN JAPAN

AN ACRE IS A PLANTATION ; BY COPIOUS FERTILIZATION THREE CROPS A YEAR ARE RAISED

THE
BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

VOL. III JUNE, 1904 NO. 6

THE TWO PACIFICS

by Harold Bolce

IV - JAPAN'S NEW GOSPEL OF CIVILIZATION

The Western world has gazed so long on Japanese posters, postal souvenirs, and panels that it has grown color-blind to the real Japan. Tourists moving in continuous pilgrimage to tea-house and temple, or climbing Fuji-yama to survey Japan, get no revelation of the empire that now is. Strangers who dream in plum and cherry groves, admiring the populace, from coolies to college men, fastening cotton strips of spring poetry to the blossoming branches, are not studying the genuine Japan. It is a pretty spectacle—this annual revelry of estheticism — but the festival of petals and poems gives no hint of the mighty force that is shaking the foundations of empire in the East.

Nor can we trust to the appraisements of that fallible multitude which, arranging its itinerary on the principle that art is long and tourist-tickets limited, lays up indiscriminate treasures in those shops where curios—some of them manufactured in Paterson, New Jersey —are sold in multiplying quantity. The tales brought back—of color, incense, and temple gongs, of geisha girls and amiable men, of a nation transformed in the twinkling of an eye, and of heroes of the old samurai glorified at Shinto shrines—splendor the mind of the untraveled like dreams of a Promised Land.

To establish the truth of the picture there are displayed trophies of satsuma, cloisonné, and lacquer; carvings, fans, and painted silks; and ancient oaks and cryptomerias, dwarfed to inches and thriving in the area of a pot. All these things serve to keep alive the legend of a land of patient daintiness and artistic unconcern for the gross utilitarianism of the West.

Nor are many of the accepted writers on Japan more trustworthy than the tourists. There is too much lotus eating among the literati sojourning in the land of lanterns. To attempt, for ex-



A YOKOHAMA LETTER-CARRIER
IN WINTER UNIFORM

ample, to get a faithful glimpse of Japan through the lenses of Lafcadio Hearn is like trying to understand England with *Alice in Wonderland* as a guide. Pencraft that can make engaging reading out of the details of death by cholera has little difficulty in painting the apotheosis of an empire. It cannot be denied that a glory gilds the pages of this gifted writer, but it is the genius of Hearn, not the Spirit of Japan, that illumines.

In this critical hour in the destinies of the Far East, the writings of these brilliant dreamers have a decidedly serious import, for it is the fanciful Japan of their creation, not the ambitious empire which actually exists, that has filled the imagination and evoked the applause of Western powers. To understand why commercial leaders in America and their representatives in the Orient fear the ascendency of Japan in the affairs of Asia, one must first forget the radiant unrealities fashioned by Far Eastern poets, and disregard the highly-colored chronicles of the tourist.

The Occident does not understand Japan. Screened by the smoke of ten thousand factories, it is carrying on world activities. Through imperial coöperation its ships are crowding the ports of the world. A navy, already able to dispute sea-sovereignty with great powers, is preparing to patrol the circuit of its merchant marine. Authoritative announcement has been made at Tokio that at the conclusion of the conflict with Russia, one of the first steps will be a demand that the United States revise its navigation laws and permit the ships of Japan to traffic between the Philippines, Hawaii, and the American mainland.

A realization that Japan believes itself to be the twentieth century teacher of mankind may prepare the West to understand why the Mikado's subjects, despite their reassuring smiles, ceremonial phrases, and prostrations, are inspired by a pride which in reality scorns even a comparison with races of the West. It is extremely difficult for people who have not entered into commercial relations with Japan to understand this uncompromising conviction of superiority which Asiatics, and particularly the Japanese, entertain. The people of Japan point out that the Jew, as the chosen of God, had his day. The Anglo-Saxon—the "blonde beast" of modern conquest—has been having his unbridled career of dominion. It is now the turn of the finer-grained Oriental, who, having developed an enlightened cosmopolitanism purged of every taint of provincial prejudice, and owing its inspiration to a Mikado who traces his lineage to a god, is to march forth with a message not only to the Eastern continent but to all mankind.

Practical men engaged in large enterprises in the Far East—some of which

are suffering slow, unmistakable contraction, due to polite but pertinacious Oriental boycott—insist that in peace, no less than in war, Japan has become a formidable power. European houses in the Orient concur with significant unanimity in the fear of American commercial leaders that Western nations are in danger of losing in the Far East the most alluring opportunity that ever opened to international trade. England, even before the armed emergence of the Japanese, was losing ground in the Orient. America, gaining trade in some commodities, was suffering decline in others, and in no field of Oriental enterprise was securing more than a fractional part of its share as a great producing nation, ambitious to be the traffic manager of the world.

Meanwhile Japan was building business in territory which Great Britain, the greatest of all trading nations, was reluctantly relinquishing. Moreover, the Sunrise Kingdom was out-maneuvering America in the initial contest for the commercial supremacy of the Far Pacific. Japan announces that, if victorious, it will dedicate the Orient to the trade of the world; but British and American houses in the Far East contend that Japanese triumph will, in reality, give no assurance of an expansion of Anglo-American commerce.

That trade would suffer under Russian dominion in the Far East has been long realized by the Western business world; complete conquest on the part of the Japanese would result in a similar check to the Oriental trade and political ambitions of Western nations. These convictions are based on more than a quarter of a century of ambitious trading in the treaty ports of the Orient. The dream of adroit and diplomatic Japan is for Asiatic dominion, politically, territorially, intellectually, and in trade.

Today in Tokio significant speeches and editorials are brilliant with predictions that Japan has embarked on an



AN OLD SALT—JAPANESE VARIETY

auspicious world career. Its place in the commerce of the Pacific is to be supreme. Its intrenchment on the continent of Asia is to be permanent—secure against even a confederation of alien jealousies—while its rôle as the educator of Asia is to make Japan a conspicuous leader in the coming advancement of civilization. On the sixteenth of March of this year, there was held in the city of Tokio an important and enthusiastic convention of the Progressive Party, of which Count Okuma is the political leader. This statesman and scholar, who founded the University of Waseda in the Japanese capital, stands for the most enlightened thought in the empire, and the party which he dominates is pledged to the expansion of Japan. At this gathering at Tokio a manifesto was issued proclaiming the purposes of the war with



MILLING RICE IN TOKIO

WITHIN SOUND OF THE ELECTRIC STREET CARS THIS PRIMITIVE METHOD OF HULLING IS STILL IN USE

Russia. Among other things, it set forth the following:

"*The object of this contest must be nothing short of the occupation by Japan of the Amur and Littoral Provinces, a part of Siberia, and the inclusion of the Kinchow peninsula in a Japanese sphere of influence.*"

Two million children throughout the empire sing daily, with unmistakable elation, martial airs surcharged not only with spirited antagonism toward the Slav but with imperial hope in the annexation of new territorial domain. One of these militant anthems urges the army to break the ramparts of Port Arthur, to pull down the walls of Harbin, and pressing forward, to plant the banner of the Sun on the peaks of the Urals. Thence, the regiments of conquering Japan are adjured to proceed still westward, until the once dominant Slav shall be confined to the ancient stronghold of Moscow.

The Japanese, from the samurai to the coolies, do not underestimate themselves, or the rôle they are to fill in the conquest of Asia. For those who might feel inclined to question Japan's ability to march her armies across that continent, mobilizing Korean and Chinese legions on the way, historians of the Imperial University at Tokio are ready with significant citation of the daring career of Hideyoshi, the Napoleon Bonaparte of Japan. Just one hundred years after Columbus set sail from Genoa, Hideyoshi carried out a successful invasion of Korea. Whereupon, marshaling a still mightier army, he planned the conquest of the whole Celestial Empire. His death on the eve of embarkation changed the destiny of Asia and probably of the entire world. Ten years ago, and three centuries after the death of that Japanese Napoleon, the armed descendants of the hordes he trained for war defeated the Mongolian Empire and emerged from the conflict with a title to a coveted peninsula in Eastern Asia. That title the powers, at the instance of superior Russian statesmanship, forced Japan to surrender.

No previous act so poignantly stung the sensitive pride of the people of that little empire. Upon receipt of the unwelcome intelligence at Tokio forty officers in the imperial army unhesitatingly committed suicide. It was the first thing in the history of the empire that bore the semblance of defeat. Japan had conquered a foe infinitely greater in population and domain. Forty millions had put four hundred millions to flight; and yet the Sunrise Kingdom, though trailing clouds of glory, had to abandon every inch of mainland it had gained, and retire to its ancient islands. Thereupon there entered into the designs of Japanese statesmanship a determination to build for a larger future, wherein Japan would be enabled not only to regain what had been lost, but to rise to such a military ascendency in Asia that, instead of accepting terms, it could dictate them.

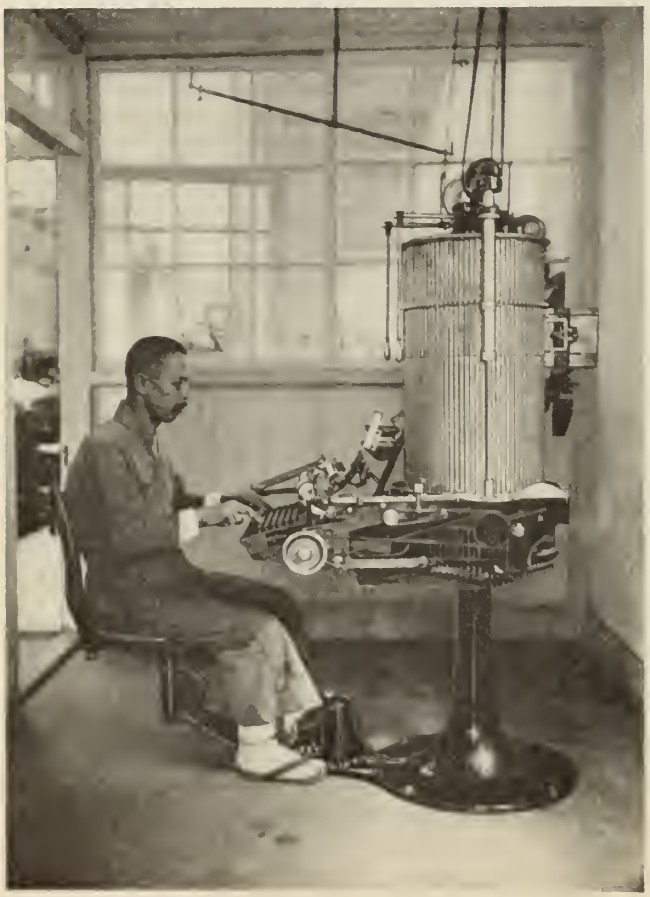
Had Russian diplomats given half as much study to the unconquerable and desperate determination in the Japanese temperament as they have to meeting and mastering the idiosyncracies of less inscrutable and far less ambitious races, they would have warned the Czar and his ministers that beneath the polite reticence of the seemingly acquiescent Japanese, and despite their engaging genuflexions, there lurked a determination to have revenge, volcanic in the intensity and certainty of its ultimate outburst.

No nation ever went forth to battle with a deeper determination to succeed, or with a more consuming patriotism. Peasants have stopped smoking, that their mites may help to reinforce the sinews of war. The Japanese women have stopped buying obis, that they may contribute to the great cause. Wives in Japan are divorcing their husbands starting for the front, lest their heroes, during the hardships of

campaigns and the realities of carnage, should sigh for the safety of home and for the diversions around the domestic hibachi. In the martial code of Japan it is greater honor to die in battle than to survive a conflict. The names of the living members of the rank and file are unknown; the names of those who die on the field of action are posted on the walls of the Imperial Palace. It is there announced that they gave their lives for their Mikado, and thenceforth their families glory in special honors conferred. Japanese citizens whose application to enlist is denied or deferred often make public exhibition of their sincerity by committing suicide. Fathers, receiving tidings from the front of the death of sons, invite friends to celebrate the glorious sacrifice in generous and patriotic libations of sake or champagne.

The initial naval victories of the Japanese at Port Arthur and Chemulpo greatly stimulated national feeling. In impressive silence the empire had gone to war. There was deep anger, but it was coolly calculating. Then came the news of victory, the first outcome of the long-prophesied conflict of the East with the West. Asia had triumphed over Europe, and Japan went mad. The populace, customarily stoical to the point of incredible stolidity, crowded the streets and howled with tumultuous exultation. At night long lantern processions flashed a finale to the extraordinary expression of Oriental feeling.

Thereafter though patriotism, as displayed in the grimmer tests of parting and renunciation, burned with increasing flame, there was little outward sign of it. Thousands of troops were starting daily from Tokio; but the time they were to take the train was not announced, and the destination of these regiments was unknown even to the men themselves. "Certain troops started yesterday to certain points" was the uncommunicative character of the only news that could pass the vigilant censor. So far as the Japanese press was concerned, however, there was little inclination, even if there had been opportunity, to publish the details of military movements in these opening days of the war. Every native inhabitant of Japan regards himself as part of either the offensive or defensive strength of the army. The fact that the Mikado enjoined secrecy was a sufficient censorship without drastic enforcement to produce silence throughout the empire. But for the presence in Tokio of a hundred or more war correspondents from abroad,



A TYPE-SETTING MACHINE IN JAPAN



ADVERTISING IN JAPAN

THIS METHOD OF STREET ADVERTISING BY BANNER, BAND, AND "BARKER" IS COMMON IN JAPANESE CITIES

roaring protest in a hotel, or temporarily appeasing martial impatience by responding to polite summons to conciliatory banquets spread by Japanese noblemen and diplomats, there was little to indicate that the great army and navy of Japan was on the firing line, and that the populace, as well as statesmen, realized that the war was the most momentous crisis in the history of the empire.

No one in Japan, not even the war correspondent impatiently sniffing the battle from afar, was disposed to criticize the masterly silence which attended the movement of regiments to the front. For some of these militant journalists, hurrying across the American continent, Pacific liners had been held at San Francisco. The influence that could alter the hour of sailing from our Western metropolis could not force the slightest favor from Tokio.

Not for a moment did the Japanese cease to be consummately polite; but after two months of courteous and soft-spoken assurances of esteem on the part of the Japanese authorities, embattled journalism was still raging and imagining vain things in Japan's capital, a thousand miles from the nearest skirmish line of war. There were no correspondents at the front. The news that flamed into unsubstantial sensation from treaty ports was founded on strange tales that floated thither on Chinese junks and sampans. The actual history of the first months of conflict has not been penned. Many foreigners in the Orient believe that the story of the Russo-Japanese war will never be accurately told.

Japan's quiet determination to conduct its campaigns without the slightest capitulation to the powerful press of Europe and America evoked much admiration among foreigners. Even the correspondents, unwillingly detained in the paths of peace, could not help standing amazed at the unscalable wall which Asiatic alertness had suddenly erected around the entire field of its vast military operations. The journalists were free enough to venture toward Korea, to haunt the country in the wake of moving armies, or to swarm in the treaty ports. But nothing of actual information could be cabled, and even



WHY JAPAN SEEKS EXPANSION

THE SCARCITY OF FERTILE LAND IN JAPAN COMPELS HIGHLY INTENSIVE CULTIVATION ; IN CERTAIN DISTRICTS THE AVERAGE IS SEVENTEEN WORKERS TO THE ACRE

correspondence mailed from Japanese or Korean points was forwarded by way of Tokio for official inspection. The Japanese Government would not guarantee protection to any correspondent who pushed toward forbidden zones. Military experts from abroad, coming as the accredited students of strategy from the war departments of the leading powers, were similarly denied the privilege of accompanying the army of Japan.

The foreign business world in the Far East, looking to the larger future, contends that this non-committal military program is simply a dramatic counterpart of that long-standing and comprehensive secrecy which has been laying the foundation for Japan's commercial and political dominion in the Eastern continent.

Foreigners recall that, at the outbreak of the Chinese-Japanese War, Japanese business clubs in the trading centres of China turned out to be not clubs at all, but headquarters of the powerful, superbly organized secret-service system of Japan. These "clubs" were closed, ostensibly, during the war; but upon the restoration of peace were reopened, and have been remarkably active during the ensuing decade. Thousands of military men have been assigned during that time to secret-service in China. In Tokio a secret society of Asiatic scholars has been busily at work, under the direction of the Japanese Government, translating into Chinese books calculated to awaken in the minds of the masses of the Celestial Empire a love of scientific learning, a conception of Western methods, and above all a profound respect for the Mikado and his people as the appointed leaders of the Orient.

These translated volumes have been circulated freely throughout the Celestial Empire. The labor has not been exerted without reward. China is already looking to Japan as its deliverer. The thousands of Japanese teachers in China, and the thousands of Chinese students in Japan, are bringing about an intercommunication of thought, an international merging of standards, and ambitions fraught with great possibilities to the future of both empires. It is obvious to the business men in the Orient that the right hand of Japan, reaching out for the friendship of the Occident, is not letting Western nations know the great things its left hand is doing.

One of the outspoken purposes of the present conflict is, as quoted, the inclusion of the Kinchow peninsula in a Japanese sphere of influence, and the permanent occupation by Japan of a large part of eastern Asia. Commercial men in the East who have had occasion to study the Mikado's far-seeing subjects, point out that it is not in the temperament of this race nor in keeping with the traditions of Japanese diplomacy to give expression, at the outset of war or negotiations, to anything but a fractional part of what the country purposes in the end to demand.

Opportunity has been offered me in Japan of bringing this business apprehension to the attention of a British diplomat who is a deep student of commercial and political relations between the Orient and the West, and who, because of peculiarly intimate relations with Marquis Ito and other Japanese statesmen, has an inside view of the ambitions of the Sunrise Kingdom. He consented to discuss the situation because he believed the Anglo-American world should be informed as to the supreme issues involved, but for official reasons stipulated that his name be withheld.

"These trading houses," he observed, "are not only right, but are extremely conservative in their fears. Japan is not only carefully planning a complete commercial mastery of the Orient, but has already made a start toward that achievement. To what extent Japanese shrewdness will outwit competition

is a matter for the future to decide. The dominating trade of many foreign firms contesting with Japanese alertness may be some augury of things to come. Certain it is that in the making of trade treaties thus far Japanese astuteness has outwitted Western statesmanship, so that instead of these covenants safeguarding Western investments and enterprises in Japanese treaty ports, there have grown out of these unsatisfactory stipulations so many vexatious problems that various foreign firms, such as fire and life insurance for example, are being forced out of business, and questions of taxation and other matters have now been carried to the tribunal of the Hague for international arbitration. An open-door policy is of little avail," he continued, "if the power that opens that door fixes hidden traps at the threshold."

Japan's avowed intention, he argued, to open up the ports of Asia would still further foster the favorable sentiment that has been evoked by Japanese daring and victory. That gratitude, disarming opposition, would tend to further Japanese ambition to dictate Asiatic policy. If Japan, either through recognized political ascendency or through a tacit understanding with China, succeeded in controlling or influencing the fiscal policy of the Celestial Empire, the same exasperating subtleties and not infrequent instances of official evasion that now characterize customs and other administration in Japan may gravely hamper the commerce of the world with eastern Asia.

Japan, until it became very powerful and rich, would not, he felt certain, take any step to arouse the opposition of other powers. The Japanese policy, which was a national expression of the individual Japanese character, was the



THE GROWING DEMAND FOR AMERICAN FLOUR

THE PHOTOGRAPHER HAS POSED THE CHILDREN EATING BUNS MADE FROM WHEAT FLOUR



A FISHER-GIRL FROM THE NORTH

antipodes of the Russian. Russia has gloried in the spell and shadow it has cast over the world. Japan, on the other hand, has courted sympathy and coöperative cheers, all the while in its secret councils planning a far-reaching campaign designed to make the nation paramount in the East.

This diplomat was convinced that great assistance had been given Japan in its career of expansion by Secretary Hay's note of February 10, asking that hostilities be confined within as small an area as possible and that the neutrality and administrative entity of China be respected. He argued that, if at the close of the war, a victorious Japan found an undismembered China at its side, the ascendency of Japanese influence and civilization in Asia would not be long delayed. What Japan wanted, he said, was a "stand pat" policy among the powers. Unimpeded, the Japanese themselves would accomplish



JAPAN'S RISING GENERATION—A COUNTRY SCHOOL

all necessary results in China—at least all the reformation required to establish the commercial triumph of New Japan.

Nor did this statesman believe that a descent of ambitious nations upon Asia would defeat Japan's purpose. Before a new Europe could be installed in Eastern Asia and aggressive boundaries permanently outlined and agreed upon, Japan's secret influence in China would be supreme. Secretary Hay's note made the progress toward that dominion far easier than it could otherwise be. The Japanese leadership of Asia was, in his opinion, an inevitable destiny. He called attention to facts which intellectual Japan continually delights to recite, viz., that Chinese students, many of them sons of influential mandarins, are diligently studying in the Imperial University of Japan, in the Higher Commercial College of Tokio—also a government institution—and at the University of Waseda in the suburbs of the Japanese capital. Within another generation, he said, many of these young Chinamen, now imbibing their political and commercial ideas from Japanese instructors, and forming intimate ties with Japan, would be holding the reins of government in the Celestial Empire. He also reiterated the fact that Japanese teachers are taking an important part in the educational system of China, that Japanese patriots are at work incognito among the Chinese masses, and that Japanese officers are drilling the regiments of that empire. And he predicted that, although it would come slowly, Japanese ascendency in China would finally be complete.

I asked him if he did not foresee that the trade ambitions of America, when finally aroused, would stay the advance of Japan in Asia, however cunningly planned that scheme of commercial dominion might be.

"Not at all," he replied. "America has developed a firm and commendable treaty policy as regards Asia, and up to this time, and perhaps for some time to come, the powers will give heed. But America lacks the navy to enforce her demands, should a great war grow out of this conflict. Japan, as well as the other powers, knows this. Japanese statesmen have talked to me about America's unreadiness for war. Any conflict with the superior fleets of European powers would keep the United States so busy in Atlantic waters that Japan would have an undisputed right of way in the Far East, so far as the United States was concerned. In my opinion, and in the opinion of many statesmen with whom I have discussed the situation, America needs at least forty-five or fifty first-class battleships to maintain peace for the large international commerce she is ambitious to control."

Thinking that perhaps this opinion of America's present inability was the traditional British under-estimate of American strength, I asked this influential Englishman if Great Britain, despite its alliance with Japan, would not, in the event of evidence of Japanese commercial usurpation of the rich spoils of China, take such a firm stand that the Mikado's kingdom would be sufficiently curbed to permit the continued and regular expansion of international trade interests in Asia.

"Great Britain unaided, despite her great naval strength," he said, "could not succeed in establishing a permanent peace in the Far East. She would stir up the deepest antagonism of the whole world. England's historic policy of annexing all available domain awaiting civilized exploitation would naturally arouse all competing powers to the most intense counter-activity, should we attempt to solve by force the grave trade and political problems of the Orient."

Asked if he could foresee any possible permanent settlement of the complicated issue of Asia which should result not only in the appearances of peace, but which could check the clandestine Oriental diplomacy which—as generally



WESTERNIZING JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE

BUILDING A BANK IN YOKOHAMA, 1904

believed by all foreigners in that section of the earth—is laying the foundation for the greatest commercial dominion the world has witnessed, he replied that, in his opinion, there is but one solution of this problem—a confederation of the two great English-speaking nations.

Sentiment in favor of an Anglo-American alliance prevails throughout the Far East among American and British business houses. There, where the readjustments of a world are taking place and the foundations of new imperial ambitions are being laid, it is imperative that the powers which are ambitious to maintain their prestige in the fellowship of nations should secure a foothold which neither the movements of organized empires nor the possible uprising of irresponsible millions can ever dislodge. And in the opinion of the civilized East, there is but one power that can, in the great future, prevail against awakening Asia, and that is an Anglo-American federation.

In the early part of March rumor reached Tokio that a secret commercial treaty had been concluded between the United States and Great Britain. The tidings created jubilant comment. "If this is true," said one leading importer, "it is the greatest thing that has taken place in the interests of the development of the Orient since Perry anchored his flotilla in the Bay of Yeddo and dispatched the American ultimatum to the shoguns of Japan."

While Americans and Britons are exchanging ambitious speculations regarding Anglo-Saxon possibilities in the Orient, Japan is dealing with the realities of the situation. The Japanese ambassador had scarcely checked his baggage from St. Petersburg before Russian war-ships were sent to the bottom of the Yellow Sea. While the world shouted itself hoarse over that victory, Japan floated the banner of the Sun over the capital of Korea. Before the Western nations had realized the significance of the Korean Emperor's agreement to follow for all time the political dictation of the Mikado and his councilors, Marquis Ito, "the Bismarck of the East," started for Seoul. It is the talk of Tokio that the doings of the Hermit Emperor will hardly rise above the dignity of foot-notes in the history yet to be written of the Mongolian movement.

Ito is old, but his spirit permeates the kingdom. The passion for empire-building has been awakened, inspiring

the army and navy on the firing line, as well as the council chambers of far-seeing statesmen in the capital of Japan, and flaming in the defiant columns of the press of that empire.

The Western nations do not dream of the imperial ambitions of this awakened Eastern empire. Hitherto carefully reticent in regard to her great projects, Japan has now since its triumphal issue with Russian ironclads given voice, through its statesmen and inspired press, to its determination to exercise a controlling influence in shaping the destinies of Asia.

The Japanese *War News*, published in English, at Tokio, said, in its issue of March 5, 1904:

"There is no doubt whatever that when Japan emerges victorious out of the great struggle she has entered upon, her position in the estimation of the outside world will greatly rise. None will deny the fact that we easily beat China in the war of 1894-5, took the world by surprise, and the Western nations, which up to that time regarded Japan as a semi-civilized country, began to take her seriously. It was chiefly due to the brilliant achievement of our arms that our Government was able to secure the treaty revision, to which the Western nations had formerly presented an obstinate opposition. Still the real strength of our country was not recognized by them, it being their mistaken conclusion that our success was due to China's hopeless weakness rather than to our substantial strength. Japan continued to remain in their estimation a power which was merely strong and progressive as an Asiatic nation, but which was no equal of a European power. In other words, they still thought that when met by a country of the white race she would suffer a crushing defeat.

"This delusion will be entirely shattered if Japan defeats Russia, a country which has been regarded as one of the mightiest powers, if not the mightiest, in the world. In that case Japan will begin to be treated with real respect, and the advantage she will be able to



A CHARCOAL STORE

CHARCOAL, HERE SHOWN WRAPPED IN RICE STRAW BUNDLES, IS THE UNIVERSAL DOMESTIC FUEL IN JAPAN



WHERE OUR JAPANESE SCREENS COME FROM

AN EMBROIDERY FACTORY, TOKIO

reap out of it politically, economically, and socially, will be incomparably great.

"Another moral effect, of perhaps still greater importance, of Japan's victory, will be the awakening of whole Asia. It has been erroneously and grievously believed by all the Oriental peoples that the yellow race is by nature an inferior of the white race. In fact it has been their foregone conclusion that they could never become an equal of a Western nation in whatever activity of human life. This idea was fatal to their intellectual and moral development and was primarily the cause of their resignation to the position of slavish dependency, in which they are at present.

"Let Japan defeat Russia and show to them that an Oriental nation can become an equal, nay even a superior, of an Occidental nation, and then the entire Oriental nations will be inspired with new hope and courage by Japan's example, awake from their long stupor and endeavor to develop themselves. China will resuscitate, India will revive, Korea, Siam, and the Philippines will rise up. In fact the rejuvenation of whole Asia is possible."

What gives peculiar significance to Japan's self-imposed rôle as the awakener of Asia is its unique claim that Oriental character and standards are superior to those of the West, and should prevail in all Asia. This attitude cannot but give Japan unrivaled prestige in the Celestial Empire whose people, having for centuries held aloof from the "barbarians" of the West, will gladly welcome a racial ally having dash and plausibility, and above all the armament to maintain an argument in support of the assumption that the West is inferior to the East.

People in America and England make a serious mistake in imagining Japan to be sitting modestly at the feet of Western learning. Within the last decade there has been a decided reaction in Japan. While still eagerly ambitious to avail itself of every Western utility that will contribute to the national advancement of the empire, there is a deeply rooted conviction that Japan's fundamental standards are far superior to Occidental ideals, and that it is the duty of the Sunrise Kingdom to see to it that all Asia be preserved against the wholesale introduction of Western institutions. Foreigners in the employ of Japan are rapidly being dispensed with. Recently there has arisen a wide-spread protest against the movement toward the Romanization of the literature of the country. Roman characters on silver and copper coins have been replaced by ancient Mongolian ideographs. In the upper house of the Imperial Diet the introduction into the empire of the metric system was opposed, not long ago, on the ground that to admit the need of such an innovation would reflect discredit on the mathematical ability and commercial standards of the nation. There has been a marked reversion to the Japanese dress, a revival of Japanese games, a glorification of Japanese antiquities, and, still more significant, an outspoken conviction that while the West has mechanics and science to give to the East, there is little in its essential civilization that the Japanese want or would accept.

"Our empire has salted all the seas that have flowed into it," said a Japanese university professor to me. "The West cannot hope to Christianize Japan when our ambition is to Japanize Christianity, and to carry the new doctrines, the gospel of rational ethics, to the millions of Asia and, in time, to all the world. We shall go to China — in fact we are already there—with a harmonious blending of the best precepts in Buddhism, Confucianism, Bushido, Brahminism, Herbert Spencer, Christianity, and other systems of thought, and we shall, I think, have little trouble in awakening the naturally agnostic mind of the Chinese to the enlightenment of modern free thought. What the Far East needs is a religion as



GOVERNMENT RAILWAY FREIGHT SHEDS, TOKIO

modern as machinery. We have had more gods than were good for us. We believe that a cosmopolitan gospel, tolerating the existence, but minimizing the potency of prayers, offerings, shrines, temples, churches, litanies, and gods, and dwelling more on the time that now is and the relation of man to man, will create a wonderful reformation in Asia. We confidently believe that it has been assigned to Japan to lead the world in this new intellectual era in the progress of mankind."

Commercial America would have little occasion to consider this phase of Japanese expansion but for the fact that it promises to obtain for that empire a footing and domination in the Confucian Kingdom, which will pave the way for a trade conquest more comprehensive than even a military invasion could secure.

The belief that Japan is to be the intellectual leader of Asia is not confined to the educated classes in Japan. An exalted opinion of the rôle their country is to fill animates even the least literate peasant in the Sunrise Kingdom. And the conviction that Fate's imperative mandate to Japan is to carry modern rationalism into Asia gains additional inspiration through the realization that, by so doing, not only will that continent be emancipated from superstition, but will be saved from coming under intellectual subjugation to Western powers.

Although Japan is building temples and shrines and sustaining ancient ceremonials, they are more an expression of estheticism than religion. Pilgrimages to altars, instead of assuming the gloom of funereal fanaticism, take on the merriment of holiday affairs. It is a pious festival which bears all the visible delights of a successful picnic.

Religious intolerance is not one of the demerits of Japan. A Buddhist devotee is perfectly content to pause and pay devotions at a Shinto shrine. Christianity is rejected, the Japanese contend, not because it conflicts with the ancient creeds of Asia, but because it is itself a faith—Oriental in origin—which the Orient has finally outgrown.

Believing, therefore, that Japan has

developed philosophically far beyond Christian powers, and that it is that country's duty to bring rational salvation to the Celestial Empire, the Japanese people contend that ultimately they will be justified in establishing their sway in Asia.

These are the facts: (1) that China is disposed to heed, and is, in reality, already accepting the teachings of her island neighbor; and (2) that Japan regards it as a mandate of duty to impart this instruction; and (3) that these lessons which China is to receive include astutely-presented reasoning that Oriental standards of life, and indeed Oriental intellect and character, are superior to anything the West can give. And these facts are of the gravest importance to the Occidental world, since they are opening the highway for the Japanese commercial invasion of Asia which alert traders and manufacturers of Japan sanguinely predict.

This belief in Japan's mission to carry the gospel of rationality to the whole yellow race, and finally to the world, forms a large part of the conviction that the military movement of Japan toward the West is the genesis of an advance which shall make Japan the most conspicuously progressive nation among the powers. Japan's most diplomatic statesmen cannot conceal this conviction that the propaganda of agnosticism, with which Japan confidently expects to rejuvenate Asia, is vastly superior to anything that has come out of the West. Marquis Ito stated that religion of any kind is a form of superstition and "therefore a possible source of weakness to a nation"; and so he welcomed the tendency to free thought and atheism, "now almost universal in Japan," as an evidence of that superior progress which was to be expected of the alert Japanese mind.

The American business world may well take into consideration the idea now proclaimed by the leaders of Japan that, just as all the great religions in the world originated in the Orient and



MADE IN GERMANY

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES ARE WIDELY USED IN JAPAN, BUT THE GERMAN ENGINES ARE MOST COMMON

swept westward, so there has now started in the Far East a new wave of thought which is destined finally to reform the world, and primarily to amalgamate the yellow millions. Their minds once unfettered, they will, the Japanese believe, recognize both their rights and their power, and will demand of the nations revision of the commercial and political covenants that have held them in virtual subjection. In this awakening Japan denies the possibility of a Yellow Peril. "The Yellow Renaissance," said an educated Japanese in Tokio, "will imperil the injustice and outworn creeds of the West, not its civilization."

Count Okuma, while admitting that in learning, arts, education, politics, military system, and all other public administration Japan had assimilated the best that America, England, France, and Germany could offer, said that his country's adoption of this civilization, rejecting all that was spurious in these lands as well as in her own, would ultimately result in benefit to the very countries from whom Japan had borrowed. It was his country's ambition, he said, not only to protect a tottering empire from falling, but to become the patron and teacher of the whole civilized world.

This spirit now dominates the army, recruited almost entirely from descendents of the old chivalric samurai, and readily carried away with enthusiasm for a great cause. They are fighting for that Greater Japan, which, as they enthusiastically sing:

"shall last
Till a million years have passed,"

and which shall take her place in history as the enlightened teacher of mankind.



A TYPICAL COUNTRY VILLAGE

Harold Bolce

A Question of Staying Power

THE COMPARATIVE RESOURCES OF RUSSIA AND JAPAN

BY N. T. BACON

So far the war in the Far East has shown no developments outside of the broad lines supposed to mark the probabilities before hostilities began. The Japanese have the advantage on sea, but this was expected; and they were also expected to win the first successes on land. The Russians have announced that they believe the war will last two years, and the Japanese that they are prepared for a six years' struggle. So that the question bids fair to become one of endurance, which will tell on all the hidden weaknesses of either side. An examination of the resources of both therefore becomes of interest.

For a long time money has been known as the sinews of war, though latterly its place has been taken largely by credit. A national debt seems to be almost the *sine qua non* of an independent nation. In fact Bolivia and Siam appear to be the only civilized or semi-civilized countries not provided with one. To pay for her modern luxuries, such as an army, a navy, shipyards and railroads, and also for the expense of her war with China, Japan has had to draw heavily on the future. Ever since 1895 the Japanese have foreseen that war with Russia was inevitable sooner or later, and have been making expensive preparations for it. Their indebtedness is estimated to have been raised by such expenditures to about $550,000,000 at the outbreak of the war. Though Japan is reckoned a poor country, more than four-fifths of this debt is supposed to be owned at home, so that the burden of interest to go abroad—the real criterion in time of war—is probably not over $5,000,000 a year to meet government borrowings; and the policy of the government for many years has been so steadily to discourage foreign enterprises in Japan that there is little to add to this for private indebtedness. A large loan, recently offered to defray war expenses, was over-subscribed several times in Japan, so that it is plain that the government still has important resources at home, and will not need foreign loans at once.

On the other hand, an estimate published in the *Yale Review* for August, 1903, indicated the total indebtedness of the Russian government as more than $4,200,000,000, mainly owned abroad; and that investments of all kinds in Russia by foreigners would probably raise the annual burden of tribute from Russia to other lands—principally to France—to the enormous total of $135,000,000, making a yearly charge to foreigners of about one dollar per head of population versus ten cents for Japan—and probably Russia is the poorer of the two countries. Its borrowings have been squandered in large measure, while Japan's have been most economically used. For several years, moreover, apparently Russia has had to borrow on the average $60,000,000 a year to meet her foreign interest. Here is an important advantage for the smaller country, especially if war is to be long

drawn out; but after all one that is apt to be over-estimated, as it was in January by a French economist of standing, who showed, as he thought conclusively, that Japan would not go to war with Russia because Japan had tried in vain to place a loan in London, and had not sufficient funds.

It has been said that no nation that was really anxious to go to war was ever held back by its poverty. Two nations more thoroughly bankrupt than Greece and Turkey would be hard to find, and yet they managed to secure the means for a sharp campaign a few years ago. Venezuela and Colombia, also, maintain a pretty constant series of revolutions. In fact, Russia seems likely to argue with her creditors that they cannot afford to see Russia defeated, and that therefore it is to their interest to lend her more money at this crisis. Many of them will doubtless hesitate before sending good money after bad, but probably the argument will be effective with some. There is little doubt in my mind that, unless it results in a Russian triumph, this war will be made an excuse for deferring interest on Russian bonds, or for paying it in paper. Russia has in bank vaults at home or abroad something like $400,000,000 in gold as a guarantee-fund for a larger amount of paper money in circulation, and of course this is available for immediate necessities in the way of ammunition and other requisites. Seven years ago, after years of depreciation, Russian paper money was put on a gold basis by an arbitrary reduction of the gold ruble to two-thirds of its former weight, and since then it has been maintained at par by keeping a gold reserve equivalent. The Russians have learned to prefer paper to gold, just as we do; and the government profits by this to the extent of saving the wear on the coinage, and by a small amount of interest allowed by the foreign bankers with whom much of the reserve is deposited, and again by about $150,000,000 which are only half covered by gold deposits. But it seems probable that failure of the attempt to place abroad a loan for $200,000,000 at four per cent.—which Russia asked for in vain a few weeks before the war broke out, and is now asking for again at five per cent.—will be followed by secret inroads on the gold reserve or unprotected issues of paper money, which will ruin their credit. In the last few days we have reports that the Czar has turned over to the treasury, to abate immediate distress, $100,000,000 from his private fortune. Probably this is a great exaggeration, but, even without reference to foreign interest bills, this sum will only cover the cost of modern warfare for a few weeks. One million dollars a day is a small allowance where 500,000 men are to be maintained in the field five thousand miles from the main source of supplies. To be sure, everything in Russia is nominally at the disposal of the Czar, and the railroads belong mainly to the State, so that little compensation has to be paid to them; but supplies must be had to take the place of those used up. As it is, a majority of the Russian people are accustomed to a lack of sufficient food in winter. Generally they have enough to support life, but scarcely a year passes without reports of actual famine somewhere in the empire, as last year in Finland, and the year before on the lower Volga. The crops of 1902 were the best Russia has ever known, and those of 1903 were nearly as good in European Russia, and it is possible that there may be less distress in consequence; but the needs of the government had forced the export of so much grain that probably there will not be much difference. Probably there is great distress at present in Siberia. The Trans-Siberian railroad had enabled western Siberia to build up a great trade—exporting butter to England. Two years ago they were exporting one million dollars' worth a month, but the closing of the railroad to

private business must have cut this off entirely, leaving the dairy farms without any market. Two years ago the Czar was warned that the limit of taxation had been reached. Plainly the war will require great sacrifices, and it is a question to what extent the people will tolerate being deprived of the necessities of life.

This brings us to consider what after all, in a long struggle, is the most fundamental point—namely, the character of the people. Numerous articles about the Japanese have appeared of late. Although there are among them distinct remains of aboriginal races, still on the whole probably no population in the world of similar size is as homogeneous. Except for the thinly populated island of Saghalin, seized by Russia thirty years ago—for which Russia gave to Japan as a nominal equivalent the barren Kurile Islands — and for the Island of Formosa, taken from China in 1895, the territory of Japan has been the same for a thousand years. The island empire is densely populated by a frugal and industrious race, whose religion consists in the idealized patriotism known as Shintoism, or the doctrine of self-sacrifice, which is the essence of Buddhism, each teaching the laying down of property and life for friend or country as the highest act of devotion possible. Alone among outside nations they have succeeded in grasping European civilization in one generation without being demoralized by it; and the individual adaptability which they show is surprising.

On the other hand, the Russian population is perhaps the most mixed of all nations, and is made up in large measure of conquered peoples who still remember their overthrow with bitterness. Probably not far from one-third of the whole—from forty to fifty millions—are true Muscovites. These are centrally located, and are much more numerous than any one of the disaffected elements, so serving to maintain the arbitrary rule of the Czar's ministers, each of whom is practically supreme in his own department. This independent supremacy of the different ministers is one of the main causes of Russian bad faith. Almost always some intrigue is on foot, of one group against another, as when recently the Minister of the Interior forced Minister Witte to resign the portfolio of finance. Not long before Witte had said that he could be Minister of the Interior if he wanted to, but that he had a better job. The Minister of Foreign Affairs is unable to fulfil his promises on this account, and even the Czar is practically powerless before ministerial opposition. He has no means of keeping himself informed as to whether his instructions are carried out, in a land where all the newspapers are under the censorship of the Interior Department. This opposition is sometimes so open that he is said to have arisen recently in a rage at the council of ministers, demanding: "Am I Czar, or am I not?"

Around the central Muscovites are grouped Lapps, Finns, Germans, Lithuanians, Poles, Little Russians, Ruthenians, Roumanians, Greeks, Georgians, and Tartars, with Jews and Gipsies scattered through the South and West. These are all in European Russia, and this is nothing to the medley in Asiatic Russia, where there is an almost endless variety of races. Each of the races mentioned speaks a different tongue, and there are at least six different religions among them, without counting sectaries, such as the Dukhobors. Over all these the Russian Church has been exercising a steady pressure, more or less galling according to circumstances, to bring them into what is known as the Orthodox Fold, though with small results other than mutual exasperation. Bitter political hatred of Russia burns fiercely among the Finns, Poles, and Armenians; while symptoms of active revolt are reported among Georgians and Turcomans along the Asiatic fron-

tier. If all the elements in the Russian empire which hate its tyranny could be brought to work together, the empire would crumble in a month; but many of these hate their neighbors even more than they do the Russians. Besides hatred for the Russians, few of them have any common interests, except in some cases the same religion, so that there is little chance of their acting together. The Pole oppresses the hated Jew, while the Lutheran German despises the Catholic Pole, and the Finn hates all the Slavonic races, Ruthenians and Little Russians as well as Poles and Muscovites. Nowhere, except possibly in the Turkish Empire and in Austria, can such racial antipathies be found under the same rule. A slight feeling of cohesion does draw the Slavonic races together, based on the idea of a union which should make them the arbiters of the world. This is known as Pan-Slavism, and the only possibility for it lies in Russian supremacy. The Pole hates the Russian less than either Prussian or Austrian, and for decades Russian intrigue has been trying to turn this to account, as well as the hatred of the Turk which animates the Slavs of the Balkans. Hatred between neighbors of different races has been Russia's most useful means for extending her sway; but many of the peoples absorbed into the empire would be glad to return to the old tyranny, from which they thought they were escaping. Conspicuous among these are the Christian Armenians, who now seem as anxious to get back under Turkish rule as thirty years ago they were to be taken into Russia. Russia has confiscated their church fund, said to amount to over $10,000,000, on the ground that it was being used for nationalist purposes, and that Russia could tolerate no *imperium in imperio*. She has also forbidden them to emigrate, but nevertheless they are sifting through the mountain passes without passports, or with forged ones —forgery of passports is a widely spread industry in Russia—and the government is at a loss to prevent it.

Two years ago the Mohammedan Tartars likewise started to emigrate to Turkey, but they lived further from the frontier, and the movement was stopped by refusing passports. In theory no one in Russia is allowed to spend the night thirty miles from home without a passport, but in practice it is difficult generally to distinguish a forged one from the genuine, and an army of tramps manages to keep moving—sometimes in the guise of pilgrims, who are held in high estimation. The pilgrimages to Jerusalem and to Kieff are really a serious drain on the country.

Such an atmosphere of hatred is not a good one in which to ask for self-denial among the people, but it is astounding to what abuse Russians will submit without a murmur. A cook asked leave of absence over Easter. His master refused it, saying that he was going to have company over Easter and wanted extra work instead. The cook then said he would leave at once, and asked for his pay, as he was entitled to under Russian law. He was told to go to the courtyard and wait until his master came. In the yard he was seized by two grooms, and tied up and whipped till he agreed to stay over Easter. I asked why he did not complain, and was laughed at. Who would pay any attention to the complaint of a servant against his master? From 1767 to 1861 it was against the law for a servant to make such a complaint. If he had been a factory hand it might have been otherwise. The government is now bent on pampering factory hands, but this was only a house servant. Both Russian servants and Russian workmen are so bad that when one knows them one has some sympathy for the employer, too. It generally requires from five to ten men in a Russian factory to do the work done by one in this country, and they will not work at all unless there is a gilded

picture of some saint—known as an ikon—with a lamp burning in front of it. A friend who had sold a lot of machines to a Russian factory received a complaint that they were not doing well. He went over to investigate. In this country one boy tends four of those machines, but he found two men watching each one of them, and they were suffering for lack of a little attention.

With rare exceptions the Russian peasants are lacking in education, sobriety, industry, energy, and honesty. They have the characteristics of a race of slaves; and my own observation leads me to class them on the whole as on a lower stage than the negroes in our Southern States. They are so suspicious of anyone asking questions that frequently they will lie when it is to their interest to tell the truth, and they will use the greatest ingenuity in stealing and covering their tracks; but they so totally lack perseverance, as a rule, that it is difficult to turn their cunning to account. Some of these characteristics extend high up. At the time that the *Retvisan* and *Variag* were being built at the Cramps', another vessel was being built for the Japanese navy, and naval officers were here from both countries to supervise the work. An engineer who was detailed by the Cramps to look after the foreign officers told me that the Russians did little but drink, and seldom went near their vessels, while the Japanese watched every piece that went into construction and knew just what it was meant to accomplish. It is only such intimate knowledge that allows an intricate machine like a warship to be utilized to its full capacity.

The Russian is brave in the sense that he dreads death little more than the Japanese does. Ten years ago most of the people in several villages had themselves buried alive because they were in haste to escape to heaven from the misery they felt on earth, and suicide was a crime forfeiting heaven. But this carelessness of life and passivity, which made Napoleon I consider the Russian an admirable soldier, does not suffice today when the chief duty of the soldier is to keep himself effective. Nowadays more and more responsibility falls on the individual, and for all this his training under an ultra-paternal government unfits him. The Russians lack self-reliance, so that scarcely a salesman in Russia will venture to make change without calculating the amount on a set of beads strung on parallel wires, known as an abacus, such as we sometimes see in Chinese laundries. On one of the rare occasions when one did it for me he gave me five rubles too much. Every book-keeper has one, also, to help him foot his columns.

Love of ostentation is the one motive which can generally be counted on to stir a Russian. This goes so far that when the head of a firm leaves for lunch he has to go around the office and formally shake hands with every one. If the office boy were omitted he would mope all the rest of the day. A curious thing about this is that in Russia handshaking is a comparatively recent development of the Anglo-mania, which has taken root where the English have been looked upon as arch-enemies for more than a century.

It should be said that the Cossacks are different from the mass of Russians. They are the descendants of several hordes of nomadic borderers who, for their services in repelling the Tartars, were allowed to remain in a kind of feudal independence, when the rest of the Russian peasants were reduced to servitude, on condition of rendering military service without pay, and furnishing their own arms and horses. As the result of receiving no pay they have become the most expert plunderers known. They are of almost pure Russian stock, but have become a kind of Bedouin, extremely expert on horseback, but not under much discipline, though of late years they have lost

many of their privileges and have been reduced to something more like order. They are not apt to make friends for Russia where they go.

No man can foresee what would be the result of a Russian overthrow, but probably it would be the signal for risings in many parts of the Empire, and therefore the Russian authorities do not dare make peace without the semblance of a victory.

If the rapid movement now supposed to be under way does not succeed, it looks as if the Japanese could only definitely overcome the Russians by help of the immense dead weight of the Chinese, who now show symptoms of wanting to move under Japanese guidance against the hated foreigner; but this is dreaded by so many besides the Russians that immense pressure is being brought to bear at Peking to prevent it. Failing this, it looks as if the war might drag on its weary length for months, and even years, with gradually increasing exhaustion and misery for both sides, until some kind of a compromise can be arranged, by which very likely Russia would keep Manchuria, and Japan Korea. If such a thing existed as an international bankruptcy court it is probable that the end would come soon through the financial failure of Russia; but failure to pay its obligations, for which the war would offer plausible excuse as a temporary expedient, would give so much relief to the overburdened empire as to go far towards offsetting the war. If any such measure is adopted, it will probably be a long time before payments in full are resumed.

At this date (April 22) Russian four per cent. bonds stand materially higher on the London market than Japanese fours, but for this two special reasons appear. The first is that at all the principal centres of Europe the Russian Ministry of Finance maintains highly paid agents, whose main duty is to puff the value of Russian securities at all times, and in particular to support the market by buying in a few bonds whenever there threatens to be a break in their value. These agents are supposed to be independent of the department of foreign affairs. Russia has one in this country also. This has served to give the market price of Russian bonds a steadiness in extraordinary conditions—creating a fictitious value—and the prestige of it is still felt, though it has been impossible to sustain the bonds recently. The other reason is that the amount of Russian securities owned in Western Europe is so vast that a panic would necessarily follow any sudden break in their selling price, so that all the principal financiers in Europe are interested in trying to prevent a sudden collapse in their nominal value.

The Japanese government has never tried to place its loans abroad, unless very recently, and therefore has never resorted to artificial means to build up its credit. At the first outbreak of war the audacity of Japan in defying Russia took the holders of Japanese bonds by surprise, and the price of their securities fell much more rapidly than Russian bonds; but now the tendency of Japanese bonds is upward, while Russian bonds are falling. It will be interesting to watch the course of this index of their respective credits.

Though the scum of the cities—which have in all not ten per cent. of the population of Russia—is clamoring for vengeance, probably the bulk of the people know little and care less about the progress of the war. Very few of them can read, and there are probably great numbers of villages where a newspaper is never seen. On the whole, the advantage does not seem to be much in favor of Russia, in spite of the weight of numbers; and many think that it lies the other way.

N. T. Bacon

A Leader in American Impressionism

By Albert Winslow Barker

Edmund C. Tarbell is a painter whose work must be taken into account by anyone who would make the briefest survey of American art, either in the light of results or as a matter of historic growth. He is one of the ablest of the painters in whom the so-called "impressionist" principles have remained in a state of consistent development since the tide swept over the country fifteen years ago. As practised by American painters, impressionism had almost as many definitions as disciples, and the ideas called impressionistic have seldom been reduced to a logical or coherent form. But the movement had an importance which must not be underestimated. The painters were themselves confused, and to the general public it meant a certain startling color-habit. Impressionism was in reality a protest with a color-habit annexed, and not intrinsically a color-habit.

Every picture that is painted is composed of two elements—of fresh and primitive observations, and of observations prompted and prejudiced by ideas lodged in the mind as a result of experience. Every now and again, in the history of art, the habit of observation has been neglected and perverted by the influence of previous experience. The painter, like the child who draws a house and then, through the walls, shows the family at dinner, draws not what he saw and as he saw it, but things unseen or at variance with what a true inspection would have revealed. We know that grass is of a certain green color, but as a matter of observation, owing to the varying conditions of light and environment, it seldom, if ever, appears of that particular hue known as grass-green. This was the keynote of what was best in impressionism.

On the other hand, being a protest, it had the faults of a doctrine of protest. It laid stress on certain qualities at the expense of others. The impressionists were, as a rule, unreliable draftsmen, and Mr. Tarbell cannot always plead exception to the rule. His drawing is sometimes surprisingly good, but is not to be depended on. The foreshortened thigh in *A Girl with a Dog*, and the hands in *The Ring* are examples in point. Of incomplete draftsmanship *Reading by the Window* is an example, and other instances might be cited without difficulty.

If Mr. Tarbell were in this particular an isolated figure among the impressionists it would be noted with regret, and then passed as a personal limitation and of no further consequence. As a fault found in excess in the work of a whole group of men who have done inestimable service as teachers, it is a much more serious matter and one that is evidently not accidental. Neither is it, as the public is too apt to assume, a mark of wilful carelessness. In truth it is a phenomenon closely connected with that which is best in their work. To realize this it is worth while to analyze the nature of the sensation by which we see, and to resolve the phenomenon of appearance into its ele-



EDMUND C. TARBELL

ments. If we have been trained to look at nature as at a picture or, lacking that, will examine the image on the ground-glass of a camera, we will remember that the sensation of sight is produced by an image on the retina in the form of a group of juxtaposed illuminated areas. Now these illuminated areas have just four qualities, neither of which is wanting to any one of them. The first of these is its shape and placing, which used alone, as in an outline in one color, gives us form, proportion, linear perspective, etc. The second is color, or the *quality* of the light received from a given spot. The third is light-and-shade value, or the *quantity* of light received. The fourth quality is the character of the edge of any given area, —whether the transition to adjacent tones is abrupt or gradual, or is a combination of these. This last is a very important quality, one closely dependent on, and expressive of, texture and surface character. It will be seen that the first and fourth, giving proportion and texture, are more directly the result of the permanent construction and surface of objects, while the second and third are governed chiefly by the conditions of light and atmosphere, not resident in the object, and subject to great and continual change. The impressionist movement was a plea for the study of these changes, for the celebration of the effects and transformations wrought by the immaterial light on material objects. The impressionists were on solid ground in insisting on the importance of these shiftings and transmutations, and on the difference between "local color" and "color-impression." They also re-affirmed the obliteration of outline, of detail, and of continuity of construction as one of the effects of light and shadow. But granting all this, granting that an arm may be obliterated by a shadow, while the hand remains visible, the position and action of the hand should be true to the possibilities of the unseen arm. In nature, too, in spite of the obliteration and cloudings due to the alchemy of light and color, the quality of the edge of tones at transition-points remains to indicate to us that flesh is flesh, and so forth. Impressionism retaught the changefulness of nature's guise and the importance of the imponderable factors of light and air in the mysterious illusions and dissolutions that are continually taking place. But in doing this it lost its hold on the fixed characteristics of the object itself; it laid too little stress on the stable and permanent facts of construction. Examine the forearm and wrist of the *Reading by the Window;* it is in texture like the loose folds of the bodice, and neither is satisfying. This absence of the quality of texture, of the just treatment of the transition of tones, is found running through some of the best of the work of today. Even Mr. Sargent occasionally fails at this point, and Miss Beaux is a conspicuous offender. On the other hand, Mr. Chase at his best, in still-life, as conspicuously succeeds. And it would not be just to Mr. Tarbell not to credit him with good drawing and good textures on occasion—as in parts, and the more important parts, of *The Venetian Blind* and *In the Orchard.*

Mr. Tarbell has not tied himself to the color-habit that is by many considered to be the essential mark of impressionism, and this ought to bring him nearer to a general audience. For while a picture may be painted in an unexpected tone with perfect truth —since literalness of color is no more desirable or possible than identity of dimension—yet, owing to long habit, a miniature, which is on an unusual scale, seems a more readable image of nature than does a picture in an unusual or unexpected tone. Mr. Tarbell has worked in many color schemes, but in most of his indoor studies the general tone is warm. The light is of a pale golden color, diffused and tempered with the utmost refinement of precision.

It is not merely the precision of a trained observer who can repeat what stands before him. Mr. Tarbell's perception of the nature of light is that of a man instinctively sensitive to its influences. Such a man can attain by a single stroke to an accuracy far above that of the ordinary painter, and moreover can arrange and harmonize his material, choose and combine, add and eliminate with reference to the completeness and beauty of his expression of its character. Mr. Tarbell's best paintings are truly lyric in their celebrations of chiaroscuro. *Reading by the Window* is charming in tone and color, and there is wonderful grace and delicacy in the gradations of light and color in such paintings as *A Girl with a Dog* and *The Venetian Blind*. Particularly in the last there is a balance maintained between the warm and the cool notes that leaves little to be desired. In light and shade it is exceedingly rich and harmonious, and it is complete enough in form and detail to satisfy even the devotees of the old masters. This one picture should be an answer to those who cannot accept violent color schemes, and who judge impressionism by them.

In an important sense Mr. Tarbell's paintings are still-life compositions. The touch of animation is not missed at first in the midst of so much that is beautiful; but his figures do not move, and are seldom poised between action and action. Anyone who has examined Rembrandt's paintings will remember that even in the quietude of sleeping figures he found some trait of the alert life that needed but a touch to call it back to the drama of movement and intelligence. His people do fairly breathe, their lips just parted as they sit facing you from the canvas. It is hardly fair perhaps to put Mr. Tarbell in comparison with so great a master; but it is at least fairer than to put him in comparison with men of less sensibility than himself, who have caught the breath and whirl of the great world of life, and in rude way have left a mark of it. We crave this touch of life. With his great gifts in the field of light and color, Mr. Tarbell stands as interpreter between the appearance of the world and those who lack the artist's eye to catch its meaning clearly. But we continually amend his interpretation with the remembrance that this is not a dream world—it has the confidence of the great elemental motions; that it is not a dream-life, but one of swift animation and swifter intelligence, active, passionate, and alert.

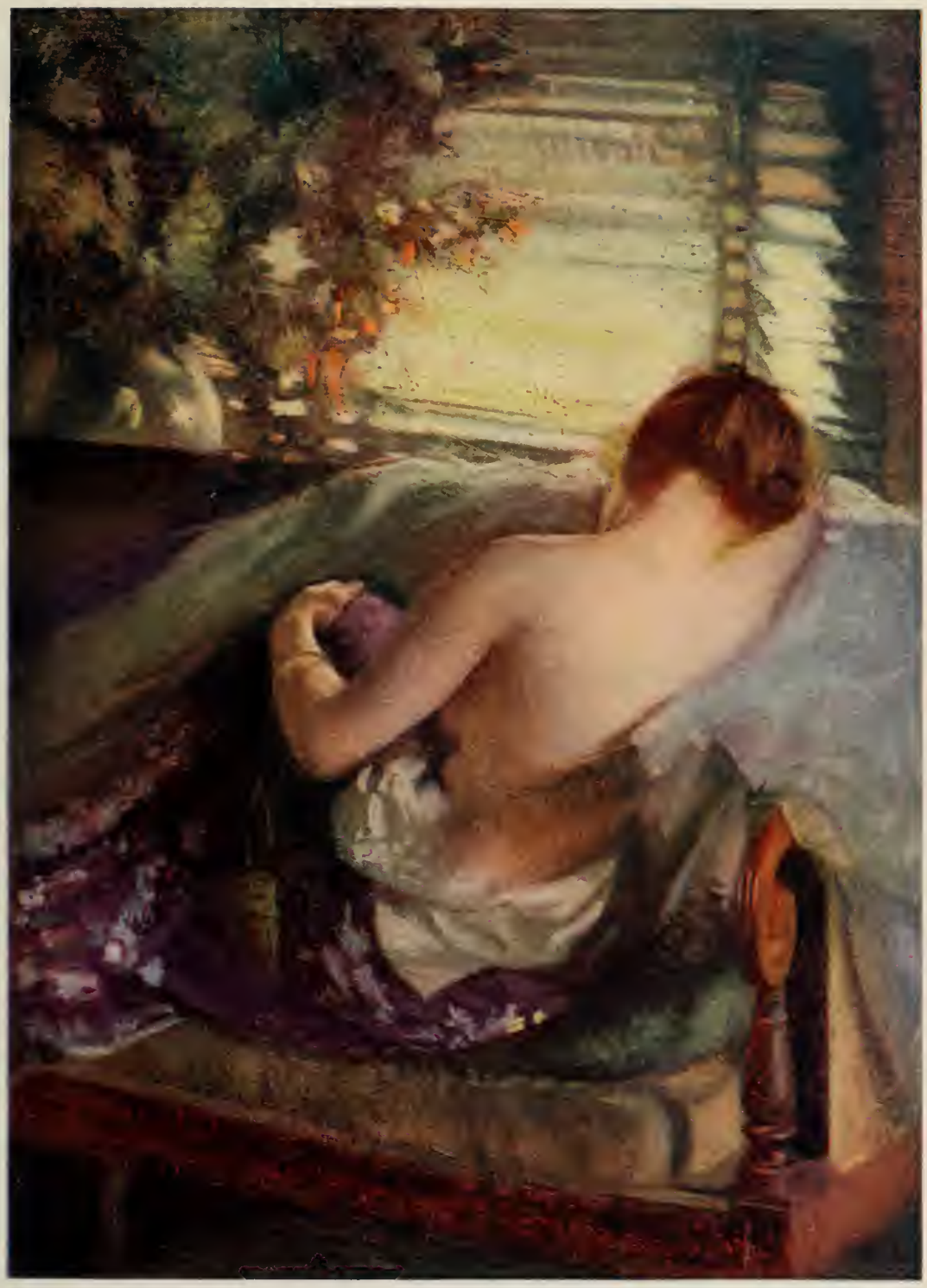
Mr. Tarbell can well afford this criticism. What he has already accomplished has secured for him a perennial place in the appreciation of the lovers of sincere and beautiful works. A leader in impressionism, too strong to be party to its excesses and fantasies, accepting and teaching the new-found and rediscovered truths on which it is based, he is the painter of works of singular charm and refinement, and a force working always for sincerity and directness in the currents of contemporary art education and art sentiment.

Albert W. Barker.



A GIRL WITH A DOG

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDMUND C. TARBELL



THE VENETIAN BLIND

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDMUND C. TARBELL



IN THE ORCHARD

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDMUND C. TARBELL



READING AT THE WINDOW

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDMUND C. TARBELL

What Russian Children are Reading

By William Lyon Phelps

In order to discover what authors were at the present moment most popular among the boys and girls of Russia, a Russian periodical recently sent a general letter, addressed to secondary-school pupils, asking simply: "What authors do you like the best?" The question was put to boys and girls of presumably from fourteen to nineteen years of age, in schools both public and private—corresponding to our high schools, academies, and private fitting schools, as well as schools intended exclusively for girls of wealthy families. A large number of replies were received; the results seem somewhat startling. Foremost in patriotic preference is Tolstoi, with 691 votes; and the favorite book is *Resurrection*, with 296 votes. Next, oddly enough, comes the dreary and dirty Gorki, with the large total of 586 votes. Mr. Howells has well said that Gorki represents the body, and not the soul of Russian fiction. I, for one, regard him as a public nuisance, whose meaningless gabble in dunghill dialect we must endure until the next literary sensation arrives. The third and fourth choices seem more reasonable, for Dostoevski and the great Turgenev have 494 and 470 admirers. Tschechov—a magnificent sneeze—arrives with 458; and fifteen other Russian writers receive each over one hundred votes. Among those who gained less than one hundred are not only men like Alexei Tolstoi and Lermontov, but sadly enough Russia's first great poet, Pushkin, and her first great novelist, Gogol! The placing of such a derelict as Gorki above so consummate an artist as Turgenev, and above so extraordinary a writer as Gogol, is perhaps only the natural tribute paid by youth to the contemporary sensation. In all countries, the "book of the year" is more widely read than the established classics.

Of authors outside of Russia, not one, ancient or modern, polled one hundred votes; but between fifty and one hundred choices arrived at the fateful number of thirteen. The name of Guy de Maupassant led all the rest, with the respectable total of 86 admirers; then followed Erckmann-Chatrian, Zola, Dickens, and Hugo; and just inside the breastworks fell Goethe and Schiller, with 52 votes apiece. Shakespeare and Cervantes, as well as Ibsen and Daudet, straggle along, hopelessly out of the race, with less than fifty to do them reverence.

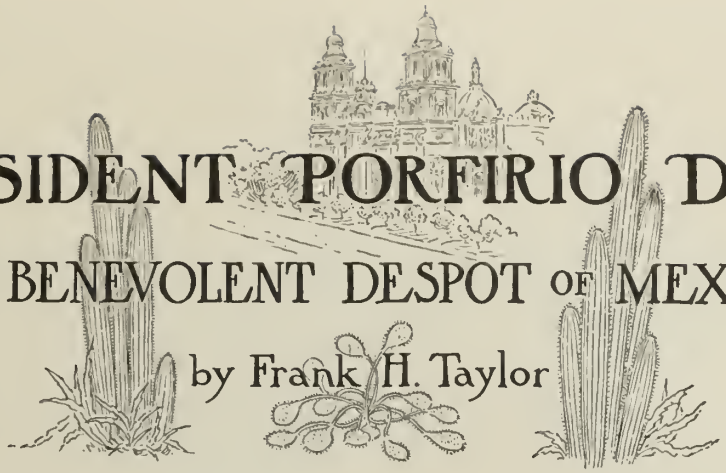
The primacy of Maupassant is doubtless owing to three causes: (1) the natural Russian love of realism, (2) the extreme fondness of Russians for French literature, written in a language which many Russians speak better than their mother-tongue, and (3) the warm praise bestowed by Tolstoi on the author of *Une Vie*. But it is bewildering to find even the children of Russia so terribly up-to-date! Those sensitive souls who bewail the crassness of American Philistinism should turn their eager eyes toward the North. Maupassant and Gorki are certainly not milk for babes. While their extreme popularity in Russia demonstrates a rather complete intellectual emancipation among the boys and girls, from the moral point of view our only comment, like Quintilian, is to stare and gasp.

Wm Lyon Phelps

Munich, Germany



PRESIDENT PORFIRIO DIAZ



PRESIDENT PORFIRIO DIAZ

THE BENEVOLENT DESPOT OF MEXICO

by Frank H. Taylor

The public career of one of the most remarkable statesmen of our time is drawing to a close. President Diaz, who has ruled Mexico for nearly a quarter of a century with an iron hand, but with a wisdom which has earned for him the title of "The Benevolent Despot," is preparing to lay down his office. The withdrawal of such a personage from the political stage, on which he has been the central figure for so long, deserves more than passing notice.

From the end of Spain's long nightmare of misrule in 1821 to the first election of Porfirio Diaz in 1877 more than fifty presidents and dictators, as well as one emperor, had fought their way into power, tasted glory for a few brief weeks or months, and in most cases had been violently disposed of by the conventional firing-squad. Diaz himself, being an insurrectionary leader, had abundant precedent upon which to predicate his own probable fate. Under the peculiarly unstable conditions of Mexican life his long, unbroken sway proves that he is indeed a most remarkable man.

He is seventy-four years old, but he will retire in full possession of the unusual qualities of mind and body which have distinguished him during his long years of power. If you should succeed in penetrating the sanctum of the famous audience-chamber of the national palace you would find him to-day alert, well-balanced, and vigorous. It is not easy to get at President Diaz. The process of securing an audience begins with an appointment through influence; you must then arrive at the palace in a properly approved carriage, pass the military guard, and endure the inspection of the personal staff. But if you are one of the fortunate few to gain the actual presence of the Executive, you will find him a good listener if you have something worth saying. His hair and crisp mustache have turned white, but his soft, dark eyes are as young as ever, and they search as deeply as of old. If you have the truth about you he will find it.

From early youth Porfirio Diaz has been identified with Mexico's most stirring history. Born in the southern city of Oaxaca, seventy-four years ago, of a mother having Indian ancestors, he was schooled at the excellent college of his native city, sustaining himself by teaching. At the age of seventeen he became a volunteer in the defensive war against the American army of invasion, in 1847. After this taste of soldier-life, he was engaged with the forces opposed to the pretender, Santa Anna; and later against Garcia. He participated in the campaigns against the reactionary Cobos. And in 1861, as general of brigade in the presidency of Juarez, he

battled with Marquez in defence of the national capital.

Within the period covered by civil war in the United States another war raged far to the southward. France disgorged her red brigades from fleets of transports at Vera Cruz, leaving them to fight their way across the *tierra calienté*, through the foot-hills, and over the mountains into the valley of Mexico, along a pathway where the scars of Scott's invasion were hardly yet healed. When the people of the United States had settled their own great question of unity or disintegration, they looked toward Mexico and saw an empire. The sight did not please them. A million seasoned soldiers from the late opposing armies were ready to back the Monroe doctrine, and to support the Secretary of State in his declaration to France. Two years later, as a direct consequence, was enacted the tragedy of Querétaro.

Out of the turmoil of Mexico's tangled affairs emerged two great soldiers and leaders, Diaz and Benito Juarez, an Indian, who reëstablished the constitutional Republic, from the presidency of which he had been driven in 1861. Having helped to clear the country of its European enemies, and having seen the old Indian republican, Juarez, once more in the palace, Diaz, like Cincinnatus, betook himself to the quiet pleasures of a country gentleman. In 1871 Diaz was a nominee for the presidency. But his old chief was reëlected—shortly, however, to be followed by Lerdo.

Again the wheel of fortune spun around, and private citizen Diaz found himself an outlaw and refugee in Texas. Within a year, crowded with exploits and incidents which would seem strained if printed as fiction, Diaz was military master of the City of Mexico and of the nation, and Lerdo de Tejada was hastening toward safety across the frontier. Six months later, in 1877, Diaz became constitutional president. With the exception of the incumbency of President Gonzalez, from 1880 to 1884, he has been at the head of the Mexican Republic ever since. Mexico has enjoyed such peace and prosperity during his six terms of office that no one has had the temerity to challenge his reten-





A MEXICAN HACIENDA

tion of the presidency. The national elections have been, so far as he was concerned, merely a succession of endorsements of his policy.

Between the lines of this brief summary of a picturesque career it is easy to read the romance, glory, and sacrifice investing the red pathway along which the wonderful Oaxacan student, teacher, and soldier came to his own in the palace of the nation.

But after all, it is as a civil governor rather than as a soldier that President Diaz has made his most notable record. In the marvelous development of Mexico in the past generation he has played the leading part. Among the foremost achievements of the existing Mexican government must be counted the founding of a national school system, free from sectarian influence. In the work of locating new productive industries and affording profitable occupation for a large number of the people, the natural talent of the Mexicans in the skilful creation of many delicate and artistic fabrics and objects has been encouraged; and now every tourist over the Mexican railways brings home examples of the exquisite drawn-work, feather-work, filagree silver, and basketry which are offered for sale in many of the cities. The strong hand of the President is also seen in the marvelous regeneration of the capital city, which is now drained by the greatest piece of sanitary engineering in the world, and which is being rapidly modernized in the matter of good pavements, parks, public buildings, canals, and other desirable works.

Another great achievement of the Diaz administration has been the improvement of Mexican harbors on the Gulf and the Pacific. The latter fact is especially notable in the instance of the Tehuantepec route. By this highway goods in transit from Atlantic ports to California have an advantage of 1,500 miles over the proposed Panama Canal, although allowance must be made for handling shipments at both ends of the route.

Conspicuous, also, has been the railway development, of which the Tehuantepec is the latest phase. At the beginning of the first term of President Diaz, in 1877, but one railway—the Mexican,

or Vera Cruz line, 283 miles in length —existed in the republic. In 1880 the two great systems of the Mexican National and Mexican Central railroads were commenced. Railroads now traverse every state except Lower California, Tabasco, and Campeachy. At present about 12,000 miles of railroad, operated by ten companies, are in service.

An equally remarkable feature has been the solving of national financial problems. When Diaz came into power the public debt amounted to above $150,000,000, and the annual deficit in national revenues was near $10,000,000. In fourteen years the debt had been reduced fifty per cent., and the government's income had met expenses. And although the present national debt is about $432,000,000, silver,—nearly all of which is held abroad—of this sum seventy-five per cent. is represented in permanent improvements, including railroad subsidies, harbors, and other great betterments; and Mexico's five per cent. gold bonds are quoted at above par.

Two events in the experience of President Diaz contributed greatly to his well-known friendship for the United States, and inspired his efforts to interest American capital in fostering manufactures among the Mexicans. There was first the visit of General Grant and General Sheridan and their families to Mexico, in February, 1880; and then the tour of General Diaz in the United States, three years later. In both of these journeys the writer had a part.

General Grant, arriving at Vera Cruz with his party from Havana, was tendered a welcome by Mexico of the most spectacular and enthusiastic character. Although traveling as a private citizen, having the purpose of visiting the scene of his earliest battles, General Grant was made the object of unexampled hospitality, and was hailed as the repre-



A VIEW OF VERA CRUZ



THE CITY OF MEXICO

sentative of Mexico's most powerful friend among the nations.

The reception of the two famous generals by President Diaz at the national palace in Mexico City, upon their arrival, was dramatic in its simplicity. But it initiated the beginning of a commercial invasion of Americans more numerous than the soldiers sent there in our first war abroad (1847-8), and representing investments of capital above $500,000,000 in gold, one-half of which has been placed there within the past five years. This great sum exceeds the value of all of the assessed real estate in the Mexican Republic in 1880. Before General Grant and his party returned from Mexico a concession had been granted under which samples of American goods were to be admitted free of duty for exhibit in the cities of Mexico. In the following ten years imports from the United States increased from $8,461,000 to $22,690,000. Under the stimulus of this conference of great minds, work was commenced upon the two railways which were to unite the capital with the American systems north of the Rio Grande.

A visit of General Diaz to the United States naturally followed. It occurred in March of 1883, during his ex-presidency. Accompanied by his wife and son and several distinguished Mexicans, he arrived in New Orleans *en route* to Monterey, to attend the wedding of General Treviño to Miss Ord. Following this event, the Mexicans accepted the courtesy of a splendid special train tendered by the Missouri Pacific railway company, which awaited them at the frontier. The Mexican guests were taken upon a tour of the central and eastern States, visiting St. Louis, Chicago, Niagara Falls, Washington, New York, and Boston, meeting at a series of receptions and banquets the leading representatives of our nation, and observing everywhere our highest social and intellectual life.

It was under such conditions of travel that the Grant-like simplicity of character, the gentleness, consideration, and strength of this great Mexican were impressed not only upon those who traveled with him, but upon all who came into his presence.

That hasty panoramic view of a



Photograph by Rau

THE NATIONAL PALACE

country very much younger, but infinitely richer, than his own long-troubled land, aroused ambitions in Diaz. They found vent not only in the enthusiasm of the moment but led him upon a series of tours, preaching the gospel of industry in his own scattered cities, among other things citing the American example, and encouraging the presence of American investors in Mexico.



Photograph by Rau

CATHEDRAL OF THE CITY OF MEXICO

The effects of this personal campaign by Diaz were quickly seen in the Mexican business world. The Mexican character is eminently conservative. The host of hurrying, imperious, optimistic Americans who swarmed down across the border, in the closely following years, has given it many a jolt. Out of all sorts of projects calling for "subventions"—from building railroads to opening old silver mines, the good and the bad together—there has been threshed out more prosperity than the drowsy dons upon their feudal haciendas ever dreamed of.

This awakening of an old land from its medieval dreams has touched the natives somewhat, and, like Japan, the towns are becoming less picturesque. A modern cotton mill set up beside a mossy Spanish church jars the artistic nerves. But American money knows no reverence for the things that were, and it flows in a constant stream of investment into Mexican factories, railway extensions, mines, farms, plantations, and countless minor enterprises. It is a rich field of venture, and Diaz has made it attractive. The investor in Mexico, by the mere fact of locating there, doubles his capital and divides his wage account by two.

The extent of the American commercial invasion is not always realized. A year ago it was officially reported that more than eleven hundred American companies were doing business in Mexico. Of the capital from this country invested there, about seventy per cent. is placed in railroads. All of the lines except those connecting the capital with Vera Cruz and the National Tehuantepec Railway, are owned or controlled by Americans. Eighty per cent. of all Mexican railroad property is held in the United States. Eighty millions of American dollars are engaged in Mexican mines, principally in Sonora, Chihuahua, and Durango. The mining outputs of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, amounted to $145,000,000—valued in silver—being an increase of nearly fifty per cent. over any preceding year. In the same time nearly three thousand new mining enterprises, or



Courtesy of Philadelphia Commercial Museums

A MEXICAN SUGAR MILL

seventeen per cent. of the whole, were launched.

In various agricultural ventures, Americans have $28,000,000 staked; but this includes probably some of those enterprises which appeal to the trustful small investor through popular advertisement, and concerning which our consular agents have often sent warnings to the Washington authorities.

Varied manufactures in the Federal districts and in Nuevo Leon absorb much American capital. In Sinaloa, we also operate a profitable group of sugar refineries. To the northward many great iron and steel plants are in evidence. One of them, just completed at Monterey, has cost fully $10,000,000.

About one hundred and twenty cotton mills have been built in various parts of the republic. The fine Hercules Mills at Querétaro, which are embellished by tropical gardens, are the most notable. Another plant, owned by the French, and located at Rio Blanco in the State of Vera Cruz, employs one thousand seven hundred hands—nearly all males—and ranks as one of the largest in the world. Under the peonage system, still existing, the great mass of the people outside of the cities are seldom able to earn themselves out of debt, and are virtually slaves. Wages in the mills range from twenty-three to fifty-six cents per day, and these small sums represent a condition of comparative wealth for the workers, the essentials of life being upon a proportionately low basis of cost. The best workers come from the highlands.

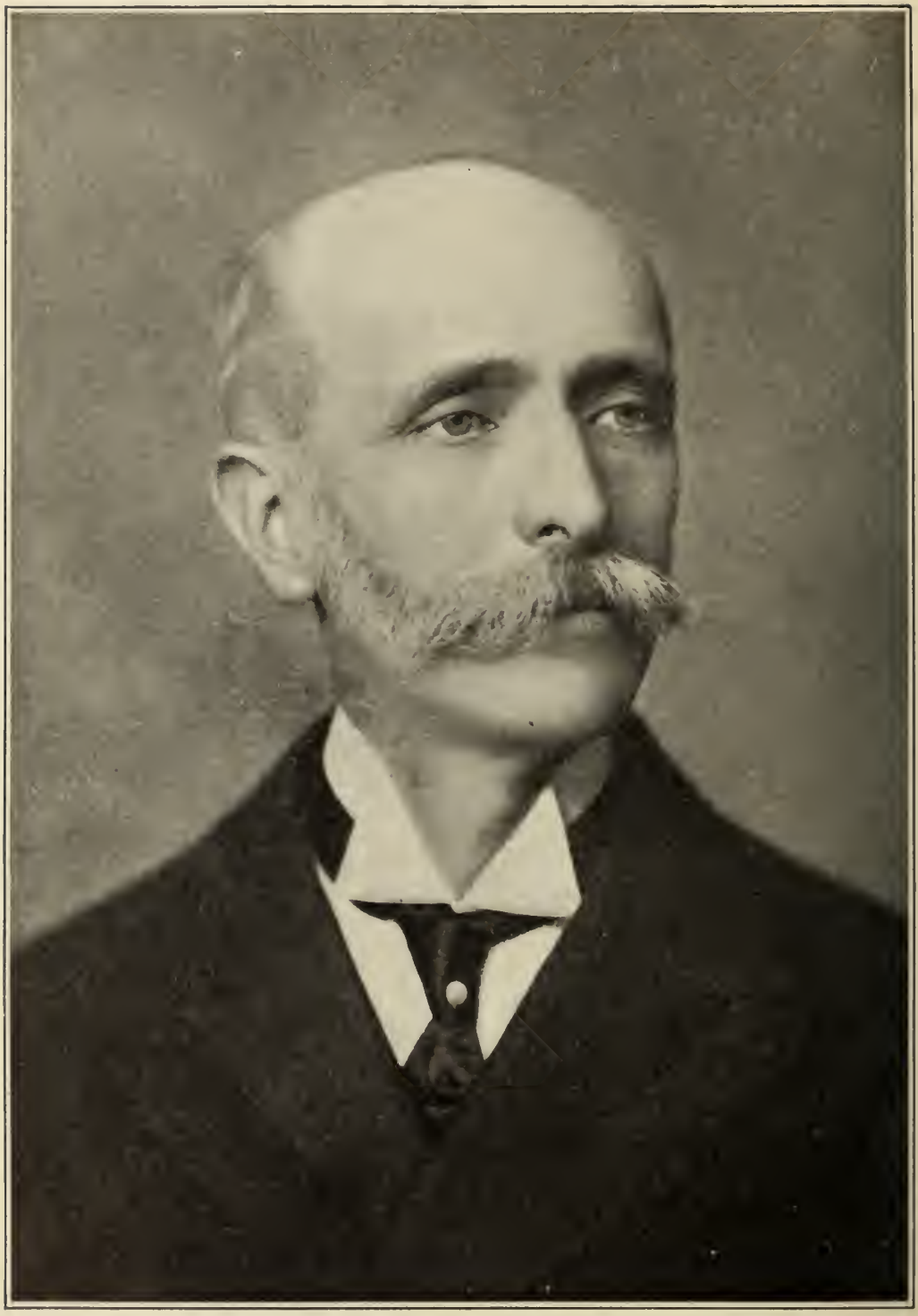


Courtesy of Philadelphia Commercial Museums

A GIANT CRANE AT VERA CRUZ

Other favorite American investments in Mexico are in electric power and lighting, telephones, traction, water and gas plants, improved pavements, and suburban land ventures. In the capital Americans are interested in the banks and have many agencies for all kinds of articles, from sewing machines to "autos." Of her imports Mexico buys about $42,000,000 worth of goods (or fifty-eight per cent. of the whole) from the United States, and we buy from her nearly an equal amount (or eighty per cent.) of her total exportations.

All Mexico is accessible to Americans, and they can travel anywhere in



JOSÉ IVES LIMANTOUR

POSSIBLE SUCCESSOR OF PRESIDENT DIAZ

safety. Twenty-four years ago it was necessary to guard General Grant and his fellow-travelers from the coast to the capital by car-loads of troops. At that time brigands beset the very suburbs of the cities. But Diaz enrolled them into his splendid Guardia Rurale, and made highway robbery so unprofitable that now special excursion trains of gay tourists from Chicago and Boston, housed in Pullmans, travel freely and safely away down to Mitla and its prehistoric temples.

Such has been the marvelous development of Mexico under the benign sway of President Diaz. But what of the outlook? Like the dwellers upon the slopes of Vesuvius, who hear the internal rumblings of dread forces and are afraid, so the Mexicans think upon the future when the hand of Diaz no longer shall guide the ship of state. Capital, too, deeply planted in Mexican development, with its army of American employees and its promise of large rewards, has its doubts of the stability of affairs when Diaz shall be no longer a name to conjure with. The classes who count in the making of public opinion in Mexico have, however, advanced in the direction of peaceful politics as the country has emerged from the clouds of anarchy, and, with the example of the greater republic to the north before them, they may be reasonably expected to unite for the preservation of the material benefits which have come to them under the rule of the greatest of their presidents.

Chief among the problems to be solved in Mexico's future are national finance, the constitutional rights of the people, and popular education. Mexico is slowly and painfully arriving at a gold basis. Ever since the beginning of the Diaz dynasty silver has been declining. It has averaged in the past year $2.20 to a dollar in gold. There is need of a financier in the seat to be vacated by Diaz. An eminent French economist, after a recent critical tour of the country, forecasts that the adjustment of Mexico's finances will be followed by a vast inrush of foreigners, with a constantly expanding American influence in all promising fields of investment.

As to the constitution of 1857, under which Mexico is governed, it is admirable in its purpose and effect. Under this the rights of the individual are guaranteed; all men are free; religion is free; marriage is a civil contract; freedom of the press is assured; the right of petition is declared; no passports are required; foreigners have all property rights common to citizens; and monopolies are forbidden. Will these rights be amply defended by the successor of Diaz?

As to the need of popular education —eleven millions of illiterates, swayed by passions easily kindled by ambitious reactionary leaders, form a menace which might well daunt a stronger government than that of Mexico.

Who is to be sufficient for these things? What man is worthy to undertake the solution of such national problems in place of Diaz? This is now the paramount question in Mexico. The thought of the nation has naturally turned toward José Ives Limantour, Secretary of the Treasury. It is said that Diaz prefers Limantour as his successor. It is also said the Secretary of the Treasury desires to remain in the office in which he has shown such distinguished ability. But, in any event, he is a man to be reckoned with in Mexico's future. He is a cosmopolitan, who knows the financial purlieus and the clubs of New York, London, and Paris. He is not of Mexican blood, but having been successful in his financial administration, he has the support of the material interests of the country, its progressive elements and foreign investors, though opposed by the lower classes under the sleepless influence of an embittered priesthood. If he should accept the presidency, doubtless he would direct the nation in the same broad spirit which has always characterized his leader, Diaz.



THE TOWN OF ST. PIERRE

THE WHITE STONE BUILDING ON THE LEFT IS THE GOVERNMENT BARRACKS, FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY DISCIPLINAIRES, OR FRENCH CONVICTS

Old France in the New World



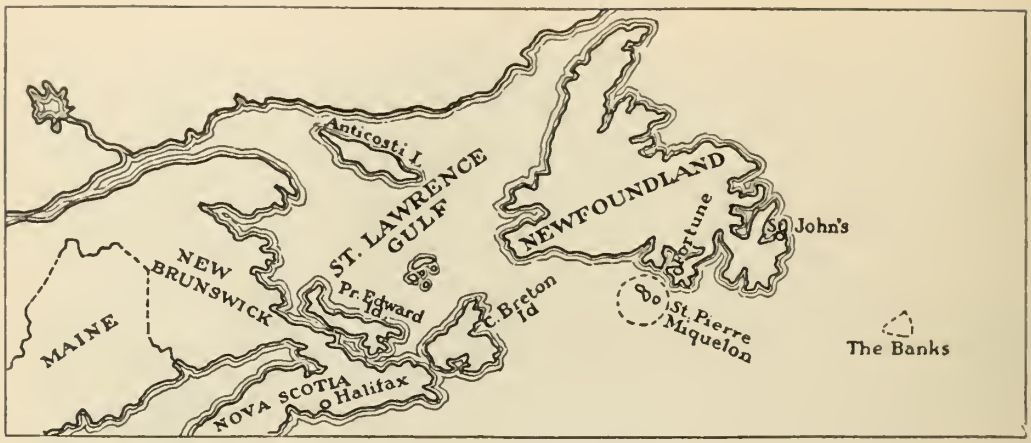
The Last Remnant of a Great Empire

by P. T. McGrath

No nation has spent more blood and treasure in efforts to acquire a colonial empire than France; and no nation has so little to show for it. Two hundred years ago she seemed destined to possess all India; today she holds Pondicherry alone, and her plans for a mighty Eastern realm are only a vanished dream. At the same period she exercised sway over a territory on this continent twice as large as Europe; now the only vestige remaining of that vast dominion is the little Miquelon archipelago off the south coast of Newfoundland. France was left this as a shelter for her fishermen when England wrested from her the great American wilderness by the peace-treaty of Utrecht in 1713; and that purpose the islands—Miquelon, Langlade, and St. Pierre—have since continued to serve. Their area is but eighty square miles. They seem only fly-specks on the map. On a bet, a daring Yankee fisherman, with a small boat, rowed around them in one night last summer. Here, then, is France's lonely outpost in the Western ocean, pitiful remnant of the principality which once recognized no banner but the Fleur-de-lis!

Miquelon is the largest of the group, but lacks a harbor, and is only settled by about eighty families. Langlade is in similar case, and but fifty domiciles dot its coves. St. Pierre possesses the sole haven of the archipelago, and is therefore the capital and centre of interest, the home of the rest of the population of 6,500 souls. Probably as many more Breton fishermen from the St. Malo fleet resort there during the summer, putting in from the Grand Banks to land their catches of cod, and to refit or repair; and the whole commerce of the place is founded upon the lordly codfish. It is that, too, which makes the islets a subject of discord between France, England, and Newfoundland; because St. Pierre is the very pivotal point of the world-famous "French Shore Question," which antedates all other disputes, and has been the despair of diplomatists for generations past.

St. Pierre is a bit of old France, transplanted across the Atlantic and erected on this lonely isle. The town is built along the foreshore, extending about a mile, and straggling back up a little hillside for a quarter of that distance. It is composed almost wholly of fishermen's cottages constructed of wood, with a few large warehouses and cod-stores, and the inevitable government buildings of stone fronting the quay. The isolation of the place is its chief charm; to the visitor its quaint architecture and novel scenes are a constant delight. Fog almost always enshrouds the group,



NEWFOUNDLAND AND THE FRENCH ISLANDS

set as they are amid the fishing banks, and the mailboat must make a cautious approach lest she run down any of the scores of skiffs which throng the offing, with fog-horns going to warn her of their presence. Through this chilling mist their dim, ghostly outlines are seen; and then in an instant, as the ship rounds a headland, the town opens up, the fog is dispelled, and she passes into a new world, with smiling skies and every object so clearly defined as to be almost dazzling by contrast. The first sight of St. Pierre compensates one for the steamer trip. Every house is lime-washed, and exemplifies the proverbial neatness of the French.

The cottages are little two-story affairs, with slanting roofs and with hinged windows opening into midget gardens wrought with infinite patience —the frugal soil itself carried over from Newfoundland. Flowers bloom in the window-boxes, gay fabrics adorn the stores, and the grayish tints of the pallid houses impart a pleasant tone. Fish-curing is forbidden within the town, and everything is scrupulously clean, even though sidewalks do not exist, and one shares the narrow sloping streets with creaking ox-wains and little carts drawn by dogs, for of horses there are only four on the island.

The streets abound with unfamiliar scenes, especially in the fishing season, when the hardy, sun-browned voyageurs from the Grand Banks overflow into it, and the roadstead riots with the varied hues of the hulls and sails of their weather-beaten barks. The men in wooden sabots and gaudy blouses, the women in scarlet skirts and snowy coifs, the patient oxen drawing their loads, the uniformed gendarme and fanfaring beadle, the patter of strange tongues and the inimitable Gallic gestures, the crucifix which uprears itself above the hilltop, and the priest or nun who passes by—all are vivid reminders of picturesque Brittany and the lovely Norman dales. Cafés abound, and are much patronized; for they serve liquors cheaper than anywhere else in America, the principal beverages being obtained from France, and paying but small duty. Viler compounds are concocted there for the fishermen, or to be smuggled to Maine or Quebec; and when the American or Canadian banking craft make into its harbor, and their crews get loose in town, the fifty gendarmes—the little corps which the treaties limit its guard to—find their patience and strength alike tested to the utmost, and the walls and doors of the jail are subjected to a similar ordeal. In one thing these English-speaking fishermen are united, if in nought else—their contempt for

"Frenchy," whose feelings they disregard as utterly as they do his threats or the knife he often flourishes.

The isles are bleak, barren rocks, valueless for aught but a mariner's refuge. They bear no trees and scarcely any vegetation. The Pierrois themselves describe them as "the last corner of the creation"; and the bare wastes of hillside, with occasional small patches of herbage and tracts of stunted bush, protruding boulders, and granite ledges, make the description not unapt. Sterile and desolate, only the loving labor of generations has made possible the smiling little flower-beds which adorn the town. The very graves, like that of Joseph of Arimathea, are hewn from the solid rock, men being employed all summer blasting them out, against the interments which will have to be effected when the winter storms make such labor impossible. The wood for burning or building, the forage for the few cattle, the very ashes used by the thrifty housewives in making soaps, the spruce tree-tops from which beer is brewed—all are brought across from Newfoundland. From there, too, come meat, poultry, and vegetables; also boats, schooners, and fishing gear. In return, the Newfoundland traders smuggle back liquors, wines, cigars, tobacco, sugar, and other essentials; and to adequately cope with this traffic is the despair of the government in St. John's.

The annals of St. Pierre are a reproduction in miniature of the eventful history of the Motherland. In the stormy days of European struggles this island changed hands time and again, as England or France was in the ascendent. In 1763 many of the Acadians, immortalized by Longfellow in *Evangeline*, migrated there and founded new homes. In 1789 the tragic Revolution which convulsed France found a repetition here, with its Reign of Terror, its Jacobin Club, its Tree of Liberty (imported from Newfoundland), and its Lilliputian *coup d'état*. Though it sheltered but four hundred inhabitants, they had their General Assembly, their Council of Notables, and their



THE INNER HARBOR AT ST. PIERRE



A TYPICAL OX-WAIN OF ST. PIERRE

AS THERE ARE VERY FEW HORSES ON THE ISLANDS, OX-CARTS ARE THE MAIN DEPENDENCE OF THE ISLANDERS FOR ALL TRANSPORTATION PURPOSES

Committee of Defence. Still, when an English frigate appeared next day, they thought discretion best, surrendered at once, and were all deported to France.

Newfoundlanders then occupied their homes, only to be expelled in turn when it was restored at the next Peace. In this way it was a shuttlecock, tossed from one to the other until finally ceded to France after the battle of Waterloo. Since then fire and tempest have been its worst enemies, it having four times been devastated by the flames, and three times by the fierce blizzards that in winter sweep the rugged Newfoundland coastline and fall with special fury upon these unsheltered rocks. It has a complete administrative machinery, from governor to crier, and even a guillotine! It has a judiciary, a ministry, and bureaus of justice, finance, marine, sanitation, posts, telegraphs, and defence, as well. Out of a total of 1,281 adults, 247 are officials of various grades—one man out of every five to rule this Lilliputian possession! The conscription applies to the others who are not ineligible, and they have regular drills and firing matches, with reviews on fête-days conjointly with the warships.

St. Pierre would be abandoned but that France must maintain it as the advanced base for her cod-fisheries on the Grand Banks, and to do so she has to subsidize the fishing industry to the extent of three-fourths of the actual value of the fish caught. The seat of the enterprise is St. Malo, and most of the firms doing business in St. Pierre are branches of Breton concerns. The fishing craft are laid up in St. Pierre all winter; the men to crew them, besides the Pierrois, are sent over from France every March, returning again each November when the work is at an end. About six thousand are thus employed, and large transport-steamers convey them, bringing out supplies and taking back cargoes of cod. Formerly sailing ships were used, but so many were crushed in the floes, with frightful loss of life, that their use was abandoned. Even the steamers often meet disaster crossing the Grand Banks during the March equinoctials. The *Jeanne Conseil* broke her shaft two years ago, and drifted about helplessly for many days until sighted by a British collier and towed into the Azores, the twelve hundred fishermen she carried being on the verge of mutiny from hunger, the officers guarding the scanty stores with loaded firearms. The mob terrorized Fayal, until the French admiralty had to despatch two warships there to convey them to their destination. In the spring of 1903 two steamers, the *Burgundia* and *Notre Dame*, got beset with ice on the Banks, and, fierce gales arising, were in peril of being crushed and sunk. The risk was intense for their twenty-two hundred passengers; and even as it was, twelve persons perished and over thirty were maimed, being carried overboard by the seas or disabled against the bulwarks.

At St. Pierre the fishermen are drafted into the fishing schooners, some four hundred in all, carrying twelve to thirty men, according to size. These sail for the Grand Banks, a hundred miles off the Newfoundland coast; and there for the next six months they ply their trade, luring the cod from the oozy depths. The genius of Colbert—the famous French minister who conceived the Inscription Maritime, or naval militia—made this fishery possible. It is designed as a naval nursery to train men in sailorly arts, just as England has lately organized a Naval Reserve among the Newfoundland fishermen. The French are all inscribed in the marine, liable for ten years' service, and subject to the warships patrolling the waters every summer. Mostly orphan boys gathered from St. Malo, Dieppe, Cancale, Fécamp, Granville, and Bordeaux, they first put in three years as graviers, or beach boys, at St. Pierre, under indentures to fishing firms; after which they join the vessels, where they serve

seven years as pecheurs, or trawl-men. Whether as boys or men, their lot is pitiful; unremitting toil and endless hardships, softened by no enjoyments, form their portion. The graviers wash and salt the fish as it is brought into St. Pierre, and spread it, day after day, on the flat stony beaches which surround the place, until it is dry enough to export. Clad in rough corduroy, without stockings or underwear, fed on the coarsest food, laboring without stop, their lot is so hard that the mortality is appalling. The pecheurs fare still worse. The fishing industry is one surcharged with peril, and the man who embarks in it, be he British, French, or American, takes his life in his hand every time his boat puts out. But the treatment of the French fishermen is almost barbarous. Bedded on straw from packing cases, dieted on the condemned stores of the navy, drugged with a filthy compound termed "brandy," with sanitation quite disregarded and comforts unknown, worked like galley-slaves for weeks at a time without rest for Sabbath or festival, they endure more than any uncriminal class afloat. When disease breaks out they die like sheep; when disaster impends they lack nerve to face it. So horrible were the conditions of this industry formerly that in 1898 the French government investigated the whole subject, eliciting such revolting particulars that the details could not be touched upon here. Reforms were instituted both as regards the pecheurs and graviers, a closer inspection by the warships was ordered, and a hospital-ship was sent to ply among them during the fishing season. And still their condition leaves much to be desired. No American, Canadian, or Ternovan would submit to it, and many Frenchmen desert and establish themselves in Newfoundland, where they are known as "Jack-o'-tars."

The fishermen are a strange compound of superstition and irreverence. Many scoff at religion, yet few set sail without bowing a knee to the "Calvary" on the hilltop, or muttering an invocation to the statue of the Virgin that crowns the Cap a l' Aigle. When intoxicated they boast of their disbelief, though



BANKING CRAFT IN ST. PIERRE HARBOR



WAITING FOR THE MAIL STEAMER

carrying scapulars, medals, and rosaries on their persons and holy pictures in their berths, which they venerate or execrate as fortune goes well or ill. On the schooner the patron, or master, selects the anchorage on the Banks—a matter calling for much judgment, since it is unlucky to move once she is berthed. The Dieppois are in chief demand as skippers, because Dieppe in the past had a reputation for sorcery which its people inherit to this day. Malouins are the finest fishermen, though it is unlucky to have an odd number of them. Needless to say, no French patron will sail a crew of thirteen; if disaster leaves him with that number, he will make for home at once. And woe to the man who catches a haddock on his first set of trawls. They say that was the fish St. Peter had when the Lord called him, and it wriggled through his fingers, the lines showing on its back still; so the one who hooks it is doomed to mishap. It spells ill-fortune to whistle, dance, or fiddle in a calm; though with English sailors whistling for a wind is proverbial. When a man is lost, the tops of the masts are painted blue, not black, as a sign of mourning. It is unlucky not to do so.

Ships are sometimes unlucky themselves—"hoodooed," as the Americans say. They are always losing men and boats, making small catches while others do well, having mishaps when under sail, and finding fish spoil in the process of drying. Men speedily detect these ill-starred craft, and avoid them; sometimes, indeed, they have to be sold, for none will go in them. Other vessels owe their ill-repute to the presence of some man with the "evil eye." By a process of selection, through his participation in misadventures, he is "spotted," and few care to be shipmates with him. A black cat with four white feet is the very best mascot; a dog who strays aboard, uninvited, comes next. To anchor on a Friday is as unlucky as to sail. Monday is the most fortunate, because on that day, so the pecheurs gravely tell you, occurred the miraculous draught of fishes.

Ballard, Quero, and Pierre banks are

the sections of the Grand Bank most frequented by the French. The Cancalians chiefly resort to Pierre, the Bordonnais to Quero. The Fécampois are partial to Ballard, as it yields the finest cod; but it is the most dangerous, for the choppy seas often break and engulf whole ships and crews. On every bank are "spots," or schools of cod; and to place his ship over one of these is each patron's ambition. The cod may prove, though, to be "anons" or starvelings; prime cod are "linguards," and young ones "cavignots." When a ship gets among anons her crew will toss up daily an *os de verité*, a bone from a linguard's neck, to decide if they will fish or not, being governed by how it falls, flat side up or sharp side up. If the former, it means ill-luck.

The fishing is done with dories and trawls. The dories are flat-bottomed, sloping-sided boats, which fit into one another in the ship's waist, economizing space thereby. Each dory takes two men, and the whole crew, except the captain and the cook, go off in them every suitable day, and set the trawls in the water outwards from the ship, like spokes from the hub of a wheel. Trawls are long lines, each with three thousand hooks attached at intervals of a yard, every hook baited with some smaller fish, either herring, caplin, or squid, that the cod affects. The trawls are anchored at each end, baited in the day, left lying over night, and are stripped of their accumulation of fish next morning, being baited again when "overhauled." The fish are taken to the vessel in the dories, eviscerated, washed, and salted. This routine continues until the bait is exhausted, and then the vessel returns home, lands the fish, takes more bait and salt, and goes out again. At St. Pierre her catch is taken in hand by the graviers and women, who submerge it in crates until the salt has been washed off. Then they scrub each fish with a hard, coarse brush, and pile them in heaps to drain. This done, they are next spread on the beaches to dry in the sunlight and air. The beaches consist of several acres of flat ground, covered with basalt stones worn round by the motion of the sea for ages. These stony fields surround St. Pierre, and thousands of cod are displayed there on a fine day. Every evening, or if fog or rain threatens, the fish are gathered up again and are covered with tarpaulins. The process is repeated until the fish are quite dry and hard. Dry fish are piled in round stacks; the rest in oblong ones. When a sufficient quantity to load a vessel is obtained, it is packed into her hold and shipped to market. The extent of the cod-fishing of Miquelon and St. Pierre may be indicated by the record of the catch of those islands in 1902, which was 72,500,000 pounds. While much of the annual product is exported to other countries, France naturally gets the larger part. In fact, St. Pierre furnishes three-fourths of all the cod-fish used in France.

The Banks, which are a series of submerged plateaus, cover an area of about seven hundred square miles, and in the height of the season are trawled by fully a thousand vessels of the various nationalities, with crews of some fifteen thousand men. Besides the ordinary marine dangers, there are others incident to this special pursuit. The most common is that of the dories getting befogged while at their trawls, missing their vessel, and drifting about until their occupants are picked up by other craft, or perish in cold and hunger. The vessels are also often overtaken by tempests, run over by steamships, or sunk by collision with icebergs. Hundreds of men perish every year from these causes, and of the fatalities the French have the greatest number. They are careless in lookout, or in setting their lights; so the big steamers cleave them, or the bergs repulse them, before they know what has happened; and their vessels are so old and rotten



THE FRENCH STEAMER "BURGUNDIA"

TIED UP AT ST. PIERRE, AFTER CROSSING THE GRAND BANKS



HOW CODFISH IS PILED ON THE BEACHES

that they would not be permitted to sail from British ports. In the Pierrois graveyards scores of memorial slabs record the fate of fishermen who have disappeared on the Grand Banks, overturned from their dories, or sunk with their schooners, by storm, berg, or liner. One section of the cemetery is tenanted by the unknown dead, the human flotsam swept in by the sea. Bodies are often afloat on the Banks, and sometimes humanely disposed skippers will rescue them for Christian burial. But this virtue is rare in the French. They are more apt, as one dory did last year, to strip the sea-boots and oil-skins from a corpse, and throw it over again. Another found a body, hitched a line to it and towed it in to St. Pierre, making it fast against the quay, where it lay for thirty-six hours under the gaze of the curious, until the red-tape formalities prescribed for its removal and interment were complied with.

This Grand Bank fishery is prosecuted on precisely similar lines by New England, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland fishermen, and all of these have an "Anglo-Saxon Alliance" against poor "Frenchy." The French are undoubtedly the slowest and poorest fishermen of all, and this gives color to the accusation frequently heard that they rob the others' trawls. An irate Yankee skipper, last summer, finding such had been done—as great a crime on the Banks as horse-thieving on the prairies—put his helm over, ran down on a Frenchman he suspected, and arousing her crew to frantic gestures over fear of collision, swung off a point, and neatly rammed "Froggie's" whole batch of dories, eight in all, which went swiftly to bottom, compelling their owners to up-anchor and start for home at once. Another large French vessel, which had driven a small Newfoundland crew off a promising "spot," was cut adrift that night by the latter, and lost her mainmast, the rigging of which they had severed. Banking vessels are not moored by chains, which would tear out their bows, but by hempen cables in which there is ample "spring." So, when the storm threatens to bury them, or an oncoming iceberg or steamer to ram them, they sever the cable with an axe, and often escape the threatening doom.

One of the chief causes of bad blood between the French and their rivals is the belief of the latter that the French often allow an endangered crew to perish, when a little risk might save them; though in the reverse case Britishers or Americans never hesitate. Hence the contempt for "Froggie" leads to many wild affrays. St. Pierre is frequented by all of these nationalities in stress of weather, and boasting in the cabarets is frequently punctuated with bloodshed, while crowds of tipsy alien trawlmen make wreck of the bars, and pile the gendarmes in disheveled pyramids in the public square. The hostility between the Ternovans and Pierrois is specially bitter, owing to the "Bait Act." St. Pierre has to depend for its bait upon the minor fishes obtained only in the

Newfoundland littoral. Fifteen years ago the French Government increased the fishing bounties, and the Breton armateurs — fishery outfitters — began underselling the Newfoundlanders in the Catholic countries of Southern Europe, where most of the cod goes. Newfoundland retaliated by passing the Bait Act, a measure prohibiting the French from entering her waters to procure this medium, and forbidding her own people to convey bait to St. Pierre to



BRINGING SUPPLIES FROM NEWFOUNDLAND

the French. Enforcing this annually with cruisers and coastguards, Newfoundland has now got the French catch down to half of what it was; and this season it is so short that many failures have occurred, and the solvent existence of St. Pierre is threatened. Naturally, then, the hatred against the Newfoundlanders is intense, and is exhibited on every possible occasion.

One instance of this occurred five years ago. Because of the large bounties given, the law against purchasing foreign cod is very severe. A Newfoundland fisherman named Deady lent his schooner to a neighbor, named Warren, to convey a load of firewood to St. Pierre for sale. Warren took a keg of cod-roes also. These being discovered, the vessel was confiscated, though the Newfoundland government offered every proof that she was another man's property. A St. Pierre merchant bought her and sent her to the Banks. Returning on July 13, Deady was notified by a friend, and, crossing the next night in a skiff, cut her out of the roadstead and carried her home, with two thousand dollars' worth of fish aboard. It was the Festival of the Republic, and all St. Pierre was *en fête*, the vessel being empty but for one man, whom they threw into a dory to make his way to land. He gave the alarm and warships were sent in pursuit, but the vessel was then in Newfoundland waters and could not be taken. Long diplomatic correspondence ensued, but noth-

ing came of it. Three years later another craft, confiscated for a similar offence, was recovered in the same way, and since then the Pierrois courts have not enforced the confiscation clause, knowing that a "cutting-out expedition" is certain to follow.

Last summer an American skipper, who was swindled by a Pierrois dealer in the purchase of a mooring cable to replace one that had broken on the Banks, slyly hitched a hawser to a second that was coiled in front of the trader's store on the quay. Then he put his vessel for the open sea with all sails set. As the rope uncoiled and his trick was seen, the trader and his friends grasped the cable, hoping to retain it; but they were pulled along until some were soused into the landwash, while the Yankee got away with his prize. Of course St. Pierre is a closed port to him since, but he counts the satisfaction he got as more than compensating him for that.

In 1900 a Ternovan smack rescued the crew of a French banker, at great risk. Bringing them to port the French skipper was unthankful, demanding even his dories, which had been saved by the other's crew, who were hoping to be given them to sell. Disgusted though he was, the Newfoundland skipper housed the Frenchmen for a week, as he was to pass St. Pierre then and would land them. On the way he made out the bill for their week's board, as shipwrecked seamen, for the French skipper to certify. The latter, noting the small charge, suggested an increase, saying: "We vide (divide) then." The other agreed, and at St. Pierre the bill was paid after some demur, during which the Frenchman testified that his crew had got "rosbif" and other dainties. As they left the office the Frenchman said: "We will go into this café and vide." But the other rejoined: "I am not dividing today, John; here's fifty cents to buy yourself a drink." Like a flash the Frenchman reached for his knife, but his quick-handed rival, expecting something of the kind, promptly floored him with a facer.

Apart from such incidents, though, the social life of St. Pierre is genial and serene. Hospitality is a virtue; the stranger is made at home. In summer,



THE OLD FORT AND ITS OBSOLETE CANNON



IN THE CATHEDRAL AT ST. PIERRE

when the French and British warships, that keep the peace among their fisherfolk, visit the port, gay times ensue. Balls and parties are held, usually on Sunday evenings, and racing and firing matches organized. The cafés must, however, close at ten each night, when a gendarme drummer parades the town, beating "lights out." In the forenoon this functionary, by blast of bugle, summons the curious to the public square, to proclaim orders, sales, and obituaries. Funerals are conducted most elaborately on the continental plan, and often cost large sums. Weddings, too, involve *dots* and contracts as in the Motherland. Water pipes running from reservoirs in the hills, and electric lights replacing the quaint oil lamps whose ornamental iron brackets still adorn the street corners, are the sole evidences of modern progress. There are no trams, street-cars, telephones, newspapers, theatres, laundries or other accessories of advanced existence. Everything is sleepy, restful, and old-fashioned. Save for the Atlantic cable which touches there, it is as isolated from the world as Greenland. Goats browse on the rocky inclines, and goat's milk is served at table. The cuisine is essentially French, the *pot-au-feu* and Breton dishes being much in evidence. Wines are drunk by all, and even the fishermen are allowed by law a glass of brandy at each meal on board ship. Women wash all the clothing in the streams that cascade down the hillsides, and bleach it on the mossy turf. The men being away fishing, most of the work falls on them, and they gather faggots of wood from the wreckage that drifts in, or crew the fire-engine on occasion.

A large stone building, now unused, once held four hundred *disciplinaires*, convicts from France, sent out to build the quays, forts, and the four stone government edifices the town boasts. These men, like the Foreign Legion in Africa, were drilled for military service. England protested, as the treaties forbade it, and France might make the place a naval base, so they were withdrawn. For the same reason modern

cannon are not permitted there, and those in the fort are so old as to be no longer used, one having exploded and killed an artillerist four years ago. Hence, on the Fête Nationale, July 14, the salute has to be fired by a warship. This is a "glorious fourteenth" for the Pierrois of every class and station, with races and sports by day, fireworks and dances by night. The festivals of the Catholic Church are observed with great éclat also, processions and ceremonies being held. The cathedral was destroyed by the fire which swept the town in November, 1902, and one of the first acts of the new pope, Pius X, was to grant a sum towards rebuilding it; for the Breton sardine fishers had the poorest of fortune last spring, and the cod fishers on the Banks were equally luckless during the summer. The Pierrois are, as a class, deeply religious, and untainted by the infidelity of mother France; so the enforcement in the little colony of the Law of Associations, compelling the expulsion in August last of the Christian Brothers who taught the boys' school, provoked a riot unequaled in its history. The decision to expel the Sisters of Charity, who taught the girls and maintained the Marine Hospital, had to be abandoned. And the crucifixes removed from the courts were restored, the witnesses refusing to be sworn on the emblem of the Republic. The same feeling animates some, at least, of the Bretons, who every autumn make a pilgrimage to the Chapel of Our Lady of the Dunes, near Dunkirk, to burn their "return candle" at the shrine, and to send up prayers of thanks for being saved from death on the Banks.

A wide highway crosses St. Pierre island, from the far end of which is obtained a splendid view of Langlade and Miquelon. These were formerly separated by a shoal strait, but it is now choked up with sand and with the broken hulls of ships wrecked there through mistaking it for a navigable passage. A solid causeway is formed, known as "The Dunes," which can be traversed dry-shod; but no person will venture there after nightfall, for the place is believed to be haunted by the spirits of shipwrecked mariners whose wraiths are often seen heralding the approach of a storm. Wrecks are still frequent in these fog-enshrouded waters, the big Canadian liner *Monterey* going ashore at Miquelon in July last, on her way from Montreal to Liverpool with a full general cargo and a thousand cattle, the salving of which proved a veritable bonanza to the Pierrois and Ternovans who gathered in hundreds. Another profitable business is smuggling —American fishing vessels bringing stocks of opium, drugs, champagne, silks, perfumery, and tobacco to Maine and Massachusetts; Canadian craft carrying whole cargoes of liquors to Nova Scotia and Quebec; and the Newfoundland smacks securing most articles of food, clothing, utility, or ornament there. In the past France bore the chief cost of maintaining a colony; but of late the burden has been transferred to the local administration.

The future of St. Pierre is a subject of speculation, as its fisheries are declining and its population discontented. They are desirous of annexation to the United States, and think France would sell rather than see the place fall into the hands of England. On the other hand, it has become a tenet in the creeds of both Canada and Newfoundland that if the islands pass from the sceptre of France they must be incorporated with Newfoundland, of which they are geographically a part. But there is no immediate prospect of a transfer. The recent Anglo-French treaty, while settling the vexed French Shore Question in Newfoundland's favor, leaves the tricolor still waving over St. Pierre.

P. J. McGrath

How a Newspaper Syndicate Works

By an Ex-Syndicator

In the old days a newspaper syndicate meant a chain of newspapers each of which, generally upon solicitation, had entered into an agreement to take the same article, or more usually a series of articles, for simultaneous publication. The syndicate was formed by the man or concern furnishing the articles, and this man or company was called the syndicate. It was a natural step for the syndicate to send out, occasionally, matter that had not been contracted for, on the chance of its being accepted; and from that it was another easy step to the sending out of unsolicited matter to other papers not in the chain—to any paper, indeed, that would be likely to take it.

For several years there were only a few of these syndicates, possibly not more than two, the originators of which have long since passed into other fields where the harvesting of the financial crop is still easier. As a rule, the matter sent out by the pioneers in the business was of a special character and of some distinction. It generally filled the requisite of timeliness. The great bulk of it consisted of description of travel, or of scientific or industrial processes, and similar subjects, though some attention was given to fiction, too. The newspapers using this matter were wide apart so far as their fields were concerned, with no overlapping circulation; and of course each one got it cheaper than if it had taken the material exclusively.

It seems to have taken a long time for other people, with good stuff to sell, to realize the large profit in this method; yet it is a surprisingly simple piece of arithmetic. For instance, if one paper will take two columns of matter at five dollars a column, it means ten dollars; which often enough is good pay, but which in other cases, because of the time and expense involved in gathering the material, leaves the writer nothing in the way of profit. If, instead of selling to one paper, the writer can sell to ten or twenty papers at three or four dollars a column, the receipts for the same work, at about the same cost of putting out, amount to from sixty to one hundred and sixty dollars; so that it will pay handsomely even if the seller goes to considerable expense to get the matter, such expense as is involved, for instance, in buying it from high-priced experts. Similarly, an article of half a column in length, hardly paying the trouble of preparing it if sold to only one paper, may be made to yield a tidy little sum.

Once this method was realized, the number of people who adopted it increased by leaps and bounds, until there is hardly any one around a newspaper office, down to the newest cub reporter, who has not tried it, and kept it up at least long enough to learn its peculiar difficulties and discouragements. The system, as it has been developed to date, has far exceeded the wildest dreams of its originators, and has had a larger share than any other single factor in the evolution of the modern Sunday newspaper. It has not only created that curious phenomenon, the "Sunday editor," but has largely determined the work required

of him; while it may, in its further ramifications, eliminate him.

Of course, the openness of the field to all who can buy the necessary postage stamps—no small expense in some cases—has flooded the market, and many syndicators say has ruined it, although it has constantly expanded. From special articles, requiring the knowledge of an expert or the painstaking investigation of a trained workman, the character of the matter sent out has widened and expanded until it now includes everything that any kind of a Sunday newspaper will publish—and the adroitly managed syndicate is all things to all newspapers. Indeed, if the syndicate does not market everything with the utmost promptness as soon as thought of or suggested, it is apt to find that some other syndicate has got in ahead and flooded the country with the same idea. So fierce now is the competition that it is not an unusual thing for a newspaper that is a good buyer of such matter to receive two or three articles from as many different syndicates at the same time, involving the same subject similarly treated. This shows how closely the syndicates study the market, but still more it indicates how very many syndicates there are.

Photographs to illustrate the article are now an essential feature of syndicate work, and though they greatly increase the cost to the sender—involving the hiring of a photographer and models, the making of a large number of prints of each photograph, and a heavy increase in the cost of mailing—they always help to sell the "story." Indeed, in these days of increasingly illustrated journalism, the pictures are often the most important part of the offering.

Whole fashion pages are now syndicated, down to the answers to correspondents; and whoever wants to go to the trouble may find identically the same anxious inquiry about how to make the hair curl, or how to fill out the hollows in a scrawny neck, in half a dozen Sunday papers of the same date throughout the country, signed by identically the same anxious inquirer. The fashion page, indeed, has been for some time the most remunerative for syndicates conducted on a sufficiently large scale. In the monotony of modern civilization fashions for women—at least for all the kinds of women who read the Sunday papers—appear to be the same thing at the same time the country over; and rather than assume the responsibility of deciding points of difference between bathing suits for Denver and for Atlantic City, let us say, the average editor is glad to take the word of some authority—either recognized or sufficiently insisted on—that there are none. Even in papers that have women to look after the fashion work, the use of syndicated fashions is often a regular thing; and now some of the largest papers in the big cities are themselves syndicating their own fashion pages to other papers. Some of the papers using these pages are as large, or at least as vociferously prosperous, as the paper that offers them. Closely allied to the fashion articles offered by the syndicates are those on physical culture for women, and on all similar subjects which afford any excuse for printing pictures of pretty women. If, for instance, it is no more than a question of telling how to pack clothes away to keep out moths, or how to apply cold cream to the neck, or how to clean jewelry, or what to wear while traveling on a sleeping-car, pictures of pretty models are important even when their connection with the article is of the slightest. They frequently determine the acceptance of the matter, and make the pay for it much better.

Papers which syndicate their fashion pages generally offer other matter in the same way, not only special articles they are using themselves, but some of their regular "department features" as well. Thus the colored comic pages of nearly all the Sunday papers throughout the country are syndicate matter, and the

faces of "The Yellow Kid," "Buster Brown," and a host of others, are now as familiar to the readers of Western papers as to the readers of those Eastern papers which invented them.

At least two of the very largest papers in the country, one in New York and one in Philadelphia, have gone into the syndicate business so extensively as to send out page matrices of about all of their features that are not purely local; and some of the large papers that use them have adjusted the size of their Sunday page so they will fit. These matrices are the same as those made by the paper for its own use in casting the page plate for the press. They are cheaply prepared; and they are cheap for the paper using them, as they do away with all type-setting of the matter contained, and with several other mechanical processes. They are light in weight and cheaply shipped. Matter syndicated in this way is of course definitely contracted for in advance; and this still further cheapens the service, since it dispenses with much bookkeeping and correspondence on the part of the syndicate, and eliminates the items of expense involved in the shipments of matter that is refused.

From such large methods, which are among the latest manifestations of the industry, the business of syndication grades down to that of the small operator who sends out, on the mere chance, anything he comes across that seems likely to catch. And, aside from the big and little fellows who are regularly in the business, there are a host of chevaliers of enterprise who, when they first learn of the method, embrace it with an enthusiasm that is soon discouraged. While the ventures of these experimenters generally result in loss, the sum total of all the matter accepted from them does indeed crowd the market in a way which seems to warrant the statement of the "regular" that the business has gone to smash.

The details of the methods of the newspaper syndicate seem simple enough; yet it is a curious business, full of unique surprises, conducted with scant courtesy, governed by constantly changing rules that apply to it alone, with all sorts of fine points learned only by close experience, and more frankly commercial than that of the literary agent. Having sent out his article on a chance, the syndicator is not likely to hear anything from it until he gets it back rejected—most frequently too late to offer to another paper in the same field—or else sees it in print. In the latter case he may get a check without further correspondence; but many papers pay nothing until they receive a bill with a clipping of the article attached. Very often the accepted article is shortened, altered, or entirely rewritten, at the option of the editor and without consulting the writer. Unless the syndicator names the price, payment is made at a fixed rate established by the paper. Occasionally this rate varies with the quality of the article, but not often. It is, however, very different with different papers. An article that brings as much as fifteen dollars from one may bring as little as four from another.

As may be guessed, the bookkeeping needed to carry on such a business is complicated. No matter what the experience of the syndicator, it is impossible to tell which papers will accept his article, or to calculate in advance his receipts. This is because—no matter how well he knows the market and what each paper wants—he can never keep himself informed as to what it has on hand, and as to what it is receiving from his innumerable competitors. All the time the syndicator must keep accurate record as to where all his articles are, and as far as possible how each is getting along. He must know, also, which papers require bills, and which do not; and the day of the month, or the month following publication, on which each makes payment.

The almost universal use of syndicate matter may be taken as an admission by the world of journalism that in this country, in these days when every hamlet in the land has a printing press and a news wire, a newspaper of national circulation is no longer possible; or, if possible, not sufficiently remunerative to strive for. And so papers which are genuinely enterprising, and which put forth their best efforts to establish and maintain a reputation for originality and exclusiveness, nevertheless accept something from the syndicates. There is certainly not a paper in New York or Chicago, where enterprise is supposed to be particularly strong, or in Philadelphia or Boston, where conservatism is a matter of pride, that has not used within the current month, some syndicate matter. Some papers still eschew it, as a rule, but there is none that would not accept a piece of matter of commanding importance, such as a genuine interview with Mr. Cleveland on the failure of President Roosevelt, or the utterance of a man really prominent in finance, commerce, science, or education, on some timely question.

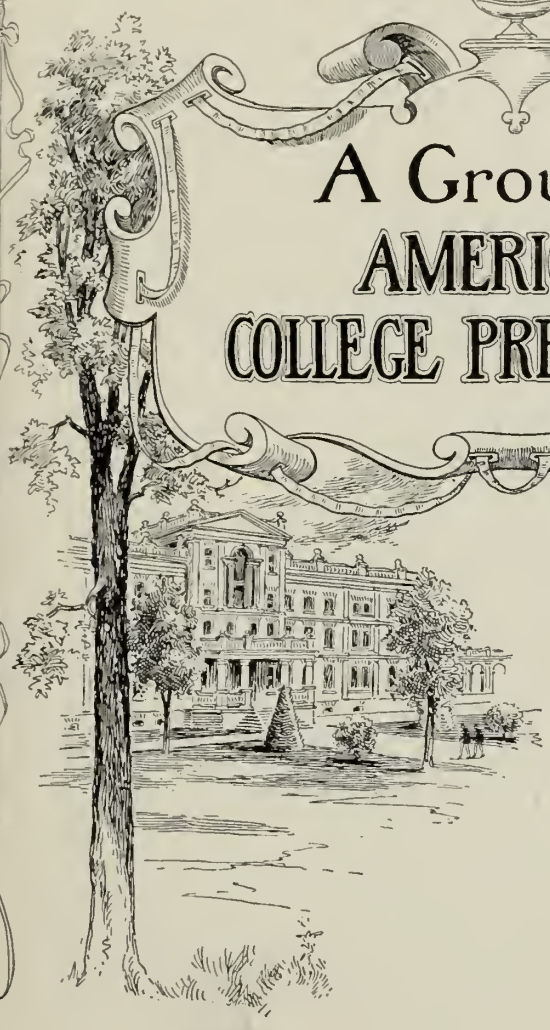
Of course the exchange editor, who in the way of daily routine work sees all the papers published in the country, and who, as might be expected, is something of a pessimist, groans over the deadly sameness of all the Sunday papers, for which the syndicate is responsible; and the Sunday editor, who sees a good many Sunday papers himself if only for the purpose of learning what other papers are doing and how badly he has been beaten on features, admits the fact and acknowledges the cause. But he argues, and with some force, that the great mass of readers, those who go to make up the circulation so dear to the advertiser's heart, only read one paper, or, if they happen to look at another, it is one from the same town.

Of course, too, there is a feeling among the old fashioned that the use of a piece of syndicate matter, not labeled as such, is a pretense amounting to a deception; and so, indeed, it is to the few "old subscribers" and "constant readers" who still fancy with fond pride that something particularly good in their own pet paper is to be found nowhere else. But this is so clearly a sentimental quibble that many papers now using syndicate matter continue to run the copyright line under the first-page title, where it is supposed to cover the contents of the entire issue. And, since the syndicated article really was written for each of the papers that accept it, many of the papers using it give it the appearance of greater exclusiveness by running a line at the top, to the effect that it was written for that paper.

The prejudice against the syndicate held by those who make their living by writing for the newspapers is neither more nor less than that which the workman in any field has against the trust or combine that crowds him out of a job by machinery, or by other methods of cheap duplication which lessens the number of workmen needed without lessening the market. This prejudice exists among all newspaper men to a greater or less extent, but the situation is philosophically accepted. The prices paid by the syndicate to its writers are somewhat better than the prices paid by the newspapers.

In Europe the newspaper syndicate is still in its sickly infancy, partly because of conservatism and partly because there newspapers of national circulation are still more or less possible. Until now most of the syndicates sending matter to English papers have been American. The five or six days required for the passage of the mails permits of a variation of a day or two in the release date, so that a feature used here on Sunday is good there Saturday or Monday. The newspaper syndicate is making its way slowly in England, but it is doubtful if the influence of this labor-saving agency will ever be as far-reaching there as in the United States.

A Group of AMERICAN COLLEGE PRESIDENTS





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BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Dr. Wheeler is a graduate of Brown University. He specialized in philology in German universities, and returned to an instructorship in Brown. He was called to a professorship in Harvard, and later accepted the chair of Greek in Cornell University. He assumed his present position in 1899. His successful administrative career in the West has added to the admirable reputation which he made in the East.



Photograph by Hollinger

JOHN HUSTON FINLEY

PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

Dr. Finley has had an exceptionally brilliant career. He received his training in economics and politics in Johns Hopkins University, and from 1889 to 1892 he was secretary of the State Charities Aid Association of New York. He was then elected president of Knox College, at the age of twenty-nine. In 1900 he accepted the chair of politics in Princeton University, and three years later he was appointed to his present important position.



EDMUND J. JAMES

PRESIDENT OF NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

The energetic and versatile work of Dr. James in political science and educational adminisration had earned an international reputation before his appointment to a college presidency. Dr. James was in the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania from 1883 to 1895. He then became director of the university extension division of the University of Chicago. From Chicago he went direct to the presidency of Northwestern in 1902.



Photograph by E. Chickering

HENRY SMITH PRITCHETT

PRESIDENT OF MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

President Pritchett's specialty is astronomy. After filling important college chairs and conducting government astronomical expeditions, he was appointed in 1897 superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. This position he resigned three years later to assume the administration of the great technical school which has notably broadened its scope under his direction.



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WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE

PRESIDENT OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE

In 1885, just six years after graduating from Harvard University, Dr. Hyde became president of Bowdoin College. He is a typical representative of the best culture of New England. Dr. Hyde is a notable preacher of social ethics, and his numerous popular books on ethical topics have carried his influence far beyond the confines of New England.



Photograph by Edmondson

CHARLES FRANKLIN THWING

PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY

Dr. Thwing is a New England man, educated at Harvard and at Andover Theological Seminary. After ten years' experience in Congregational pulpits, Dr. Thwing was appointed to his present position in 1890. He has written much and forcibly on the broader aspects of college life and its relations to the outside world.



Photograph by Horton Brothers

WILLIAM H. P. FAUNCE

PRESIDENT OF BROWN UNIVERSITY

President Faunce was appointed in 1899 to the presidency of Brown, of which University he had successively been student, instructor, and trustee. He took a theological course at Newton Seminary, and spent fifteen years in pastoral work in Massachusetts and in New York City before he returned to Brown University as its chief executive. He is an important factor in current religious and educational discussion.



CHARLES WILLIAM DABNEY

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE

Dr. Dabney, who has been president of the University of Tennessee for seventeen years, will assume the presidency of the University of Cincinnati next fall. A Virginian by birth, he has devoted his entire career to the educational and industrial development of the South. His scientific interest is principally in the field of industrial chemistry, and he has rendered distinguished service in the promotion of scientific agriculture.



BLOSSOM AND FRUITAGE

ORANGE CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA

There are now three well-developed centres of orange-culture in the United States—Florida, Louisiana, and California. The orange was doubtless introduced into this country by the Spanish explorers, as large groves of wild trees, of the bitter variety, were discovered at a later period in what is now Florida. That State was long our most important orange-producing centre, its fruit being of superior excellence to that imported because it could be left to ripen on the trees and then shipped to Northern markets without serious loss from decay.

But in no country of the world has the cultivation of the orange developed more rapidly or more successfully than in sunny California, the land of strange contradictions—of eternal snows on its lofty mountain peaks, of endless summer in its sheltered valleys. · Nearly a hundred thousand acres are devoted to orange culture; and with Nature at her best, and rarely giving less than three hundred sunny days to every year, the groves seldom fail to yield an abundant crop. Here, within sight of snow-capped mountains, oranges and many other fruits of sub-tropical regions grow to almost ideal perfection.

California's first orange trees were planted in the famous old Mission gardens, over a century ago, by the Franciscan Fathers, when the Missions were beginning their attempt to civilize and Christianize the native Indians. These orchards were for private use only, and but little attention was paid to extending their cultivation. No one dreamed that in the coming years oranges would be among the chief sources of wealth and employment in this wonderful "Golden State" by the far western sea; and it was not until as late as 1880 that their cultivation was begun on a large scale, with the view of profitable financial returns.

The trees are grown chiefly from seed, and the seedlings are usually planted in March and April, although some planters prefer a later season. To produce special varieties of oranges it is necessary that the young seedlings be grafted or budded, and this is usually done in the spring. The general method is to plant the seed of the orange and then bud the young trees while they are still in the nursery, when they are about two years old, at which time they have attained a height of about two feet. Of course, select varieties are used in the budding. When the young bud has grown to become a part of the plant, the upper part of the tree is cut off, and the graft or budded shoot is straightened up and kept in this upright position by being tied to a stake close beside the original trunk. This shoot

gradually develops into the full-grown tree. The tree thus grafted is transported to the field from the nursery when about four years old. It then grows rapidly, and being, as a rule, strong and vigorous, is not likely to die through transplanting.

In planting the trees it is necessary to consider carefully symmetry of appearance, economy of space, and convenience for the subsequent cultivation of the soil. There are several systems of arranging the trees, but the plan known as the square is the one most generally adopted. By this system, at the usual distance of twenty feet apart, one hundred and twenty trees are planted to the acre; prize Navels and Mediterranean Sweets are usually planted twenty-four feet apart, giving seventy-six trees to the acre.

Ordinarily, the orange tree, a beautiful evergreen, reaches a height of from twenty-five to thirty feet. It is of remarkably graceful proportions, the trunk being straight and the branches symmetrical. The blossoms are of a delicate white color and deliciously fragrant, giving sweet promise of the luscious fruitage concealed in their hidden depths.

The tree is remarkable for its longevity. In Cordova, Spain, there is a grove said to be not less than seven centuries old; and these ancient trees, although hollow and knotted, are still covered with blossom and fruitage.



A PROLIFIC BRANCH

The orange tree is very vigorous, and is remarkably prolific. It is stated that as many as twenty thousand oranges have been picked from a single tree in the Azores in one season; while at least half that number have been gathered from one in Florida. It is recorded that two magnificent old trees in Seville, Spain, have yielded above thirty thousand each in a single season; and at Nice is a tree, fifty feet in height and three feet in diameter, which produces six thousand oranges. As a rule, how-



A CLUSTER OF CALIFORNIA ORANGES



PICKING ORANGES AT RIVERSIDE

ever, trees bear from five hundred to two thousand oranges annually.

The tree is very uniform in its bearing, there being no off years. The blossom and fruit are rarely hurt save as the result of unexpected frost, the orange-grower's most dreaded enemy. This danger, while serious, seldom threatens more than a few nights a season, and is usually met by the use of coal fires in wire baskets—from twenty to fifty to an acre. By this method the temperature is raised several degrees and the fruit is saved. The roofing of orchards is also resorted to as a protection from frost and from heat.



IRRIGATING AN ORCHARD

The sweetest and best oranges are grown on southern exposures. It is often necessary to protect the orchards from the strong prevailing winds, and this is frequently done by planting what are known as wind-breaks, consisting of alternate pepper and eucalyptus trees, set some ten or twelve feet apart. These trees, being rapid growers, soon give ample protection. The Monterey cypress is used for the same purpose.

The "King of California Oranges" is the title given the Washington Navel. This is California's pride, and is the ruling favorite in the markets of the world. It is large and seedless and in its origin represents one of Nature's many freaks. While it was unknown to this country prior to 1870, yet it was grown in Brazil at least as far back as 1662. Some thirty-four years ago twelve trees, propagated by the process of budding, were sent by a wide-awake American consul in Bahia, Brazil, to our government hothouses in Washington, D. C., and there carefully nurtured. Some of these are still alive and bearing fruit. These were used as stock from which to propagate by budding, and trees thus budded were sent to different parts of the country in order that experiments might be made with them. Two of these budded trees were taken to California in 1873, and when they reached the bear-



ORANGE GROVES ON THE FOOT-HILLS

ing age their fruit surpassed all expectations. This fine orange first attracted general attention at a fair held in Riverside in 1879, and it at once became a prime favorite. Its propagation was rapid, and today many thousands of acres are devoted to its cultivation. The tree is a semi-dwarf, the blossom is double, and the fruit delicious. It gets its dual name from the fact that it was first cultivated in this country in Washington, and because of the peculiar navel-like form which distinguishes it.

Although orange culture is carried on in many of the lower uplands of California, yet, as a commercial industry, it is almost entirely confined to a district popularly designated in California as "The Thermal Belt."

It lies stretched along the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and from San Diego on the south to Tehama and Butte counties, in the upper Sacramento valley, on the north, a distance of over seven hundred miles, and varying in width from three to thirty miles. It is estimated that in this belt there are a million and a half acres which are adapted to the cultivation of citrus fruits on a paying basis. The altitude ranges from 300 to 1,800 feet above sea-level. The mean summer temperature of this belt is somewhat higher in the northern portion than in the southern, but the mean winter temperature is higher in the southern than in the northern portion. The mean temperature for the year does not vary more than four degrees throughout the whole belt. According to the Weather Bureau, the extremes of temperature in this belt are from 60 to 68 degrees. Some idea can be formed of this delightful and uniform climate when it is remembered that on our thermometers 56 degrees are marked "temperate," and 76 degrees are marked "summer heat." In California, the variation in the thermal belt is eight degrees, and summer heat is unknown; in the East the variation is above a hundred, with great extremes

of heat and cold. For the most part, the thermal belt follows the foot-hills, and the grower of oranges must consider the elevation, study the position of the soil, guard against frosty spots, secure protection from heavy winds, and provide for systematic and sufficient irrigation.

The map of the thermal belt (page 810) shows where the California orange industry is centered. Five years ago nearly the whole product came from one section. Of the 5,882,000 boxes produced in 1899, a total of 5,573,000 were grown in the five counties of Los Angeles, Orange, San Bernardino, Riverside, and San Diego. At present, however, the proportion is not so large, owing to increased development in other sections of the State.

Orange groves, in full bearing, frequently yield handsome returns on the investments made. A crop of five acres recently sold for $1,575 on the trees. Some orchards yield as much as $1,800 per acre; but this, of course, is exceptional. Ordinarily, a carefully cultivated orchard of ten acres ought to yield a sure annual profit of from $1,200 to $2,000. In full bearing, the average orchard yields about $150 per acre. Good orange land may be bought from $50 to $150 per acre. Groves, including all the water rights and privileges, have sold as high as $2,500 per acre, but this rarely happens. The industry is a constantly growing one. About $50,000,000 capital is invested in California groves. Records of the State's product show that the shipments in 1888 were less than one million boxes; in 1897 they had reached four and one-third; in 1902, a little more than eight; and in 1903, eleven and a half millions boxes.

This year thirty thousand carloads of oranges have been shipped out of the State, enough to pay a handsome dividend. Growers are looking hopefully to the construction of the Panama Canal, which they think will reduce one-third the present freight rate of ninety cents a box which the railroads charge on New York shipments.



IN THE PACKING-HOUSE

In California irrigation and cultivation are closely associated; indeed, without irrigation cultivation in some portions of the State would be not only a serious problem but altogether an impossibility. A million and a half acres are being benefited through its instrumentality. In San Bernardino county irrigation was commenced a century ago by the Franciscan Fathers at the San Gabriel Mission, by the digging of a ditch for the purpose of conveying water through their lands. This ancient water-course is still in active operation. A half century later a party of Mormons commenced the construction of ditches for the purpose of irrigation, and demonstrated their practical utility by the production of bountiful crops. It was soon discovered that the system was a complete safeguard against the disasters of a dry season. Fruit growers were quick to learn the immense value of this artificial method of watering the soil, and orange culture owes quite as much to the splendid system of irrigation now in operation as it does to the marvelous climate. The water is procured from artesian and other wells, from mountain streams, from artificial lakes made by damming up the water-courses on the higher slopes, and from other sources. It is conducted wherever needed by pipes, ditches, and canals. There are hundreds of miles of these main arteries, and thousands of miles of lateral and individual pipe lines branching from them. Some of the water is brought from the high Sierras, and is used not only to irrigate the soil but also to supply towns and villages with water for domestic purposes. There are also a number of subterranean water-courses, the supply from which seems to be inexhaustible. Through this system, in many valleys and along many uplands, flourishing orchards are making glad the eye and heart of man, where only a few years ago were arid stretches of dreary desolation.

Of the several methods of irrigating orange groves, the simplest and the one generally used is the furrow system, in which a



THE THERMAL BELT OF CALIFORNIA

SHADED AREAS INDICATE ORANGE PLANTATIONS, A FEW OF WHICH LIE OUTSIDE OF THE THERMAL BELT



SORTING ORANGES BY MACHINERY

number of furrows are plowed between the rows of trees, the first one being a few feet distant from the trunk, and through these the water flows until the ground is thoroughly saturated. It is necessary to keep the ground under cultivation to prevent the growth of weeds, and also that the soil may freely admit the water. The development of orange culture through the process of irrigation is a triumph of modern horticulture.

The fruit is gathered by persons standing on the ground and on ladders. As a rule, trees are rarely stripped at once; the fruit is usually gathered as it ripens. It is necessary to handle oranges with the utmost care to avoid bruising, and this makes the packing for shipment one of the fine arts of the business. The oranges are assorted by machinery, and those of the same size are packed together. So carefully and compactly is this done that there is very little risk of their becoming bruised in transmission from grower to consumer. This work gives employment to many hundreds; and, with the exception of seeing the vast orchards transformed into living beauty by their snowy blossoms or luscious fruitage, nothing is more interesting than witnessing a busy hive of humanity preparing the oranges for shipment.

There are many perplexing problems which the orange grower has to face: whether to plant early or late, to prune high or low, what fertilizer to use, what method of irrigation to follow, and how to guard against frost and heat, insects, and natural diseases of the trees. Orange culture pays, but it pays at the expense of the most careful, painstaking attention and unremitting labor. Even in sun-kissed California man's brain is needed to assist Nature in making her supremest effort.

Allen Sutherland

War Pictures
FROM THE FORBIDDEN ZONE

Our representative in the Far East succeeded in getting two photographers to the front with the Japanese army, one with the First Division and the other with the Second. This was a difficult achievement, as the Mikado's ukase, making all the fields of military preparation and operation forbidden zones, has been enforced most rigidly by the authorities. The photographs here reproduced are the first fruits of the enterprise. They give a glimpse of the actual advance of Japanese regiments. The photograph showing the alighting of troops at Seoul from the cars of the Chemulpo and Seoul railway, and the one depicting the march through the main street of the Korean capital are especially notable. When it is realized that these soldiers were moved through Japan at night in box cars, and that absolute secrecy in regard to their advance was enjoined and maintained, the significance of authoritative pictures of the arrival of troops in Korea and their march toward the Yalu becomes apparent.



IN THE AOYAMA DRILL GROUND

LAST DRILL BEFORE LEAVING FOR THE FRONT



AT THE RAILROAD'S END



DETRAINING CAVALRY NEAR SEOUL



THE JAPANESE TROOPS ENTERING SEOUL



MARCHING THROUGH KOREAN SNOWS



ON A SPECIAL FROM CHEMULPO



A CAVALRY BIVOUAC



A HALT ON THE MARCH TO WIJU



ENCAMPED NEAR YANG-JU



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE KOREAN CAPITAL



REVIEWING THE GARRISON AT SEOUL



A SKIRMISH LINE

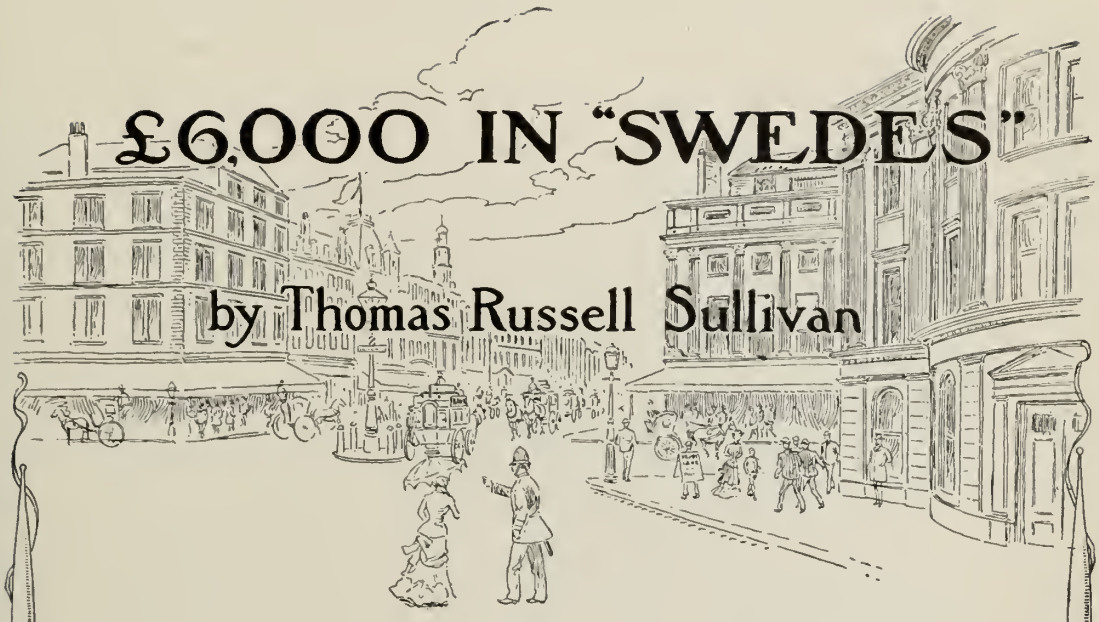


THE MOUNTAINS

By Albert W. Barker

Death holds eternal league about their peaks
And sets his crafty ambush here and there,
By seeming harmless ways that steeply fare
Past gorge and meadow and the icy creeks.
But not the fatal chance and fear alone
Defends their silence in the virgin air,
Or these would yield to him who dared to dare,
Their timeless might by courage overthrown.

Mortality doth look on death, and smile,
But to the peaks where hope and thought may leap,
The aching feet a flinty way must keep,
Step after step, and mile on bitter mile;
And the first crest that costs a weary while
Is but one step toward where the summits sleep.



£6,000 IN "SWEDES"

by Thomas Russell Sullivan

Every householder of the West End knows Dunstan's by name, as well as by sight. And even the stranger, lurching down the Strand on the knife-board of his omnibus, looks up at the gray walls of the private bank with an air of respectful familiarity in the very moment of identification. Thereafter, though these walls bear no sign-boards, they need none for him. He recognizes a monumental importance in that stronghold of financial integrity, standing like a Parisian hotel of the old régime between its court and its garden. And there it has stood so long in honorable self-reliance that by common consent the descriptive part of its title has been dropped, leaving it to be known as a possession of the founder, who thus outlives his life two centuries. Not as Dunstan's Bank, but as Dunstan's, pure and simple, does the enterprise to which he committed himself in King William's time maintain its enviable place among the lesser landmarks of London.

Almost at the beginning of my apprenticeship with the very young American banking firm of Markham & Wade, I had been sent over to Dunstan's on some trifling errand—to get an acceptance probably—for their bills often passed through our hands; and I have a clear remembrance of the impression then made upon me by the spacious paneled rooms; the green-baize doors, swinging noiselessly; the mullioned windows, deeply recessed, through which, over a gnarled old hawthorn tree, slanted a misty gleam from the Thames. All these appointments had an air of completeness, a time-honored effect indicating perfect fitness of the means to the

end, and thus contrasting strangely with our own close quarters, hastily adapted to our needs on a short lease until we could find something better. I knew even then in a general way of the respect, naturally deeper far than mine, which my employers felt for the peculiar distinction acquired by Dunstan & Co.'s years of irreproachable success. But not until long afterward, when I had been admitted to confidential relations with the partners, did I learn that from their respect had sprung a desire, secretly cherished in the face of mighty obstacles, to turn Dunstan's name and fame to account. My chiefs were energetic Yankees, strong in the faith that overcometh fear, sanguine enough to believe that whatever a man wanted with his whole heart and soul must surely be his at last.

I could not help laughing in my sleeve a little when I discovered their pet ambition, which seemed to me practically hopeless. Yet my discovery was due to the fact that an ambitious dream of my own approached fulfilment. I longed to live in Paris; and thither it was appointed that I should go, to fill what I considered an important post in Markham & Wade's parent house of the Rue Saint-Arnaud. There had been vexatious delays, but the date of my departure now stood fixed for the first of November. This was only October the fifth; yet already I had begun to compute by days the time of durance remaining to me under the autumnal blanket of the fog that hung over Charing Cross. The Boulevard des Italiens had its fog, too, undoubtedly. I knew by experience, however, that life's conditions there were so cheery and bright as to dispel minor grievances of climate. Somehow, in Paris, I never considered the weather at all.

Not so, here. It had rained all day, and I was oppressed by the murkiness of the night as Mr. Markham and I turned out into it from what Gossip Quickly would have called the latter end of a sea-coal fire. Our senior partner was a bachelor, devoted chiefly to the routine of business, over which he often lingered in the private office until his dinner-hour and beyond it. Today, he had called me in for a word about my change of base; the word had led to another and still another; when seven o'clock struck we were deep in talk. Then he had proposed that we should dine together at a queer, old-fashioned chop-house near Temple Bar. So, splashing side by side along the muddy pavement, we passed Dunstan's. My companion glanced up at the dark walls with an expressive sigh, provoked by the train of thought we had been following.

"There's a house for you, Garner!" said he. "The very air of the place seems impregnated with the spirit of honor and riches."

"What is Dunstan like, I wonder?" was my somewhat inconsequent reply.

"Bless you, my boy, there hasn't been a Dunstan in the firm for these thousand years, more or less. Old Walbrook is the head of the house. I met him, by chance, the other night in the drawing-room of our friend, Mrs. Sterne—at her 'Sunday Evening.'"

"Ah! What was *he* like, then?"

"Quite in character, as Mrs. Sterne might say, if like her he trod the boards at the Haymarket—imposing, inflexible, autocratic—gray-whiskered, with something of a martial air. His unemotional eyes looked through me, but I never flinched. It surprised him, for I heard that he inquired afterward who I was. I did my best to be offish, you see; it is the only way to win him. But it will take years for that, I fear." And again Mr. Markham sighed.

"To win him?" I repeated.

"Yes, my dear Tim, precisely that. He might do an immense deal for us—everything, in fact, by the mere turn of his hand. Suppose, for instance, that we stood in print as Parisian correspondents on Dunstan's credits. Think of the commissions that would come our way! You will see better what I mean when you get to Paris. And, as you are going there, Tim, I don't mind telling you confidentially, that I want just this very thing. I have wanted it a long while, but I can't find my way to accomplish it yet. In the present circumstances I could hardly ask Walbrook such a favor, of course."

"Of course," I gasped. The calm confession almost took away my breath. That Markham & Wade, young as they were, with a comparatively small capital, could dream of figuring upon Dunstan's credits to the exclusion of older and richer houses was to me inconceivable. Why not wish at once for the Pope's tiara, or even the philosopher's stone?

"No," continued Mr. Markham, more to himself, I fancied, than to me; "were I to ask that now, I should not be answered. Old Walbrook would stare and turn his back upon me. That would be fatal. Nothing kills like indifference. But the hour will come; all I have to do is to keep my eyes open and to bide my time."

"The hour will come." Musingly, in a snug chimney-corner at the Mitre Tavern, over a clearer fire than our own, Mr. Markham repeated his prophecy more than once that night. I had never considered him a dreamer, and this new phase of his character disturbed me at first. Then, on second thought, I was properly touched by his confidence. Does not every man have his hour that will come, his wild dream unrealized, hidden away in the sanctuary of his heart from vulgar eyes? Tomorrow, at his desk, Mr. Markham would be once more as I knew him, shrewd, alert, practical. Tonight, with

sufficient trust in me to relax his guard, he was thinking aloud. The conditions were peculiarly favorable to such a reverie. We had dined well, almost by ourselves. For the only other occupant of the quaint, historic room happened to be a pale young man with watery eyes, seated in one of the farther alcoves. Between the mouthfuls of his frugal meal he was making notes, apparently, upon some documents spread out before him. A certain formality of dress, together with these signs of industry, suggested to me that he might be a barrister's clerk, belated in his work, a part of which, perhaps, he had brought down from Lincoln's Inn. Whatever the work was, it engrossed his mind completely. So far as one could see, he paid no heed either to us or to the detached phrases of Mr. Markham's talk that must occasionally have reached his ears. And before long I forgot that he was there.

After dinner, we sat in our corner by the fire until Mr. Markham had finished his cigar. Then we paid the score, drew on our overcoats, and made ready for our long tramp in the rain. While thus we bestirred ourselves, I perceived that the pale youth was likewise at the point of departure. Gathering up his papers, he crossed the room to throw some crumpled scraps of them into the grate. We moved toward the door, and had already passed out when he called us back.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "did not one of you gentlemen drop this?"

What he returned to me proved to be no more than a business card of Markham & Wade, on the back of which I had jotted some memoranda in pencil. These were of importance, and I remembered putting them away in my pocketbook, from which the card must have fallen to the floor at the moment of reckoning for our dinner. I explained this to the stranger in a hurried word and thanked him. He bowed politely, but nothing more was said. We went our way, dismissing the incident as of no significance whatever. Not for weeks did it occur to me that this bit of carelessness on my part was probably the link connecting us with the curious chain of events that followed.

Our banking-room had an air of its own, which might be described in general terms as one of open hospitality. The newspaper files, the long tables littered with guide-books, stock-lists, continental telegrams, and other sources of useful information, were available to all comers, new and old alike. Strangers, as possible customers, were treated with the utmost civility; and, in consequence, the place was fast becoming what the firm desired to make it—a cosmopolitan resort for the West End of London. There, in

a busy hour, two or three days after my dinner at the Mitre, I was accosted by a man of good address, who inquired if we dealt in American securities. Upon my affirmative answer he produced his card from a leather case, which seemed to have gone astray in one of his pockets, for in the effort to find it he pulled out several letters and a bill of exchange for twenty-five pounds on a well-known bank in the City. These, as I observed, all bore the name upon the card, which gave, also, his place of abode as Reigate, in Surrey. The name itself, Arthur Collingwood, puzzled me; not from any previous knowledge of it, but from a conviction that somewhere in my mind such knowledge must exist, since I knew the man by sight at least. While he proceeded to business, which was merely the conversion of one of our smaller Government bonds into English money, I tried to identify him, to force an association with his name—quite unsuccessfully. Nor did his brief account of himself help me in the smallest degree.

The statement was that he had lately returned from India to his native land, but that dreading the severity of its winter climate, he intended to pass six months in the south of France. He might remain at home, perhaps, two or three weeks longer. Could he, without fear of intrusion, make use of our offices during that time? It would be so great a convenience to him that he requested permission to pay for the privilege. I replied, as in duty bound to do, that while a fee was out of the question we should be glad to see him whenever he chose to come. His bond was in order, with all its coupons attached, payable to bearer, perfectly negotiable; I paid for it at the current rate. With a word of thanks he took his leave; and a moment later my sluggish mind awakened to the fact that he was the pale student who had carried his task with him to a dinner of herbs at the Mitre Tavern in Fleet Street.

The fact was not momentous, but it relieved me from that irritating strain which accompanies the mental pursuit of an elusive trifle. On the following morning when Mr. Collingwood called again, I mentioned the circumstances of our first meeting, and found that he, too, remembered them; though until my reminder, as it appeared, he had not identified me. Thenceforward, he turned up every day for one purpose and another, settling himself at our table to write letters or read the morning news. He was amiably inclined to consider his new habit an imposition, for which he wanted in some way to repay us; dwelling so persistently upon this view of the case that I was not unprepared for his subsequent decision to journey into France with our letter of credit in preference to any other. After consultation with me upon the subject, he brought in one

day a package of bonds which he desired to sell, covering the issue of his credit with the proceeds.

They were Swedish bonds of the national loan, good securities, undoubtedly, but such as rarely came into the London market; very rarely, indeed, in large lots like this, which was no less than £6,000. I found I could not even trace them upon the stock-list; no bonds of the kind had been sold for months. It was impossible, therefore, to fix a price; and explaining the little difficulty to Mr. Collingwood, I suggested that they should be offered through our stock-brokers in the City, who would probably obtain a quotation within a few days. To this Mr. Collingwood readily assented. I might give instructions, he said, to sell the bonds for what they would bring; if in due time they did not find a purchaser, he would withdraw them, protecting his credit in some other way. I handed him, accordingly, a formal receipt for the securities at their face value, wrote in his presence an order to the brokers, Messrs. Hallam & Rowles, and went out with him to the head of the stairs as he hurried away. I heard the outer door slam below. It was only our cashier, Wilmot, coming back from his luncheon. Halfway up the stairs he met Mr. Collingwood and eyed him curiously, then turned to watch the retreating figure. When the door had closed upon him, Wilmot, rushing on, stopped me with an eager question.

"Who is that chap?" he demanded.

"His name is Collingwood."

"Collingwood—Collingwood? Don't know it. But I know his face—I've seen him before."

"Very probably," said I. "He has been here several times."

"No, no, somewhere else!" returned Wilmot, impatiently. "Several times, do you say? That's very odd. What the deuce does he want?"

"He wants to sell these bonds," I explained. "I must put them away in the safe."

"Yes, yes; come in here!" And Wilmot led me into the grated cage, where his duties confined him very closely. There I transferred the valuable package to his keeping, at the same time communicating the main incidents of Mr. Collingwood's history as related by himself. Jeffrey Wilmot was a keen, sturdy Englishman of thirty-five, with a very clear head, not easily disturbed; and his unusual excitement over this matter interested me.

"Odd! Very odd!" he kept repeating. "Devilish odd, I must say. Why does he bring them to us? Why does he come here at all, Garner, tell me that? Blessed if I can see! He is—or was—a clerk at Dunstan's."

"Nonsense! That's impossible."

"Well, I'm as sure of it as—as I am of anything."

Then for a moment in silence we stared at each other with reflective eyes. If Wilmot was right, why should the man seek us out when he had all Dunstan's experience at his back? Why turn from his natural friends to deal with strangers?

"It can't be," I persisted; "or, if it is, he has quarreled with Dunstan's, that's all."

"Yes, on his way home from India!" said Wilmot, with a sarcastic smile gleaming through his brown beard. "It won't do, Garner; it won't do."

It would not do at all, as I was forced to admit. The clerkship at Dunstan's and the life in India, conflicting hopelessly, silenced me once more.

"There's mischief at the bottom of this, or I'm no sinner," Wilmot continued. "Wait a bit, and I'll prove it to you in five minutes. Hand me my hat, please; now my umbrella. Thank you."

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Just over to Dunstan's for a little talk. My people kept an account there once, and I've met old Walbrook. I'll have this out with him, and convince you."

By that time I had come round to Mr. Collingwood's side, convincing myself that Wilmot, misled by a chance resemblance, scented mischief where none existed.

"Good luck!" said I. "But it's all a mistake. I'll bet you a sovereign that you come back without a shadow of proof to stand on."

"Done!" cried Wilmot, pulling out the coin and slapping it down upon the counter. "For two, if you like!"

"No," I laughed, laying my gold-piece beside his; "one will do."

When he was gone, I stowed away the bonds; then waited in the cage for his return. His assistant, one of the junior clerks, had overheard our talk; and in the pauses of work he discussed the problem with me, approving emphatically my final opinion. Our friend Wilmot was cocksure of things always. We both felt a sneaking satisfaction at the prospect of a minute flaw in his infallibility.

In a quarter of an hour Wilmot reappeared.

"Well?" I asked, reading my answer in his face before he spoke. He had proved nothing; the stakes were mine, as he acknowledged. What had happened, then, at Dunstan's? Had he told his tale? Or had Walbrook simply refused to see him?

"The old bear!" growled Wilmot, angrily. "He would hardly listen. My visit, evidently, was a great piece of impertinence. He never dealt in Swedish bonds, never heard of Collingwood. Nothing at Dunstan's could possibly have gone wrong in the way I suggested. Oh no, of course not! Their system is perfect over there; suns rise and set by it. Well, thank goodness, I've done my duty! Old Walbrook may go to the devil as soon as he likes—yes, and Dunstan's too!"

When we had chaffed him into good nature, I decided that the whole matter must immediately be laid before the firm—or, rather, before the senior partner, as Mr. Wade at that time was in Paris. Wilmot went in with me; and he was flattered, as I could see, by the chief's attention to his share of the testimony. Yet I also saw that Mr. Markham privately agreed with me in believing the case to be one of mistaken identity. The orders he gave us were to proceed with the sale of the bonds through the brokers; but, when Mr. Collingwood called, on no account to let him go without meeting one of the partners; above all, to pay him no money until such a meeting had taken place. Simple orders and explicit; the obstacles between us and their execution were not of our making.

The first obstacle presented itself in the report of Messrs. Hallam & Rowles, who, after forty-eight hours' delay, wrote that "Swedes," as they called them, seemed to be positive drugs in the market. While the investment was undeniably sound, no one at the moment wanted to go in for it to the extent of £6,000. We answered that, so far as our knowledge went, the owner of the bonds was in no hurry to sell them. The order, therefore, might hold over until countermanded. If anything came of it, well and good; if not, after a reasonable time it should be formally canceled. Meanwhile Wilmot and I awaited with impatience Mr. Collingwood's next visit. Wilmot, because he wished, as he said, for one good look at the man; I, from a presentiment that something of importance, for or against him, must develop in the proposed interview with the chief. But the third day passed, and the fourth, with no sign of Mr. Collingwood. It seemed as if Mr. Markham's second command were even more futile than the first.

"The man's afraid to come," Wilmot declared; "knows me, probably, and knows that I know him. Do you see?"

I laughed at his obstinacy. Then, early on the fifth morning, I showed him a note, addressed to me, just handed in by a messenger.

It was of that date, written at Maurigy's Hotel in Regent Street; and it contained six lines from Mr. Collingwood to the

effect that he had been very busy, and, now unexpectedly summoned to Paris for a day or two, was on the point of leaving by the tidal train. If his bonds were sold, the account might be sent to him in care of our Paris house; otherwise I need not write, as he would call upon me the moment he returned. All this seemed plausible enough. But Jeffrey Wilmot did not find it so.

"What's Collingwood doing at Maurigy's?" he asked. "I thought he lived in Reigate."

Again I laughed. "My dear fellow, he stopped in London overnight, I suppose; and why shouldn't he? The tidal train has gone. He isn't at Maurigy's now."

"I'm not so sure of that. Where's the messenger?"

"He went away at once, saying that there was 'no answer.'"

"'No answer,' eh? Well, send one, all the same; it can't do any harm. Write a line of acknowledgment, and give it to me. I'll take it over to Maurigy's. We may discover something. Who knows?"

So Wilmot rattled off in a cab with my note, which he returned to me unopened at the end of half an hour.

"Mr. Collingwood was out, then?" I said, with affected simplicity.

He ignored the underlying malice and only growled in answer: "Left, this morning, with all his luggage."

"What? You discovered nothing?"

"Quite the reverse. I discovered that he has been at Maurigy's three weeks. What do you make of that, Tim?"

"Why, that he prefers the town to the country—no more."

"Yet the address he gave you was Reigate. A slippery piece of business. That is not his address at all."

"Easily said, and easily proved or disproved. Why not take the next train for Reigate? or send an inspector down from Scotland Yard?"

"Exactly. Why not?" agreed Wilmot, with the utmost gravity. "Let us have a talk about that with Mr. Markham."

This time it was easy to see that the weight of the chief's judgment leaned Wilmot's way rather than mine. He felt, however, that to call in the police would be scarcely worth while just then. Especially, as in the course of our conference one of us remembered that the book-keeper, Mr. Flack, lived at Red Hill, very near Reigate. Flack, to be sure, was a simple-minded soul; the last one in all the world, perhaps, to rely upon for detective duty. But here the duty involved no more than a straightforward inquiry which any tradesman in the town could answer. Should the

information received prove unsatisfactory, Wilmot, as Mr. Markham hinted, might have his *carte blanche*, with all the acumen of Scotland Yard behind him.

Beaming with cheerful importance, Mr. Flack reviewed the next morning before our council of three his experiences at Reigate. The Collingwoods, as it appeared, owned a small estate within a mile of the town. But the house had been closed for some time in the absence of the family abroad. The family comprised the master and mistress, well on in years, and one unmarried son named Arthur — presumably our business acquaintance. These facts, ascertained without difficulty at the station, had been confirmed at one or two of the principal shops. And—and that was all. So far as that went, it tended to allay suspicion. The wavering balance dropped back on my side, and Mr. Markham promptly decided that our course must be to watch and wait patiently. With this decision Jeffrey Wilmot was forced to content himself. Upon its announcement, he protested only by a shrug of the shoulders. But afterward in an aside to me, he emphasized the small conflicting circumstance of Mr. Collingwood's omission to give us his London address—a bit of carelessness so marked that it must have been intentional. I, on the contrary, thought the mistake, if mistake it were, entirely natural, since Mr. Collingwood really lived at Reigate.

"Reigate be blowed!" grumbled Wilmot, as we turned to the day's work again. "He doesn't live there — he has never lived there! I don't believe a word of it: I don't believe that his name is Collingwood; but I do believe that he's a liar and a damned rascal!"

Several days went by, during which the case stood thus without further development, unless the postscript of a letter from the Paris house could be called one. By this we were informed, in response to our inquiry, that Mr. Collingwood had not turned up in the Rue Saint-Arnaud.

Meanwhile, we in London still awaited his return, and the order to sell the "Swedes" remained uncanceled with our brokers, who reported no offer. More important affairs crowded this into the limbo of unfinished business; Wilmot and I ceased to discuss it; I, indeed, almost ceased to think of it, preoccupied as I was with preparations for my removal to Paris. Besides my daily routine at the office, there were social duties to be despatched. Common courtesy obliged me to take a more or less formal leave of my London friends; and among these by no means the least was the one to whom Mr. Markham had referred on the night of our dinner at the Mitre—Mrs. Gregory Sterne.

This congenial spirit, conspicuous in public as the duenna of the Haymarket Theatre, whose artistic skill never failed her, held in private a position still more enviable. Her small house just out of Portland Place was, to quote a descriptive phrase then often repeated, a rendezvous for the upper half of intellectual London—drawn thither by exceptional qualities distinguishing the hostess. Never, perhaps, in all the world were sixty years worn more gracefully, more lightly. She had fluent speech and a ready wit restrained by the finest sense of proportion; guided, too, by a warm heart that, in spite of sorrows, still retained its youthful buoyancy. She could be gay and sympathetic at the same time, without revealing that under-current of egotism which so often dims the shining lights of the stage when we see them unprofessionally. Mrs. Sterne, in short, was unaffected, direct, genuine; no one could make her acquaintance without wishing to know her better. We had been thrown together in Switzerland, where circumstances speedily combined to bring about an intimacy, outlasting by good fortune our term of holiday. The difference in our ages, undoubtedly, helped me in this. For Mrs. Sterne took a very strong interest in youth, with its aspirations, its immature judgments and perplexities. The young kept her young, as she declared.

On Sunday evening she was always at home, and as the day drew near I planned my parting visit. Then came a note from her confirming the plan, but improving upon it. "I hope you have me in mind," she wrote, "and will remember that I count upon you. This being the case, will you not give me a little more of your precious time, dining here early, at seven, before the crowd descends upon us? I want you to meet my protegée, Margaret Leigh, who has just become engaged and is to leave the stage; she will dine here with her fiancé—you will make the fourth at table. Please come!"

I said "yes" instantly, congratulating myself upon forming one of the *partie carrée;* particularly, because of my desire to know Miss Leigh, whom I had once seen across the footlights. Mrs. Sterne had described her to me as the daughter of an old friend in reduced circumstances, unusually well qualified for the trying career she had chosen. Success in a round of parts had confirmed the judgment; the day was won, the future promised much; but now all would be cut short abruptly. I fancied that I could read regret between the lines of Mrs. Sterne's note. To her the sudden change in Miss Leigh's fortunes must be in some measure a disappointment.

It was this feeling which brought me to Mrs. Sterne's drawing-room a few minutes before the time appointed on that Sunday

evening, eager to have as soon as possible an expression of her views. These were not long in coming to the surface.

"Isn't it too discouraging?" she began. "I have toiled and slaved to bring out Margaret's talent, which is really quite extraordinary. I have drilled the poor child to death—for nothing. My time is lost, and the stage loses incalculably. In two years more she would have been at the top."

"But if she is happy now—"

"Happy! Oh, of course, they all are *now!* But I have an eye to the future. I believe that hers would be the happier for marrying a poorer man and keeping on with her profession."

"The man is rich, then?"

"Sufficiently so—they are to travel on the Continent," sighed Mrs. Sterne, as if she were dealing with a grave misfortune. I smiled; then suddenly perceiving the ludicrous side of her complaint, she laughed, and continued lightly: "Ah, well, I must give them my blessing, I suppose. It appears that he is amiable, of good family, and all that. There is really no fault to be found with the match, except that it came about upon short acquaintance. They met at Brighton, and were engaged in three days. Don't look so astonished. That often happens with us, you know; we are less deliberate than you Americans; we *fall* in love, literally."

"Three days!" I repeated. "That was sharp work. Who on earth is he?" But at that moment came a stir in the hall, to warn us of the arriving guests. "Hush!" she said. "They are here." And the servant, appearing, announced:

"Miss Leigh—Mr. Collingwood!"

In the waiting time that followed our formal greetings, he moved to my side and gave me his hand cordially.

"An unexpected pleasure," I said, awkwardly. "I thought you were in Paris."

"And so I was," he explained. "I arrived back an hour ago. By the way, those bonds of mine—they are sold?"

"No, we are still without an offer."

"It's of no consequence," he replied, passing from the subject carelessly. "I will call upon you in the Strand—tomorrow." I bowed, groping for words, but not finding them. Just then we were summoned to dinner, and I was glad of the interruption. Taken aback by the new relation with him, which had developed so unexpectedly, I was beginning to distrust Mr. Collingwood. My mind suddenly clouded with those suspicions of Jeffrey Wilmot, now not to be dispelled.

I sat opposite to him at the table, where, while he devoted him-

self to the hostess, I could study his face without appearing to do so. I found nothing distinguished in it—nothing distinctive except its lack of color; an effect due rather to the peculiar light-blue of his eyes than to the pallor of his complexion. In voice and demeanor he was entirely conventional. Yet my impressions were all negative; and I failed to see how a talented, ambitious girl like Miss Leigh could sacrifice her whole artistic future to a commonplace young man whom she had known three days. Surely, the force of love never went farther, I thought; or is it that she has no real feeling for her art at all? And I deliberately turned the talk to the stage, soon discovering that her interest therein remained of the keenest sort. She it was, now, who talked of things theatrical with enthusiasm.

"And yet," I said, with a cautious glance across the table to make sure that we were not overheard; "and yet you hold all this so lightly; it is over; you have dismissed it in a single word."

"Don't be too certain of that," she answered, lowering her voice. "We go abroad at first; Mr. Collingwood wishes it, and I let him have his way. But we shall come back. Then there will be more ways than one; and a woman, you know, always has hers at last."

"Oh," returned I, "if it is merely a leave of absence, not a final renunciation, I congratulate very heartily ourselves, Mr. Collingwood, and you."

She smiled, and nodded. Then the others broke in upon our small exchange of confidences, which yielded to a flow of general talk. Some one spoke of India, whereupon Mr. Collingwood discoursed for a time, while we, who knew nothing of the life there, listened or led him on with an occasional question. He talked glibly and well; yet now I noticed a ringing hardness in his tone which made me positively dislike him. I can see now that the source of this new feeling was probably the jealousy natural to mankind. I liked Miss Leigh, and he had captured her. But I did not then account for the cause, even to myself; I only fostered the dislike by doubting if she would find it an easy matter, when the honeymoon was over, to have her way with this man.

When coffee and cigars came, Mrs. Sterne, who detested formality, asked if the smokers would really be happier by themselves. One of them, at least, was only too happy to take this broad hint, and the result was that the hostess, with Miss Leigh, stayed by us at the table. The pleasant after-dinner time sped on swiftly, and Mrs. Sterne could have kept no note of it; for, suddenly, the servant made an announcement to her in an undertone. He spoke on

Mr. Collingwood's side of the table, and I caught no name; but I understood that the reception-hour had overtaken us, and that there was a guest in the drawing-room. With a cry of dismay Mrs. Sterne started up; we were all on our feet at once. Then her cry was sharply echoed by Mr. Collingwood, who, clapping his handkerchief to his face, dashed out of the room by a service-door leading to the pantry. The servant, following him, showed more presence of mind than the rest of us, who were left staring at one another in blank alarm. Before we could recover, the man reappeared with a faint smile on his decorous, shaven face.

"It is nothing, mum," he said. "The gentleman has the nose-bleed, if you please, mum, that's all."

"Oh," laughed Mrs. Sterne, hysterically relieved. "Will you take charge of him, Mr. Garner, please? Come, Margaret, come with me. Mr. Walbrook is in the drawing-room."

We laughed, all three, and I was left alone. "Old Walbrook! It is he!" thought I; "of course; Mr. Markham met him here; no doubt he often comes." So this was the impressive name that I had failed to catch. I wondered whether Mr. Collingwood had caught it. Then, with my hand on the pantry door, I stopped, while a new wonder overcame me. Was the name so impressive as to bring on a nose-bleed in Mr. Collingwood's sensitive organism? Was there some special cause for this effect? Suspicions, again! Was it not rather Jeffrey Wilmot's obstinacy that thus, out of a pure coincidence, sought to forge a new, intangible link between the guileless Collingwood and Dunstan's? I pushed open the door, and saw him bent over the running water, at which he splashed violently, while the servant stood by, shrugging his shoulders in a vain effort to be of use. When I spoke, Mr. Collingwood neither turned nor looked up, but in a tone of annoyance bade me join the ladies, adding that his trouble was not serious, and that he would follow us presently. I could only leave him, therefore, and make my favorable report of his condition in the drawing-room. There I immediately underwent a formal presentation to Mr. Walbrook, who, barely acknowledging my existence, devoted himself to more important guests. The room was already filling up; and while I talked with Miss Leigh, her uneasy glance toward the door at each new arrival did not escape me. Then my attention was distracted, and when I turned her way again she was gone. But a moment later I saw her face among the others, with undisguised anxiety in it. She hurried across the room to Mrs. Sterne, and, after a whispered word, moved gently away, out at the door. Thereupon, Mrs. Sterne's eye caught mine, bringing me to her side instantly.

"Will you help Margaret to her carriage, please?" she said. "That is all."

"What do you mean? Mr. Collingwood ——"

"He has left the house without a word to her or to anyone. Miss Leigh is naturally disturbed and is going home. If you ——"

Mrs. Sterne was called off, and I hurried into the hall to find that Miss Leigh's carriage had come up. As I went down the steps with her she seemed bewildered—unaware, indeed, of my presence. But when I asked what orders were to be given the coachman, she came to herself, thanked me, and said he must drive directly home. Then, leaning from the carriage window, she countermanded this.

"No! Tell him to drive first to Maurigy's." And she was whirled away.

Coming back, I questioned the servant in detail concerning Mr. Collingwood's abrupt departure. What had happened? Had he grown worse, or better? Was he too ill to speak that he had left no word?

The answer puzzled me. "He seemed all shaken up, sir, he did," said the man; "uneasy-like in his mind, and most anxious to get away without troubling the ladies—they wasn't to know. His nose had stopped bleeding, sir, but his hand ——"

"His hand!" I repeated.

"Yes, sir. He had cut one of his fingers, sir, which was a-bleeding away, sir, quite fast. His handkerchief was twisted round it. I can't think how it happened, sir, for they was only the silver fruit-knives left, sir, on the table. It seemed a bit odd, sir, to me, so it did!"

A bit odd, indeed, I found it. But I kept my reflections to myself, and made no mention of the supplementary accident when Mrs. Sterne cross-questioned me a few minutes later. An hour afterward, in taking leave, I strove to set aside her doubts by informing her of my business appointment with Mr. Collingwood for the next morning; a shocking piece of disingenuousness, this, in view of my strong premonition that the appointment would not be kept—a premonition duly verified.

On Tuesday Mrs. Sterne drove up to our door in a tremulous state, which was intensified by my lack of news. From her I learned that Miss Leigh had stopped at Maurigy's on Sunday evening, but had not found Mr. Collingwood. They knew nothing of him there, though that was always his abiding place when he came up to town. Miss Leigh had then despatched a telegram to him at Reigate—in vain; no answer had been received. A second tele-

gram sent to Paris, *Poste Restante*, where she had last addressed him, likewise remained unanswered. He seemed to have vanished completely from human ken. What did it mean?

It meant, as we feared, but one thing—namely, a flight. But we had no clue to his motive, and conjecture was idle. Mrs. Sterne drew the worst conclusions, and went away talking incoherently of detectives, in case nothing was heard of the man within the next twenty-four hours. Nothing would be, she declared; we had seen and heard the last of him! And with the opinion mine heartily agreed.

The opinion, however, was not supported by fact. For, on the following morning, up drove Mrs. Sterne again, to tell me that Mr. Collingwood was in Paris, whence he had written to Miss Leigh a tissue of vague excuses. Business complications had called him suddenly across the Channel, and would detain him there indefinitely. If he was ill, he did not mention it; and he carefully omitted any reference to the precise place of his abode. His address remained *Poste Restante*. And yet with astounding impudence he begged Miss Leigh, in the view of these same "complications," to join him in Paris, and there to be married quietly with as little ceremony as possible. To what order of beings did the man belong?

"Was there ever such effrontery?" continued Mrs. Sterne, almost in tears. "Margaret to go to Paris! Does he expect her to marry him at the General Post Office? I think we are dealing with a madman."

"She will not answer that, I hope," said I.

"No, indeed!" replied Mrs. Sterne, indignantly. "I have already answered it myself in the third person, simply stating that Miss Leigh declines to recognize him further unless he should present himself in London immediately, with a full explanation. He will not come. What an escape for her! As I said before, he is crazy, of course." And once more we agreed.

Mr. Collingwood's written appeal served thus but to make what seemed the impenetrable mystery of his proceedings doubly dark. But with mysteries, as with the night, the darkest hour is apt to come just before the dawn. And only three days later the dawn broke, bringing floods of light upon what passed into the annals of Markham & Wade as "the Collingwood affair." It was no less a person than old Walbrook who supplied the missing clue, which tended, first of all, to his own discomfiture; but an old Walbrook humbled and repentant, changed in his behavior almost beyond recognition. Pale, with drawn features, he rushed frantically

in upon Jeffrey Wilmot, imploring data to identify the person of whom they had spoken at their last interview. Collingwood was the person's name, he believed. Then Wilmot, in tranquil dignity that was truly magnificent, reminded the old bear that he had disclaimed all knowledge of such a person; turning the barbed weapon of his own indifference in what was plainly an open wound with so much skill that Mr. Walbrook flushed to his temples, and stammered profuse apologies for past rudeness. Then the scene changed to our private office, where Mr. Markham, attended by Wilmot and myself as silent supporters, received the excited manager of Dunstan's with just the right degree of languid interest. Never was a dramatic situation more deftly handled. We had the victim writhing at our feet, and we were triumphant—but not unbecomingly so.

"I have now reason to suspect that Collingwood is not this man's name," asserted Mr. Walbrook. "Have you anything to justify my suspicion? Any signature? Any scrap of his handwriting?"

We had, of course, on file the short note addressed to me from Maurigy's; and this was produced forthwith. At sight of it Mr. Walbrook turned almost livid.

"Yes, that is he! No doubt—no doubt!" he gasped.

"He! Who? Who is the man?" asked Mr. Markham, with genuine sympathy.

"He is a thief and a scoundrel!" replied old Walbrook, dropping back in his chair and gaining, as he went on, unnatural calmness. "That is the handwriting of Thomas Watts, my former bond-clerk. I can tell you his story in a very few words. He is of excellent family connections, the son of a clergyman at Red Hill, and he was in our employ a long time. For ten years, at least, we have trusted him with everything. But two months ago, on the ground of ill-health, he resigned his post, intending, as he said, to try a southern climate—to leave England. Yet he had saved little, and must earn his livelihood. In view of that, I gave him a letter—a very strong letter—of recommendation. Yes, I did this! And he ——" Here Mr. Walbrook drew a long breath and laughed bitterly.

"I understand," said Mr. Markham. "He robbed you."

"No," said the manager of Dunstan's, recovering himself. "That would have been difficult, if not impossible. He did better. You understand of course, that we have many depositors who leave in our hands their securities, which are often payable to bearer, for collection of the interest. As the coupons fall due, we cut them off

and credit the sum to the owner's account. Watts took charge of this; and it was done promptly and accurately as usual on the last quarter-day. Then he possessed himself of such available bonds as he saw fit, storing away with the utmost care the empty envelopes. When his nest was comfortably feathered, the ill-health and the warm climate followed easily. We have not yet determined the full extent of the loss, which undoubtedly includes those 'Swedes' of yours. You have not sold them?"

I reassured him. The Swedish bonds were still in our safe, unsold.

"For a new hand, the fellow is adroit," said Mr. Markham. "He plays the game well."

"Well!" repeated old Walbrook. "Like a master! But for an accident, even now I should not have suspected him. The natural date of discovery fell on the next coupon-day—November first. His game was so well planned that he could play it at his leisure. And now—where is he?"

This question I strove to answer by describing Mrs. Sterne's dinner-party and what followed it, including the collateral evidence drawn from her expeditions to the Strand. Mr. Walbrook was much interested in the little scene over the walnuts and the wine. Clearly, the criminal had "read up" India for use at such a time; and had attached himself to the respectable Reigate family because he knew that every member thereof was in a remote part of the world. Clearly, too, catching his employer's name, he had taken the alarm and, driven to desperation, had feigned hemorrhage on the spur of the moment; a little later, probably, to give it the semblance of color in case of inconvenient sympathy, he had slashed his hand. The inevitable hour of detection was very near. And we concluded that under the strain of his anxiety he had chosen the wiser course of awaiting it across the Channel. And now—where was he? All came back to that in the end, which left but one answer possible. For the moment, at least, he was out of reach.

The interview closed with Mr. Markham's agreement to hand over the Swedish bonds to Dunstan's, upon receipt of their written pledge to hold us harmless in the improbable event of disputed ownership. When Mr. Walbrook acquired them, a few days later, by means of this formal document, he could not say too much in praise of what he was pleased to call our discretion. He wished, indeed, for the power to make some adequate return for it. Here was Mr. Markham's opportunity. Without a moment's hesitation he expressed his long-cherished desire to figure in print upon old Walbrook's credits. His hour had come. From that day forward,

upon no ground that the world could discover, the new house of Markham & Wade, much to its advantage, was registered as Parisian correspondent of Dunstan's. The prophecy which the head of our house had made to his doubting clerk, in the snug chimney corner of the Mitre Tavern, had been realized with startling promptness.

We heard no more of the cunning thief, and, as far as I know, he was never brought to justice. As time went on, I complained to Jeffrey Wilmot that the vaunted skill of Scotland Yard seemed for once pathetically impotent. He stared at me with wondering scorn.

"My dear boy, Scotland Yard has never been called in, of course. Do you suppose old Walbrook is so dull as to submit that affair to the tender mercies of the public? Why, Dunstan's never would get over it! He has simply made up his loss like a man, and swallowed the bitter pill. The last thing on earth he wants is to clap his hand upon your Collingwood, Watts, or whatever the name may be!"

There was reason in this—the same reason which always kept that undetermined "full extent" of Dunstan's loss from our knowledge. By great good luck we had restored £6,000 of it; but the sum total of the missing remnant has never been revealed to the financial world.

To Mrs. Sterne's joy her pupil soon returned to the stage. She is the same Miss Leigh who, fulfilling her early promise, held so long the world's attention; and then marrying happily, passed into retirement, rich in accumulated fortune and in fame—alas, like all fame possible to the player, already waning!

Thus ended "the Collingwood affair," so long ago that today it is, perhaps, entirely forgotten even by its victims. Though, for years, one or two of us found it frequently a subject of fruitful comment and speculation. Our jovial, simple-hearted Mr. Flack, especially, was never tired of alluding to it; for a special grievance, arising from his slender share in this peculiar case, oppressed his mind.

"To think," he would say, "only to think that I went out of my way a-looking up Tommy Watts—Tommy Watts, of Red Hill, that I've known the whole of his blessed, blarsted little life—and never knew it was him I was a-looking for!"



VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN

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THE BEST NEW THINGS from the World of Print

Cargoes

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays.

—From *Ballads* by *John Masefield*

Russia has to Grow Up Yet

Every one of the great Western nations has had to stand the test of a triple trial before it could reach its actual condition. It has had to pass through an intellectual Renaissance, a religious Reformation, and a political Revolution. And we may suppose that Russia will not escape the necessity of passing through a like series of stages. Incidentally, it may be borne in mind that the Catholic countries, too, have had their Reformation in the Council of Trent.

We may predict with fair confidence that Russia will no longer prove a serious menace to the peace of Europe; that her future will be fully occupied with her colonial, industrial, social, and political development, and if we may judge from historic precedent, her social growth will of necessity precede her political development. So far, revolutions in Western Europe have not been of the making of a discontented peasantry, but of a middle class which has risen to consciousness of its own power, and has grasped the fact that it is its prerogative to govern itself. — *Emil Reich* in *The Fortnightly Review*.

America's Dependent Peoples

Any man is entitled to vote, black or white, if he can read the English language, owns $300 worth of property, and pays his poll tax, and men call that disfranchising the negro. I believe in this honest endeavor to provide such conditions of suffrage as shall limit it to men who have sufficient intelligence to understand the language of the country they live in, sufficient of the elementary virtues of prudence and economy to have laid by $300, and sufficient patriotism to pay their poll tax, which never exceeds $3. I believe they should have, not our grudging acquiescence, but our cordial and hearty coöperation.

We have another dependent people, the Filipinos. How? Well, no matter how. They are here now. They are on our hands. However they have come, we are responsible for them; responsible to ourselves, to them, and to the civilized world, and to Almighty God.

What are we to do? First, we might say we can't handle this problem. We

will turn it over to a wiser people—the Japanese, for instance. Or we might say we have set them free, now we will sail away and leave them to cut their own throats if they like. Or we will take possession of these islands, these people and appropriate—that is the long word; "steal" is the short word—their possessions. Or we may say these millions of people are in our hands, our keeping. We will gather all our moral forces and go into these islands with our public schools, with justice and representative institutions, and teach them self-government.

Just pause and reflect. Is it nobler to sail away and leave these people to their destiny, because we distrust our ability, or is it nobler for those of us who have the love of humanity to say in the name of Almighty God, we will hold these people in our charge and keep them until we have developed in them conscience and reason that will enable them to sail their own ship? We have men in New York who say the American people cannot be trusted to do that; if we take these islands we will rob them. If I thought so meanly of my country I would say, then sail away.—*Lyman Abbott* at *Boston*.

Goethe as a Prophet

If by a cross-cut of this kind it could be accomplished that vessels with all sorts of cargoes and of every size could go through such a canal from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, quite incalculable results would follow for the entire civilized and uncivilized human race. I, however, would be surprised if the United States would miss the chance to get such a work into her hands. It is to be foreseen that this young State, with its decided tendency toward the West, will in thirty to forty years have also taken possession and will have populated the large areas of land on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. It is furthermore to be foreseen that in this entire coast of the Pacific Ocean, where nature has already created the most roomy and safest harbors, in course of time very important commercial towns will carry on a large traffic between China and the East Indies with the United States. In such a case it would not only be desirable, but almost necessary, that merchant as well as war vessels should be able to have quicker connection with the western and eastern coast of America. I therefore repeat that it is entirely indispensable for the United States to make a passage from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, and I am certain that she will accomplish it.—*Goethe to Eckermann*, in 1827, republished in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*.

A Trifle Overdone

"Local pride," said Lieutenant-commander Lucien Young, of the United States navy, "is very well, but it can easily be overdone. Admiral Dewey recognized that fact during the war with Spain. He heard that certain new war vessels were to be named respectively *Yale* and *Harvard*. 'Good idea,' he declared; 'let us have more of the same evidence of pride in our institutions. Why not name the next one the *College of Physicians and Surgeons*, and then give us the *Massachusetts Institute of Technology?*'"—*Success*.

A Time Saver

The duration of the voyage between New York and San Francisco by way of Cape Horn amounts to 140 days outward and 130 days homeward, while the passage from New York to Colon may be made in 20 days and the return in 28 days. This gives for the total sailing time from New York to San Francisco *via* the canal 74 days, and for the return 85 days, which means a saving of 66 days and 45 days respectively. The coastwise trade between the Atlantic and the Pacific seaboard of the United States, so profitable prior to the construction of the transcontinental railways, has almost vanished from the sea, the traffic in coal alone surviving. Whether it can be revived by throwing the canal open to sailing vessels of small tonnage, is a problem.—*The National Geographic Magazine*.



The Tatler

THE OMAR KHAYYAM CULT UP TO DATE

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

Drawn by Gilbert James



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GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU

SECRETARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND LABOR

The Railroads and the Trusts

It is a regrettable confusion of mind that fails to note the sharp distinction that exists between the problem of regulating the railroads for the public benefit and the problem of properly guarding against the evils of the great industrial trusts. In so far as the Federal Government is concerned, there should be a strengthening of the Interstate Commerce Act for the better regulation of railroads; and action under the anti-trust law should be directed toward the industrial combinations, especially those which exist for the sole purpose of maintaining an arbitrary and improper price for an article of

common necessity. Such a price is that which the people are compelled to pay for anthracite coal. Thus, a breaking up of the anthracite combination would put millions of dollars into the pockets of the people, because the combination which dominates the mining, marketing, and price of coal is able to exact a great deal more than the normal and proper price. The breaking up of the Northern Securities Company, on the other hand, will not put a penny into the pocket of anybody who buys a railroad ticket, or of any farmer who ships a carload of grain. It is, therefore, a very poor and ineffective sort of law against trusts under which a really oppressive combination cannot be reached, while the energies of the Government are devoted to compelling a great railway system to shift the technical form of its organization without affecting its practical relations to the people.—*The Review of Reviews.*

Wheels Made of Paper

The material of a paper wheel is a calendered rye-straw board of thick paper made specially for the purpose.



The New York Journal

DAVID AND GOLIATH—MODERNIZED

THE U. S. SUPREME COURT KNOCKS OUT THE COAL TRUST



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THE CHINESE MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES WITH HIS SUITE

SIR CHEN TUNG LIANG-CHENG IN THE CENTRE

The first operation is for two men, standing beside a pile of the boards, to brush over each sheet a coating of flour paste, until a dozen are pasted into a layer. A third man transfers this layer to a hydraulic press, where a pressure of 500 tons or more is applied. After solidifying under this pressure for two hours the twelve-sheet layers are kept in a drying-room heated to a temperature of 120 deg. F. Several of these layers are, in turn, pasted together, pressed, and given another drying. This is kept up until a circular block is formed containing from 120 to 160 sheets, varying from four and one-half to five and one-half inches in thickness, and as compact as seasoned hickory. The blocks are then turned in a lathe slightly larger than the tire, and the hole is bored for the cast-iron centre. In turning, the paper blocks make a shaving that resembles strips of leather. The centre and the tire are forced on under a powerful hydraulic press.—*Railway and Locomotive Engineering.*

Her Short Upper Lip: A Protest

Whether a woman who does not possess one is thus outwardly marked by pitiless Nature as lacking in the power of sex, or whether this is merely a despairing clutch after realism of detail on the part of the male novelist (it almost invariably is a masculine device) is a question which should perhaps be left to the psychologists. Nevertheless, on behalf of the long-lipped woman, and still more to encourage the army of the undistinguished who stand on the slope of the hill half-way between the mount of attractiveness and the valley of humiliation, one is moved to inaugurate an inquiry as to the fundamental basis of feminine charm.

They are adorable—these women. Even we of their own sex feel their charm. Often we love them—in spite of their beauty. Sometimes we even imagine that we comprehend them. We feel as they have felt; we dream dreams that they have dreamed. Those that have suffered we know the best of all. We, too, are sensitive to atmosphere. We know his mood by the tones of his voice and the look in his eyes. We are light on the surface. We have tenderness underneath. We can love even as they have loved. We, too, have a sense of humor and a sense of sex. Then we remember. We lack beauty and we dare not measure our lips. We are afraid that when we walk abroad "a delicate perfume like the perfume of violets" does not come and go in the air near us. We are compelled to confess that after we have been out in a pouring rain without an umbrella, our hair, though truly enough "in some disorder," does not always blow over our brows, "in fine free wavelets" or cling to our temples "in soft damp curls." We sigh. We disconsolately pick up some variant of the omnipresent woman's journal. In the beauty column we read: "A short upper lip indicates wit and also tenderness. She who possesses it has a sensitive nature." We sigh again and turn to other themes, for we have not the short upper lip.—*Olive Vincent Marsh* in *The Critic.*

The American Family

That the large family of the early days of this country has disappeared every one is aware. Benjamin Franklin was one of fourteen children, a number far from uncommon at that time, but scarcely to be met twice in a lifetime now. Franklin stated that eight was the American average family two centuries ago, and, figuring on that basis, foresaw for this country a population of 100,000,000 by 1900.

Instead we have 76,000,000, of whom 11,000,000 are foreign-born and 13,000,000 the children of foreign-born parents. Only 52,000,000, a trifle over half the number Franklin predicted, have therefore descended from the early American stock. So far from eight being now the average family, that number is considered astonishingly large.

In a woman's club in New York President Roosevelt's opinions on "race suicide" were discussed and his attitude generally condemned. Of thirty-four present only two agreed with Mr. Roosevelt. The remaining thirty-two

indorsed the statement of one of the members: "There are thousands born that have no business to be born."

A review of the evidence gathered points to these conclusions:

1. That the size of the American family has diminished.

2. That the decline is greatest among the rich and educated, but also exists, to a marked extent, among the middle class and the intelligent poor.

3. That only the most ignorant and irresponsible make no effort to limit the number of their children.

4. That not only has the large family disappeared, but it is no longer desired.

5. That the prevailing American ideal, among rich and poor, educated and uneducated, women and men, is two children.

6. That childlessness is no longer considered a disgrace or a misfortune; but is frequently desired and voluntarily sought.

7. That opposition to large families is so strong an American tendency that our immigrants are speedily influenced by it; even Jews, famous for ages for their love of family, exhibiting its effects.

8. That the large family is not only individually, but socially, disapproved; the parents of numerous children meeting public censure.—*Lydia Kingsmill Commander* in *The Independent*.

Church "Courting Parlors"

The Theodore Parker Memorial, an institutional church of Boston, is trying to solve the problem of getting together and acquainted the young people of its neighborhood. The Parker Memorial is located in the heart of the boarding-house and lodging-room section of the city. Thousands of young men and women have their temporary homes near the church. What they need is an opportunity to get acquainted.

The Parker Memorial has undertaken to get these young people together. There is on every Sunday evening a service in the church, which, while religious, is yet arranged to attract young people. It usually consists of an address, with music, and is often illustrated by the stereopticon. After the service the congregation is invited to a social gathering in the parlors on the same floor. Music is furnished and tea is served, and often a brief reading is given; but in general the young folks are left to their own devices until ten o'clock. The dancing classes connected with the church are valuable aids in furthering the movement. The phrase "courting parlors," used in perfect seriousness by a Boston minister in connection with the Parker Memorial's new experiment, has come to stay in Boston, apparently, although those directly interested in the movement are naturally inclined to deprecate such an aggressive and literal interpretation of what is purely a big-hearted and hospitable idea. The experiment thus far has been deservedly popular, and is being watched with increasing interest by similar communities in other cities.—*Collier's*.

Theory and Practice

Dear Nicholas, we much admire
 Your hopes of having warfare ended;
Although in practice missing fire,
 Your arbitration plans are splendid,
And your proposals at the Hague
 Were very nice, though rather vague.

We feel for you, although we pray
 That, whether on the land or water,
Your men and ships may lose the day
 (But with a minimum of slaughter),
And leave your frontier, long unsure,
 Returned *à son premier Amur*.

And this we hope, since nothing less
 Will break the bureaucratic fetters
By which your servants now oppress
 A hundred millions of their betters,
And set you in your proper station,
 Free Emperor of a free nation.

—*Adrian Ross* in *The Tatler*.

Grammar and Diplomacy

In his life of Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Andrew Lang records with pride the noble stand taken, not by any mere individual Englishman, but by the English Government itself, on an occasion when the purity of the speech was threatened. Negotiations for a treaty were going on at Washington between the United States and Great Britain. The subjects for discussion and settlement were of the utmost gravity. Controversy existed about the *Alabama* claims, about the Canadian fisheries,



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A PAIR OF ALEUTIAN PICKANINNIES

about the San Juan boundary, besides other matters of minor importance, indeed, compared with the foregoing, but nevertheless of importance in themselves. On numerous points under consideration there was naturally wide difference of opinion. Proposals and counter-proposals were constantly exchanged. According to the account given in the biography, a difficulty, wholly unnecessary, fell to the lot of the English commission. In addition to the inevitable disputes with its opponents it found itself a good deal annoyed and hampered by instructions from the home government.

At last an agreement was reached. It involved certain concessions to the American demands to which, in the opinion of some, assent should never have been given. There was one point, we are told, upon which the home government was sternly inflexible. "For it," says Mr. Lang, "much may by literary persons be forgiven them." It telegraphed that in the wording of the treaty it would under no circumstances endure the insertion of an adverb between the preposition *to* (the sign of the infinitive) and the verb. Mr. Lang feels justly the heroic nature of this act. Much may be yielded on questions in dispute which all knew would ultimately involve expenditure of money, and, indeed, implied at the time admission of previous wrong-doing; which might

further be yielded in the case of certain things which the biographer himself seems to regard as points of honor. Still, on these minor matters it was thought advisable to give way. So much the more must our tribute of admiration be paid to the English Government for remaining as immovable as the solid rock when it came face to face with the great question of severing the close tie that binds to the infinitive the preposition *to.*—*Thomas R. Lounsbury* in *Harper's Magazine.*

New Zealand a Political Garden of Eden

Seventy years ago New Zealand was a group of cannibal islands; today she heads the procession of politico-economic progress.

Years ago New Zealand was afflicted with unjust laws and a grievous congestion of wealth and power. The taxes rested mainly on the poorer classes. The land monopoly was one of the worst ever known. A system of multiple voting for the rich placed the government in the hands of the monopolists.

But in 1890 the workingmen united with the small farmers and tradesmen to elect "Liberal-Labor" candidates pledged to the interests of the common people; they swept the monopolists out of power and made New Zealand the most democratic and the most progressive country on the face of the globe.

To put the burden of taxation on those best able to bear it, the Liberals established progressive taxes on land values and incomes, with complete exemption of all improvements and of all persons of small property and moderate income.

To checkmate land monopoly and move toward the nationalization of the soil, they instituted a system of perpetual leasing in place of the sale of public lands, and devoted a large sum each year to the state purchase of large estates and their division and leasing to capable workers, the landless being accorded the preference.

To undermine the interest sharks, a government loan office was opened, from which, through the post-office, workingmen, farmers, tradesmen, manufacturers, and all classes can borrow money from the state at low interest—four and a half per cent.

To enforce the right to employment and the right to work under reasonable conditions (without which the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is but a glittering dream), the Liberals established public employment bureaus, with a Minister of Labor, whose principal function it is not to publish statistics, but to find work for the workless.

Every policeman is an agent of the National Employment Bureau to watch for and report all opportunities for work. The state railways carry the unemployed where they can find work, the fares being advanced by the government, to be repaid by the worker when he is able.

Eight hours is the standard day, and a half-holiday is required each week. Even the stores must close early.

Short hours are regarded as of vital moment in New Zealand. They mean leisure and vitality for self-development and civic and social activity.

Strikes and lockouts have been abolished. Labor difficulties are settled by judicial decision. There has not been a conflict between capital and organized labor in the nine years since the Arbitration act went into effect in 1895.—*Professor Frank Parsons* in *The New York Evening Journal.*

The Japanese Calendar

Every month in Japan has its particular significance to the Japanese: January, the month of the New-year; February, the inari (fox festival); March, the doll festival; April, the birthday of Buddha, the month when people stroll out for hanami (flower picnic), and fields and hills are tinted with clouds of cherry blossoms; May, when the azaleas are ablaze and the picnickers flock to the beautiful gardens; June, the Temple festivals; July, the celebration of the "Milky Way"; August, moonlight banquets; September, the month of the kikuzuki (chrysanthemum) shows. October is a desolate month, for the



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KOGORO TAKAHIRA

JAPANESE MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES



Courtesy of the Department of Commerce and Labor

DONVIG'S LIFE-SAVING GLOBE

WHEN NOT IN USE

gods are said to be absent. In November the parents celebrate the third, fifth, or seventh anniversary of their children, and entertain their friends; December, a month of work in preparation for the New-year.—*Onoto Watanna* in *Harper's Weekly*.

Donvig's Life-Saving Globe

An interesting experiment with Captain Donvig's life-saving globe was recently conducted by that gentleman in Copenhagen in the presence of prominent naval authorities and others.

The experiment consisted of casting the globe from a 12-foot high wharf into the sound; it sank, but immediately recovered itself, whereupon the portholes were thrown open, one of the occupants adjusting a sail and guiding the globe by means of a rudder.

The life-saving globe is a recent in-



Courtesy of the Department of Commerce and Labor

DONVIG'S LIFE-SAVING GLOBE

WITH SAIL AND VENTILATOR SET, AND STEERSMAN IN POSITION

vention. The inventor received his idea from seeing an iron water tank afloat after a terrible wreck on a rocky coast, in which he lost his entire family.

The globe will accommodate sixteen persons. Fig. 1 shows the globe closed ready for the water. Fig. 2 shows it with ventilator pipe and sail adjusted.

The apparatus is described as follows: The life-saving globe is constructed of $^{3}/_{16}$-inch steel plates and has the form of a globe from which a segment is cut off, the flat part forming the bottom, which is double, the outside one being $^{5}/_{16}$-inch thick. It is furnished with the following outfit: A fender of 16-inch coil rope laid around the largest part of the globe; anchor with 100 fathoms of 1 ½-inch steel wire rope; wooden grating on top of the inner bottom; straps and loose reindeer hair padding provided for sixteen men; bilge pump; closet

bucket; rudder and tiller (of steel); sails and oars.

Around the interior of the globe are a series of lockers, which serve as seats for the crew. In these lockers can be stored 14 cubic feet of provisions. In the space between the double bottom 560 liters (148 gallons) of fresh water can be stored. Through the top of the globe a 12 inch ventilating pipe can be raised from the inside of the globe to the height of 5 feet above, and it can be lowered so that the top end is flush with the top of the globe. This pipe is fitted with cover and packing in the top for quick opening and closing for ventilation when at sea.

In the upper part of the globe manholes are fitted which can be opened and shut from within. The surroundings can be observed through the small glass lights fitted in the sides.—*Consul Raymond R. Frazier* in *Daily Consular Reports, No. 1920.*

John D. and John P.

Around these two groups (Rockefeller-Morgan), or what must ultimately become one greater group, all the other smaller groups of capitalists congregate. They are all allied and intertwined by their various mutual interests. For instance, the Pennsylvania Railroad interests are on the one hand allied with the Vanderbilts, and on the other with the Rockefellers. The Vanderbilts are closely allied with the Morgan group, and both the Pennsylvania and Vanderbilt interests have recently become the dominating factors in the Reading system, a former Morgan road, and the most important part of the anthracite coal combine, which has always been dominated by the Morgan people. Furthermore, the Goulds, who are closely allied with the Rockefellers, are on most harmonious terms with the Moores of the Rock Island system, and the latter are allied in interest quite closely with both the Harriman and the Morgan groups. Therefore, viewed as a whole, we find the dominating influences in the Trusts to be made up of an intricate network of large and small groups of capitalists, many allied to one another by ties of more or less importance, but all being appendages to or parts of the greater groups, which are themselves dependent on and allied with the two mammoth or Rockefeller and Morgan groups. These two mammoth groups jointly (for, as pointed out, they really may be regarded as one) constitute the heart of the business and commercial life of the nation, the others all being the arteries which permeate in a thousand ways our whole national life, making their influence felt in every home and hamlet, yet all connected with and dependent on this great central source, the influence and policy of which dominates them all.—From "*The Truth About the Trusts,*" by *John Moody.*

Wordless Epigrams

By means of an ingenious arrangement of abbreviations, a writer in the *Gaulois* has attempted to describe the social and political state of France at the present time. He declares that:

The Nation is: A.B.C. *(abaissée).*
Respect for France is: F.A.C. *(effacé).*
Army and Navy are: D.P.C. *(dépecées).*
Justice is: D.C.D. *(décédée).*
Most of the Deputies are: H.T. *(achetés).*
Liberty is: F.M.R. *(éphémère).*
Faith is: O.T. *(ôté).*
Commerce is: B.C. *(baissé).*
The price of food is: L.V. *(élevé).*
The ruin of the country will soon be: H.V. *(achevée).*

—*The (London) Outlook.*

The Cost of Living

Take any commodity you please—a loaf of bread,—and trace it back. The baker got his flour from an agent of a flour trust. The flour trust got its wheat from a grain elevator trust, and its barrel from a cooperage trust, which got its lumber from a lumber trust and its nails from a nail trust. The machinery, by means of which the wheat was ground and the barrel was cut out and put together and the nails were stamped, came from various machinery trusts. These machinery trusts were in turn supplied by sundry iron and steel

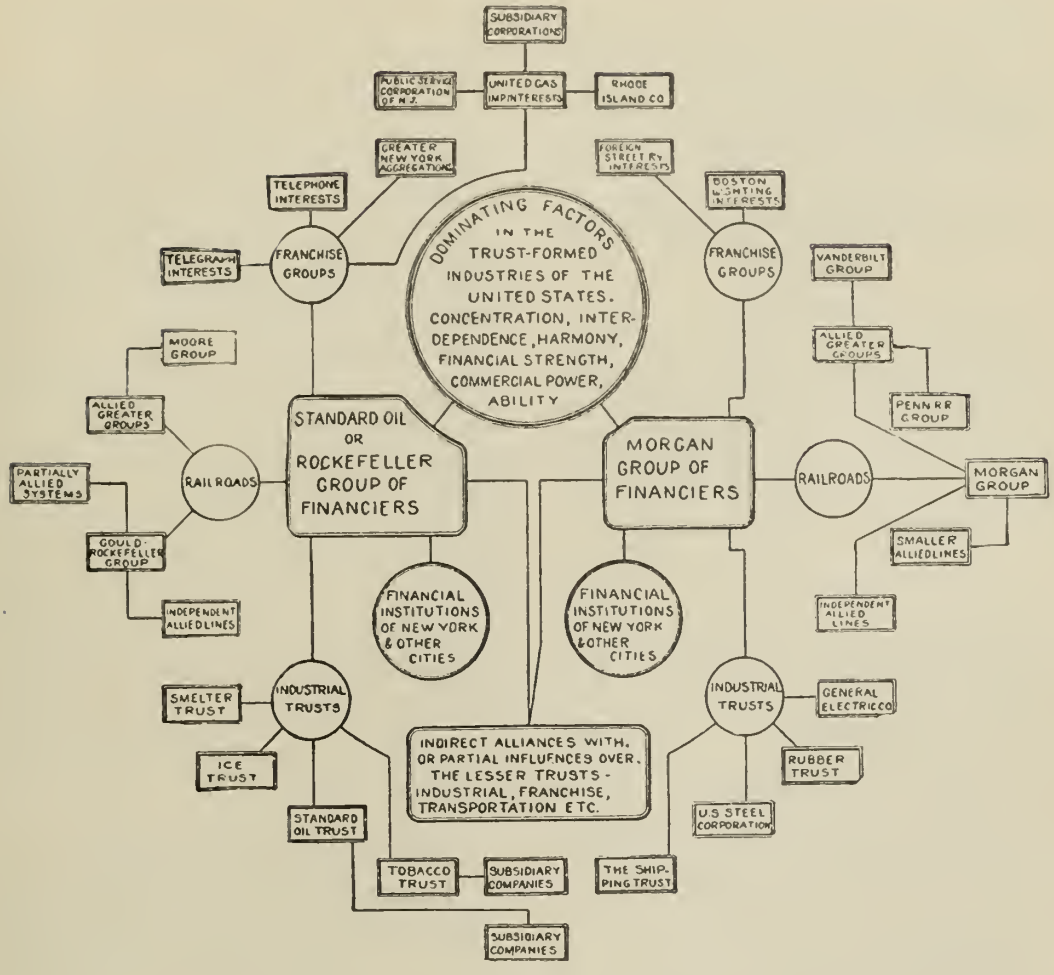


Diagram by John Moody

THE REAL OWNERS OF THE UNITED STATES

"combines," and they, again, depended upon certain mining monopolies. At every stage railways were used — and railway competition has been worse than abolished, what with the pooling and secret rebate arrangements.

Now, upon each of these many, many trusts that united to make that loaf of bread possible you will find saddled enormous fixed charges. In most cases the greater part of their fixed charges is dividends and interest upon stocks and bonds that represent not a dollar invested in the industry!

Follow back each and every article in common use, and you will find the same state of affairs. When you go to your butcher and he tells you that meat is five cents a pound higher than it was last week, you are able to understand why. Last week's price was the proper price under proper conditions *plus* the taxes and tolls of all the various intermediary combines, trusts, consolidations, monopolies and what-nots. This week's increased price means that those tolls have been raised. Why have they been raised? Perhaps it is just because some fellow in control "needed the money." Perhaps his workmen had forced him to raise wages, or perhaps he had had a bad week in the wheat pit or at Wall Street's green tables. In the town from which I come, a small manufacturer, many years ago, went abroad to study church architecture with a view to helping his church house itself properly. On his return he cut the wages of his employees to pay the expenses of the trip and his subscription to the new

temple. Doubtless he would have raised prices if he could, but those were the days when there was still some faint competition worthy of the name.—*David Graham Phillips* in *Success*.

Snap-Shots by Herbert Spencer

RUSKIN

Doubtless he has a fine style, writes passages of great eloquence, and here and there expresses truths; but that one who has written and uttered such multitudinous absurdities should have acquired so great an influence is to me both surprising and disheartening.

CARLYLE

He has, strange to say, been classed as a philosopher! Considering that he either could not or would not think coherently—never set out from premises and reasoned his way to conclusions, but habitually dealt in intuitions and dogmatic assertions, he lacked the trait which, perhaps more than any other, distinguishes the philosopher properly so called. He lacked also a further trait. Instead of thinking calmly, as the philosopher above all others does, he thought in a passion. It would take much seeking to find one whose intellect was perturbed by emotion in the same degree. No less when tested by various of his distinctive dicta and characteristic opinions does the claim made for him to the name of philosopher seem utterly inadmissible.

GEORGE ELIOT

Striking by its power when in repose, her face was remarkably transfigured by a smile. The smiles of many are signs of nothing more than amusement; but with her smile there was habitually mingled an expression of sympathy, either for the person smiled at or the person smiled with. Her voice was a contralto of rather low pitch, and I believe naturally strong. On this last point I ought to have a more definite impression, for in those days we occasionally sang together; but the habit of subduing her voice was so constant that I suspect its real power was rarely if ever heard. Its tones were always gentle, and, like the smile, sympathetic.

HUXLEY

A witticism of his at my expense has remained with me these twenty years. He was one of a circle in which tragedy was the topic, when my name came up in connection with some opinion or other; whereupon he remarked: "Oh! you know, Spencer's idea of a tragedy is a deduction killed by a fact."

JOHN STUART MILL

Too stern a discipline in his boyhood, and perhaps too serious a view of things in his later years, put, I think, an undue check on the display of pleasurable feelings. I do not remember his laugh; and my impression is that though he appreciated good things he did not laugh heartily. In fact his mental attitude, as expressed in manner and conversation, was much the same as that shown by his address as Lord Rector at St. Andrews, which seemed to imply that life is for learning and working.—From *Herbert Spencer's Autobiography*.

The Stupidest Nation

The wanderer leaves Korea with a feeling of having seen how the stupidest nation of created men can also be the happiest; or, could, were conditions only a trifle more propitious. By the evil star of the Koreans it has been arranged that their land is to be the Switzerland of the Far East—a territory to be fought over forever, but one that no nation can either itself possess or allow any other to hold. Korea is the victim of her own geographical advantages. And the impressionist carries away with him the picture of a people indomitably patient, dumb with the callousness of despair, that yet has the secret of happiness in its power to extract joy from the most unsatisfactory material; a nation stunned by the oppression of the ages out of all moral and mental vigor—yet still stout, and capable, perhaps, of both—a nation of sturdy, apathetic sheep whose silent indifference beneath the driving lash of the world may some day be found unexpectedly to have its limits or its possibilities.—*The Living Age*.

More than a Contract

Contemporaneous with the deluge of divorces granted in many courts is a fast-growing movement toward the conception of marriage as a status and not as a contract. The thought of not a few of the wiser people of our time is turning to the belief that marriage represents a condition more akin to a great fundamental fact of nature and of humanity than it is akin to the commercial relations of a contract. It may be said that marriage is in a sense begun in a promise given and received, made between one man and one woman. But when the contract is thus made a condition is created which the unmaking of the covenant cannot alter. A family has been established. Children are born. The future is wrapped up in conditions thus made. The court may declare that A and B are no longer husband and wife; but the court cannot wipe out the lives of children—the fruit of the marriage—whose lives are damaged to at least some extent by the separation of their parents. The court also cannot do away with the injury wrought to society and to the community by the technical dissolution of the family, which is the social unit and the social centre. —*The Saturday Evening Post.*

Got the Prize

Edward E. Lee, of Baltimore, manager of a well-known wickerware house, is a fiend after coupon collecting. His friends tell this story on him:

He had been collecting all kinds of tags and coupons bearing premiums, for some time, when he one day noticed an advertisement of a New Jersey firm that upon receipt of fifteen of their tags they would forward one chance for a series of prizes, the first prize being a horse and runabout. Mr. Lee began industriously to get all the tags he could find until he had the requisite number, which he forwarded. A few days later he was notified that he had won the first prize. Immediately following this letter came a tiny rocking-horse. He sat down and wrote a sarcastic letter to the firm. "I beg to acknowledge receipt of the horse," he wrote, "but you failed to enclose the runabout." In an early mail he received this letter:

"*Dear Sir:* We have your letter acknowledging receipt of the horse. As for the runabout, *go chase yourself.* Yours truly, ——— ———"

—*Henry Edward Warner* in *Lippincott's.*



The World's Work

What Is at Stake

An element of great significance in the Russo-Japanese war and in its issues is the vast expanse of the Asian territory involved. Lake Baikal, which makes a break in the Trans-Siberian Railroad, is, for example, as long, and in some places as wide, as Lake Michigan. Mr. Henry Norman has declared that the war is a contest for the control of

China. The size of China is shown by the foregoing comparison. The Trans-Siberian Railroad is the longest in the world. If laid down on North America, it would run from the western coast of Alaska to points in the Atlantic Ocean off New Jersey and off Nova Scotia.—*The World's Work.*

The Martian "Canals"

After experimenting on the cracks and fissures that appear in cylinders and spheres subjected to pressure, M. A. Baumann, an engineer of Zurich, Switzerland, has proposed the following explanation of the markings on the planet Mars, ordinarily known as "canals." Says the *Revue Scientifique* in a notice of M. Baumann's hypothesis:

"Mars may have a brittle, solid crust, with a more elastic nucleus, this difference of rigidity depending simply on differences of temperature in the various strata. When the planet cools contraction takes place, and the outer layer yields little by little to the pressure. In places where the pressure is greatest, cracks—always double, as shown by M. Baumann in his experiments—appear. It is possible that afterward, by the intervention of living beings, the edges of these cracks may have been removed, so as to form canals. But the same result might follow from the progressive enlargement of small fissures. The rectilinear canals indicate a homogeneous constitution of the soil. Finally, the outer crust, now solid, may have remained long in a plastic state, which would have prevented the formation of mountains." — Translation made for *The Literary Digest.*

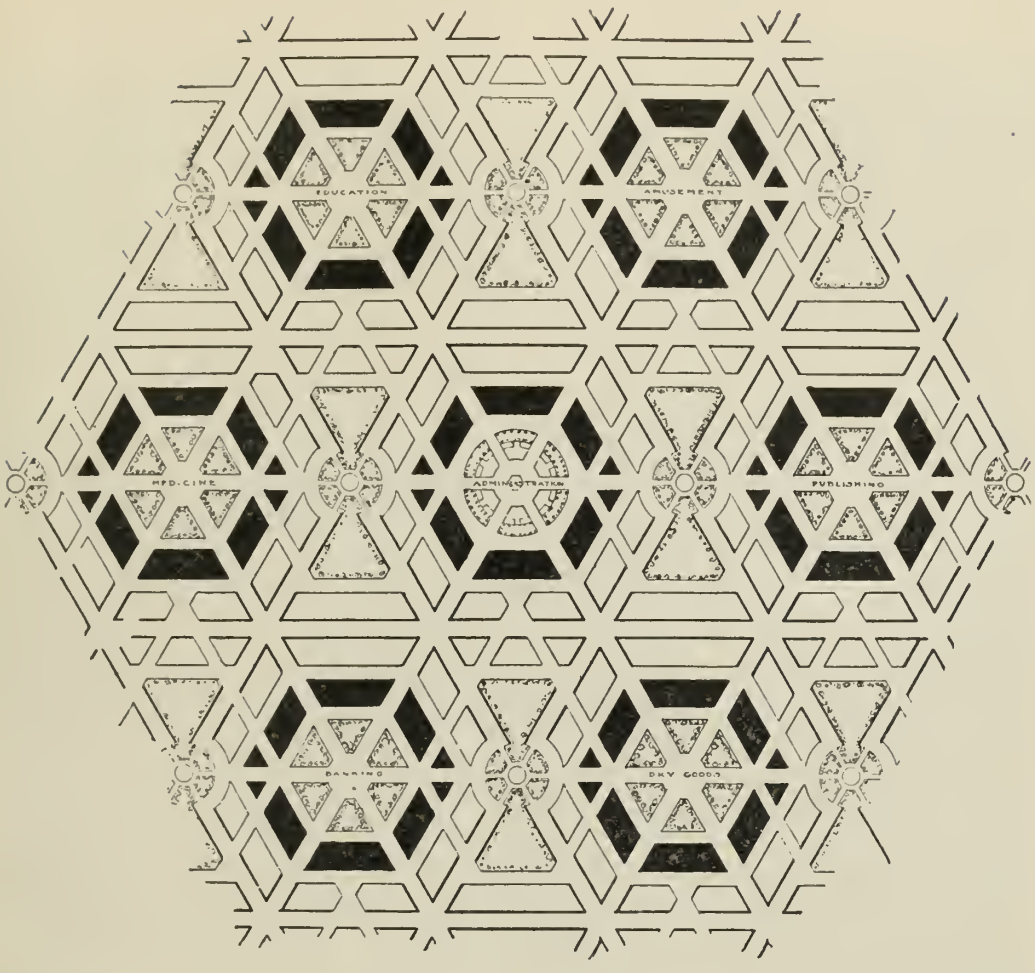
Plan for an Ideal City

A city planned to be developed in artistic and esthetic directions must be based upon the most practical plan. And what is such a plan? After the fullest consideration of all the possibilities that geometric figures give, the writer is tempted to suggest the scheme shown in the accompanying diagram, the hexagon.

The tendency of different businesses to centralize in one locality has been recognized for many years. This tendency is not restricted merely to business, however. Theatres and all buildings for the recreation of the people gravitate toward one quarter of the city. Educational institutions, hospitals, etc., each, in turn, are found gravitating toward their fellows. This tendency suggests that in the model city such areas could be located in zones—zones of learning, zones of pleasure, zones of medicine and surgery, zones of business. They, in turn, would have radiating from them, through the nearer territory, such buildings as would instinctively consort with the ideas presented by the zone. Thus each zone would have not only its administrative buildings, but also buildings of habitation; the minor businesses for local distribution; the schools to serve the children of the group, etc. In this way each zone, in its own group, would be practically a city complete, self-supporting, divided from its neighboring zone or city by the small park, and yet connected with it by the diagonal streets. The power of extension of such a plan is infinite. The danger of congestion by the excessive growth of cities has in such a plan been eliminated, or at least reduced to a minimum.—*Charles R. Lamb* in *The Craftsman.*

The Real Geisha Girl

The Geisha is in no sense necessarily a courtesan. She is a woman educated to attract; perfected from her childhood in all the intricacies of Japanese literature; practised in wit and repartee; inured to the rapid give-and-take of conversation on every topic, human and divine. From her earliest youth she is broken in to an inviolable charm of manner incomprehensible to the finest European, yet she is almost invariably a blossom of the lower classes, with dumpy claws and squat, ugly nails. Her education, physical and moral, is far harder than that of the *ballerina*, and her success is achieved only after years of struggle and a bitter agony of torture. She dances—dances those slow mimes of old Japan, that must be such torment to the dancers,

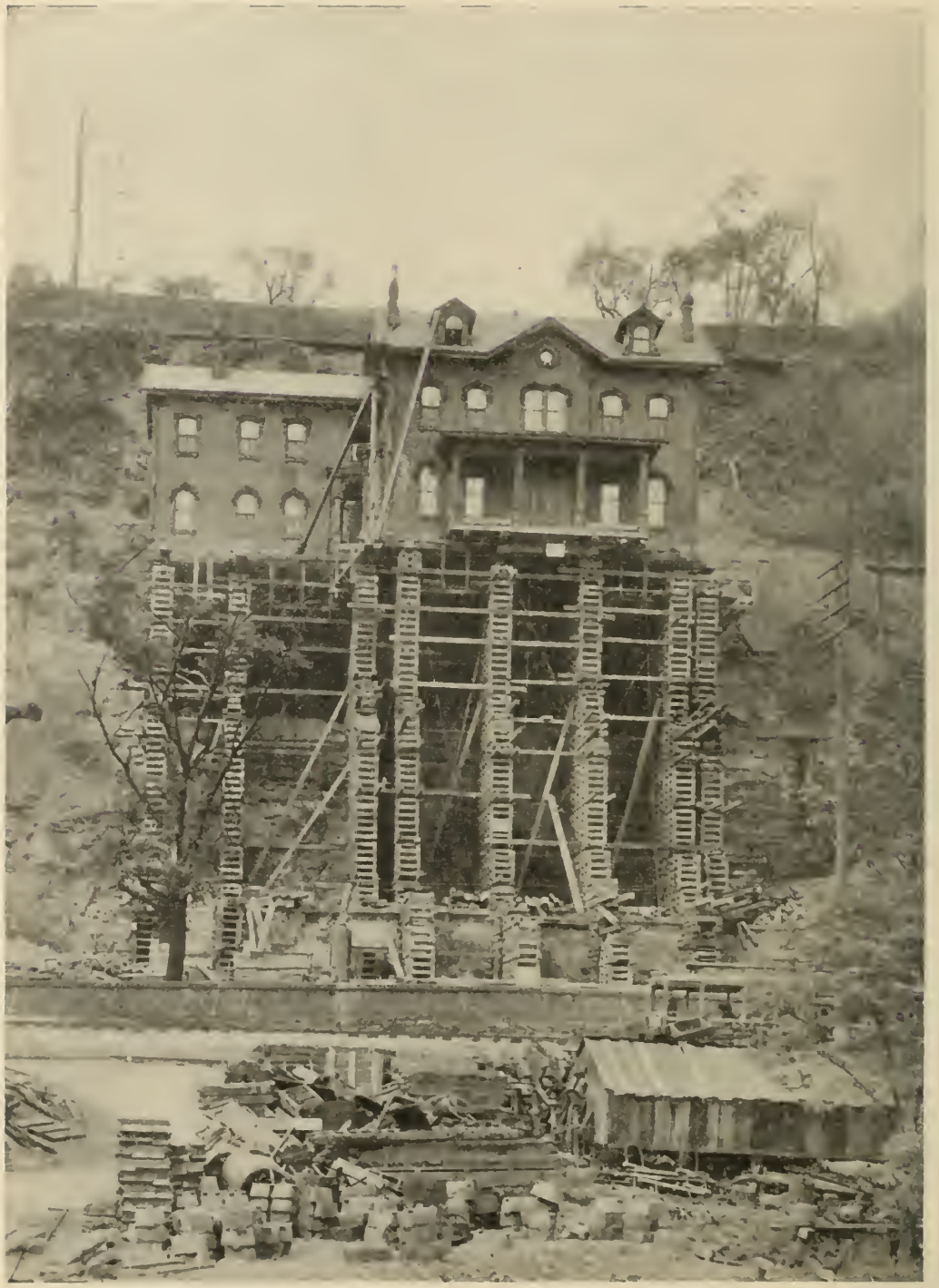


The Craftsman

PLAN FOR AN IDEAL CITY

HEXAGONAL PLAN, SHOWING GROUPS OR ZONES OF BUSINESS, EDUCATION, RESIDENCE, AMUSEMENT. CAPABLE OF INDEFINITE EXTENSION

and are such joy to the spectator, who lolls upon the mats to watch the sumptuously graceful figures moving back and forth, intricately, to the long, plangent sadness of a voice wailing ancient rhythms of long-forgotten meaning to the drawn, nasal twangings of the samisen. These being acquired, and her wit polished to an adamantine brilliancy, the young voice is broken, by an incredible torment of midnight exposure, to the low dull tone required by Japanese taste. And then at last the trained girl may advance from the gorgeous robes of the little Maiko, or budding Geisha, to the quiet and ever quieter blues and greys that mark the established artist. And the Geisha's social position may be compared with that of the European actress. A great Geisha holds a position no less high and famous than that of Sarah Bernhardt in her prime. She is equally sought, equally flattered, quite as madly adored, that quiet little elderly plain girl in dull blue. But she is prized thus primarily for her tongue, whose power only ripens fully as her physical charms decline. The Geisha has an impenetrable delicacy of softness, which receives all and accepts none. Her soul stands aloof from the gracious greeting of her eyes. She smiles without effort or fatigue, but is very far away. She must suffer hells of boredom, yet plays and glitters in a feigned paradise of enjoyment. She is sweetly, indomitably patient, under the foreigners' lame efforts to converse in



Photograph by G. P. Blackiston

"RAISING A FULL HOUSE"

BRICK HOUSE, NEAR PITTSBURGH, WEIGHING OVER 1000 TONS, RAISED 150 FEET AND MOVED TO A NEW FOUNDATION WITHOUT A MISHAP

Japanese, nor does she ever show him any glimpse of the weariness she must feel. Her flawless manners even enable her to sit smiling and kind beneath the romping fingers of a certain order of Englishman, who finds himself impelled to pat and paw, and even to commit the final unpardonable vulgarity of kisses. She does not understand us, nor we her. And this is tragic, seeing that she is the only true Japanese woman whose acquaintance circumstances allow us to make. To us she is of indefatigable kindliness, radiant, delightful, with all a woman's subtlety of attraction and all a child's generous and frankly happy appeal.—*R. T. Farrer* in *The Nineteenth Century and After.*

Labor Unions in Peril

The tendency of employers is to organize. Permanent organizers are being put into the field. The old employers' associations were friendly to the unions; the new ones are hostile. Union domination of the shops, the employers say, means union men, union rules, and increased cost of production. Men out of a job are learning to go for work to the employment bureaus established by the employers' association in various cities, instead of tramping about the suburbs or waiting at the shop door. It was instituted three years ago to furnish workmen in time of strike. Every man employed by any of the members of the association is registered and his record kept by a card system. Employers agree to make daily reports on these cards of men employed and discharged, of applicants for help, and of help wanted. The builders protect non-union men in times of strike.

The employers are making a fight for the open shop, which is a gage of battle to the unions. When arbitration and the trade agreement are abandoned but one step remains to the annihilation of the power of the unions. Mr. A. C. Marshall, the secretary of the Dayton Association, proposes the "non-unionizing of industry." The new closed shop is the shop closed against the unions. A year or two will show whether employers can conquer the unions alone or whether, to achieve that end, they must seek the assistance of the government and the great middle class. They propose first to try it alone and they have decided not to give the politicians a chance. The next national convention is to be held in New York in November—immediately after the presidential election. —*William English Walling* in *The World's Work.*

"Raising a Full House"

A wonderful undertaking has recently been successfully carried out at Pittsburgh. This was the raising of a brick mansion, weighing more than eleven hundred tons, one hundred and fifty feet up a perpendicular cliff, and moving it over five hundred feet back from its summit to a new foundation. All the more marvelous is it when we consider that the house is half a century old and is fitted with projecting porches, wings, etc. The house in question was the old Brown homestead, situated on the west bank of the Monongahela River, about ten miles from Pittsburgh.

Eight large timbers, forty-five feet long, were first placed under the house, together with two iron eye-beams of the same length, running from back to front. In the opposite direction were placed three timbers eighty-four feet long and two others forty-five feet long. With the aid of one hundred and eighty jacks placed under these timbers the house was gradually raised half an inch at a time. Under the supporting timbers and beams were placed ten piles of pine blocks, six inches square, and when the maximum height to which the jacks could raise the mansion had been reached, blocks were substituted for the jacks, the jacks were readjusted, and the work continued.—*G. P. Blackiston* in *The Wide World.*

Labor in South Africa

The present demand for labor in South Africa is enormous. The maw of the Rand is insatiable. The mines are being developed in feverish haste. The magnates are straining every nerve to wring the Transvaal dry in half a generation. Two years ago Mr. John Hays Hammond estimated the life of

the mines, on any large scale of production, at twenty-five years. But if the plans of the Johannesburg financiers carry, and the output is doubled and trebled for the next ten or fifteen years, South Africa will dazzle the world by a flood of gold that will sink California or the Klondike into insignificance. Then the bottom will drop out of the Transvaal and the Boer will pasture his sheep in the streets of Johannesburg. Before the war 90,000 natives were employed in the mines. Today, the Government Labor Commission estimates that on the Witwatersrand alone 195,000 are required to work the stamps in operation or ready for erection, and that within the next five years an additional 200,000 will be called for. The Far Eastern and Far Western Rand can employ 100,000. Nor is this all. The normal demands of agriculture absorb 80,000 natives. In Johannesburg alone business and domestic services require 40,000. For railway construction Sir Percy Girouard, the French-Canadian engineer at the head of the South African railway system, requisitions 40,000 men. Truly there should be no excuse for a tramp in South Africa.—*Douglas Skelton* in *The World To-Day.*

"Physician—Heal Thyself"

It is quite evident that a great gathering of political and commercial forces is driving the United States from her former isolation into the cockpit of world politics. Her manufacturing trusts want foreign markets and the defence of a powerful fleet; the tariff interests favor a military and naval expenditure which makes against economy and requires high duties; the financial and investing classes wish to secure at the public expense protected areas of profitable exploitation outside the present national limits; a more definite official class, military and civil, is forming itself by accretion from the wealthier and more educated groups in her Eastern States, and will be a growing force for a pushful foreign policy. Moreover, as the protected and concentrated business interests find their supremacy in politics and industry menaced by the boisterous clamor of "a rabble multitude" armed with an equal franchise, they will be more and more impelled to divert the popular interest and passion into external activity. The Americans are a self-confident, restless, and patriotic people, and have been rightly designated as "eighty millions of the most warlike people in the world." To such a people the sensationalism of war and empire is a terrible temptation. To this must be added an extraordinary conviction, sedulously fostered by a fanatical clergy and an hysterically sentimental Press, that it is the duty of America "to carry canned civilization to the heathen" (as one of their own statesmen put it), and that they are fully competent to perform this duty. The notion that the citizens of New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, who seem impotent to secure for themselves even a modicum of reasonably honest and efficient management in their own municipalities, can instruct Filipinos and other backward nations in the arts of good government is indeed grotesque in its absurdity. But this delusion as to their ability to do big things a long way off is a serious factor in the situation.—*The (London) Outlook.*

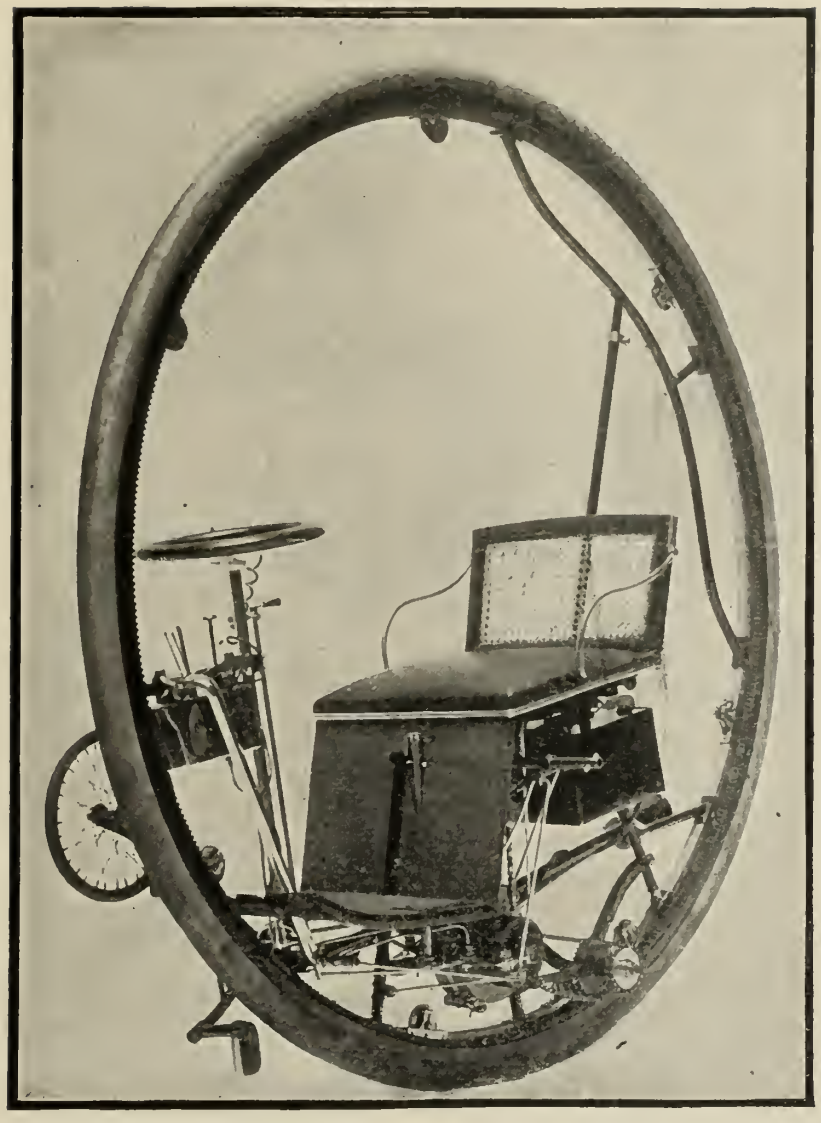
Willing to Please

I always was conservative,
And in this Eastern { fuss, / scrap,
I'd have you know my sympathies
Are firmly with the { Russ. / Jap.
And when success shall crown his arms
Disgruntled folks may { yap, / cuss,
But as for me, I always said,
All hail the victor { Jap! / Russ!

—*The New York Sun.*

A Novel Italian Unicycle

The accompanying engraving illustrates a motor unicycle invented by Signore Lilio Negroni and constructed by the Garavaglia establishment of Milan. The Negroni unicycle consists of a laminated steel hoop provided with a pneumatic tire and designed to revolve upon the ground. A circular frame is arranged concentrically within the hoop, and carries the motor and the seat for



Courtesy of The Scientific American

A UNICYCLE DRIVEN BY A GASOLINE MOTOR

the cyclist. The frame, motor, and cyclist together, when the hoop revolves upon the ground, move along over the latter just as does an ordinary motor bicycle. In its rotating motion around the circular frame, the hoop is guided by a system of small wheels distributed and fixed in the periphery of the frame and bearing constantly against the internal surface of the hoop. The mechanical reaction necessary for starting and driving the vehicle is obtained from the weight of the frame, the motor and its parts, and the cyclist. The motor drives through a friction clutch, by means of a chain and sprocket, a gear wheel mounted on the frame, and this gear engages with an internal gear fixed to the hoop. The friction clutch allows of starting the motor independently of the hoop, and of transmitting motion to the latter by degrees and without shock.

The steering of the unicycle is very sensitive. In fact, in order to make it turn to one side it is merely necessary for the operator to displace the centre of gravity by swaying his body. Despite this, and in order to make the control of the vehicle still easier, the inventor has provided it with a small handwheel, the turning of which displaces the seat and rider to one side or the other. The

brake is provided with an automatic arrangement that prevents the motor and the cyclist's seat from becoming locked to the external hoop and thus being carried along by the latter in its rotary motion.—*Emile Guarini* in *The Scientific American.*

Where Punning Paid

Canon Melville, who died the other day, in his ninety-second year, owed his earliest promotion to a pun. When the late Earl of Dudley, who knew Mr. Melville sufficiently to remember that his Christian name was "David," had a living at his disposal, he received a letter containing only the words, "Lord, remember David." The earl's reply was no less terse and scriptural: "Thou art the man!"

Perhaps the earliest instance of ecclesiastical promotion won by a pun is that of a curate named "Joseph," who was prompted by Swift to take this text for a sermon preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, before the viceroy, "Butler," the Duke of Ormond: "Yet did not the chief Butler remember Joseph, but forgat him."

The Rev. Dr. Mountain who was the son of a beggar, owed nearly every step of his successive promotions in great part to his facetiousness, and won the last step of all by a single jest. When he was consulted as bishop of Durham by George II, as to the fittest person to fill the vacant archiepiscopal see of York, he replied: "Sir, hadst thou faith as a grain of mustard seed, thou wouldst say to this Mountain" (dramatically striking his breast), "Be thou removed and cast into this sea" (see). That George II should so understand and appreciate the joke as to accept its suggestion, is, perhaps, the strangest part of the story.

Apropos of puns, promotion, and the see of York, here is a good story of a living given by an archbishop of York in reward for an impertinent personal pun. The archbishop, Sir William Dawes, entertained his clergy to dinner shortly after the death of his wife, Mary, who appears to have been a regular Mrs. Proudie at once to his grace and to the diocese. At dinner the archbishop apologized, with a sigh, for things not being in the apple-pie order that prevailed when his dear, dead wife, Mary, was alive. Being himself an inveterate punster, he added, with a sad shake of his head: "She, indeed, was Mare Pacificum!" A curate who knew too well what a tartar the deceased lady was, rejoined: "Aye, my lord, but she was first Mare Mortuum!" and was absolutely and immediately rewarded by the archbishop for this impertinent pun with a living of £500 a year!—*T. P.'s Weekly.*

A Pictorial Peace Promoter

Vassili Verestchagin, who was drowned by the sinking of the *Petropavlovsk* off Port Arthur, was born in Novgorod, Russia, in 1842, and came of a thrifty family of landowners. He wished to become an artist, but his father put him into the navy. However, he gave all his spare time to drawing, and his genius triumphed over obstacles, for he was graduated with first honors from the naval school, and also won a medal at the Academy of Fine Arts. He was less than twenty years of age when he resigned as an officer from the navy to give his life to his chosen profession.

Verestchagin's personality has been described by Jules Claretie as follows: "He resembles an elegant American. Tall, slender, quick, and vigorous, with a long beard, finely chiseled nose, blue-gray eyes, sparkling yet dreamy and somehow glowing with fire, with a high, full forehead, superbly modeled, for his crowning charm."

Verestchagin, a few years ago, was made the recipient of the Nobel prize of $60,000, awarded by the Norwegian Parliament for the best idea of teaching or procuring disarmament in Europe and promoting general peace. He toured the world with a gallery of his paintings, "teaching peace," in the words of Charles De Kay, by "lacerating the feelings, drawing on his knowledge of war in all its sternness in order to drive home the wickedness, the wastefulness and the folly of war."—*The Boston Transcript.*

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